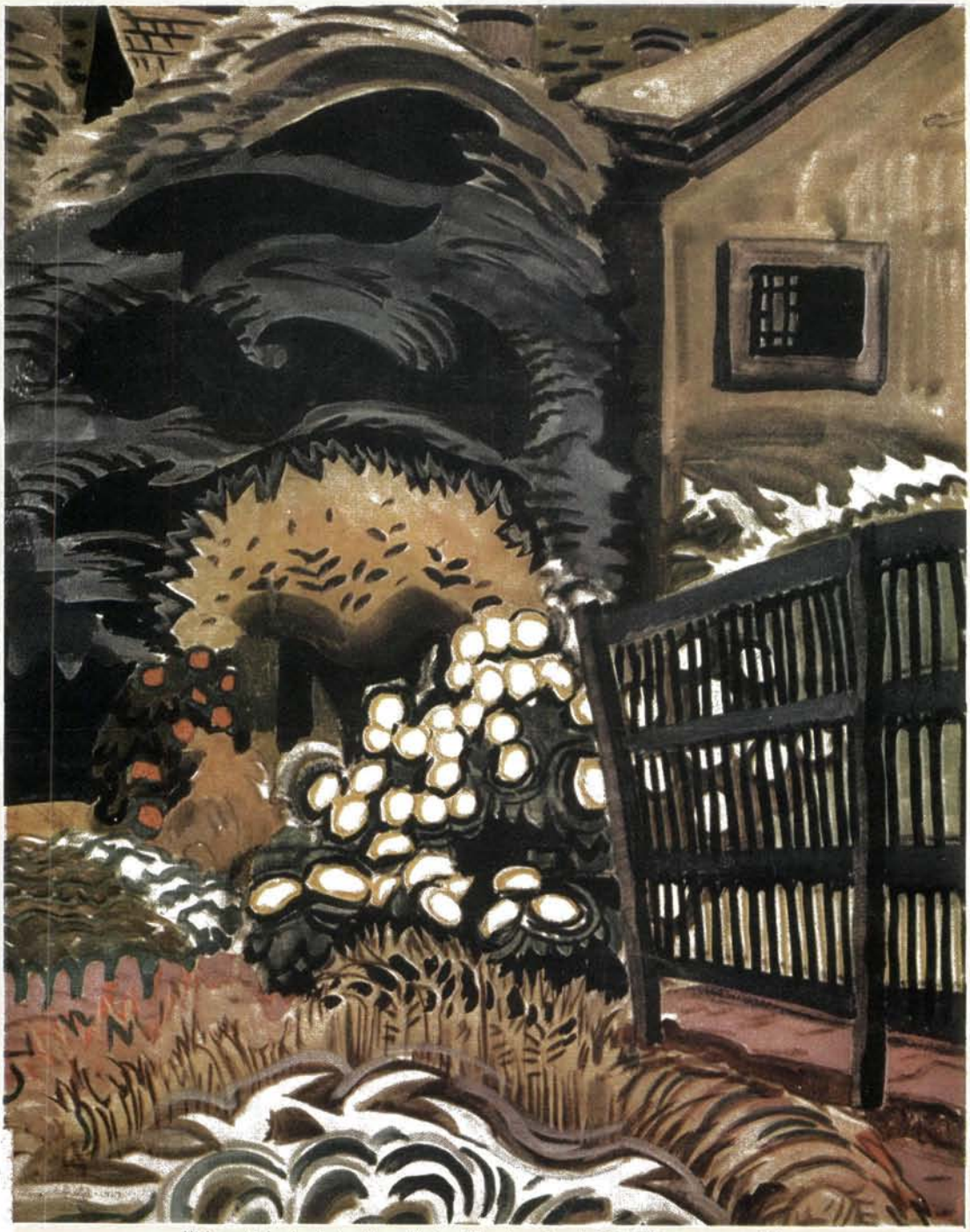
Saturday Review

April 10, 1965 25¢



"Noontide in Late May," by Charles Burchfield (See page 66)

VILLAGE LIFE IN COMMUNIST CHINA

A Firsthand Report by Jan Myrdal

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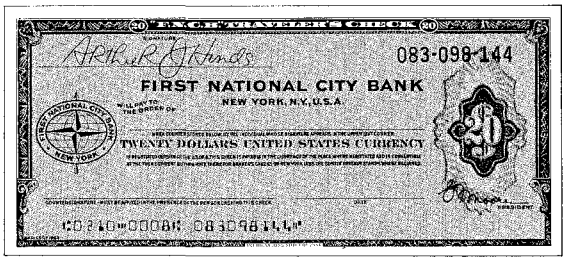

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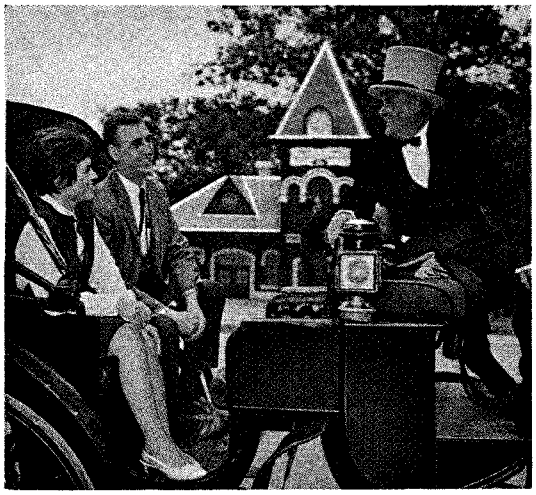
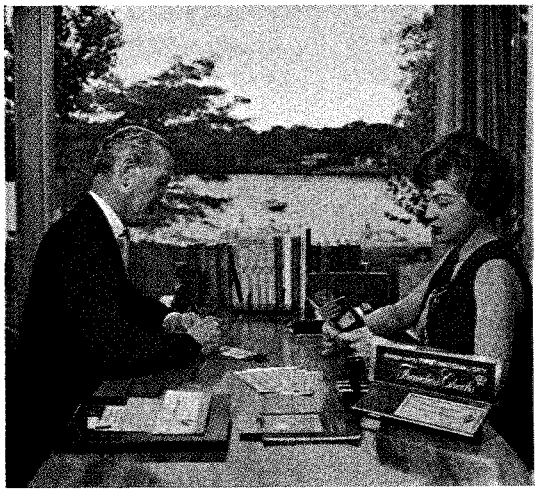


Test No. 2—Acceptability—in Montreal
The Peter Bohlins of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., paid for their calèche ride up Mount Royal with a First National City Travelers Check...accepted the world over, spendable for every travel need.



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(Advertisement)

What is the difference between sacrilege and satire? And, when you're dealing with the church, is there any difference at all?

You may not have asked yourself these questions recently, and, as a matter of fact, neither have I. But they came up inevitably when I read a new book by Charles Merrill Smith, entitled How to Become a Bishop Without Being Religious.

Smith, a Methodist minister, exorcises some devils that *Time*, a magazine, describes as "the phony pietism and the trivial hypocrisy that many a Protestant pastor has to indulge in if he intends to climb the hierarchical ladder of his church."

I heard about this book in the office coffee shop. Said our Editor-in-Chief (a Methodist): "It's wonderful and so true." Said our Sales Director (a Catholic): "That book is eye-opening and funny." Said a colleague (who attends a Community Church in New Jersey): "I now realize that a Man of God is also a man."

This is a book for ministers; it is also for Sunday School teachers and parents of kids in Sunday School; and for anyone who cares about faith and the church, whether he goes every Sunday, or only on Christmas. Most of all, it's for people who can still laugh at what others mistakenly fear is sacred.

It is not for atheists, maybe not for agnostics, possibly not for Quakers, and definitely not for anyone who lacks a sense of humor. As to whether it's satire or sacrilege, take a look yourself and let me know what you think.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

How to Become a Bishop Without Being Religious ($3.50) by Charles Merrill Smith is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies are available at your bookseller, including any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located, nicely enough, at Bishop's Corner, West Hartford 7, Connecticut.

Saturday Review

Cover: Charles Burchfield: *Noontide in Late May, 1917*. Watercolor and gouache. Collection Whitney Museum of American Art, N.Y.

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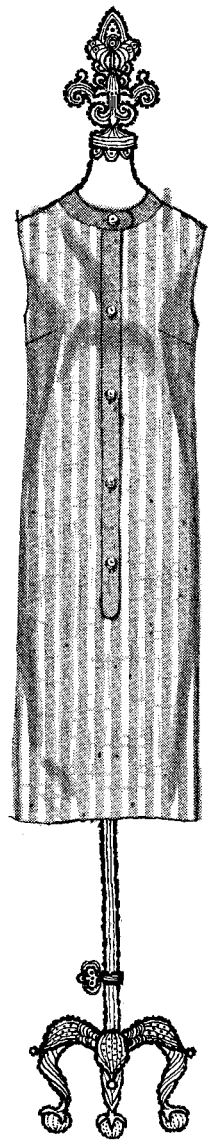

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The sort of gentle little wisp of a shift that seems to be more you than dress . . . all arms and legs and suntan. Something to shine through clearly, without effort. The loosely-slubbed cotton, touched with rayon, is striped in chalky-blue colors . . . the optional sash is unstriped. Pink, Blue, Yellow, Stone Green. Sizes 6 to 16.

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At 2½¢ apiece, that amounts to $125,000. And that's a lot of money when you're only No. 2.

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Edited by Martin Levin

I Hate a Pushy Amoeba

And Besides, How Can You Get Anywhere Without Pull?

(SCIENCE CONCEDES ERROR ON AMOEBA —*Study Finds Animal Pulls, Not Pushes, Itself Ahead. The amoeba . . . propels itself by putting out a pseudopod, or false foot, and then managing to make the rest of its body contents flow into the "foot."—News Item.*)

Consider the lowly amoeba
As it oozes about for its bread,
Executing a waltz
On a foot that is false—
Is it pulling or pushing ahead?

Old theories said it was pushy—
Propelling itself from the rear—
But the issue's in doubt
How the thing gets about
And a new school of thought says
it's clear
That amoebae don't push
As they go through the mush
But they *pull*, going *there*ward
from here.

Now I have a theory to offer
That is sure to elicit a curse—
Which is that the amoeba *is*
pushing
But is moving along in reverse.

—EDWIN D. KILBOURNE.

Maurice in Nassau

(A fragment of a novel found among the clutter after a recent writers' conference)

SINCE the day his doctor had told him that he had Merkle's Syndrome and would probably turn into an elf, Hulen Butternut had heard voices, and sometimes the sound of an Improved Dutch Band, as if coming through fog across a valley far away.

Not only did he hear voices and music, but his ears lost their substance and took on the texture of mouse hair, and once his leg fell off.

Through it all, always, came the chatter of voices; his consciousness floated on a sea of gabble.

"Do you have a masochist on duty tonight?"

"No."

"What about Bing Gardinia?"

"Fired. We had to fire him. He took to going out to the zoo, trying to rent the gorilla."

The Silver (Hair) Screen

The wind through the Spaw trees cut into his back as he clawed his way up the face of a cliff. His fingers commenced to bleed, sliced and scraped by the pumice dust that swirled around him. He thought of Margaret; Margaret and her monkey, Sam. Their smiles, their pranks. Then he let go his hold and fell back into the voices.

"Are you wearing a Niagara Falls falseface, or is that your cold breaking up?"

"Are you using a new lipstick or have you been eating underdone pork?"

Why did the voices follow him, even when he hid under the sacks of duck food at his father's store? What did it all have to do with becoming an elf?

If only Irving were still sane and able to help him. Poor Irving, the world's greatest florist, the man who could say anything with flowers. Why did he have to go mad? If only he had stayed in Iowa and not moved to the South it would not have happened.

Poor Irving, the man who could say anything with flowers, had been in business in the South less than a week when he got the commission that turned him crackers. Some man hired him to prepare a floral arrangement that would say: "To Hell with Our National Ideals."

Alas, there seemed to be no answer. Perhaps tomorrow he ought to go down and be fitted for a little green suit and cap.

No. Better still, tomorrow he would eat some snow and trim the vines in his hair, and then, surely, he would feel better. In the meantime, there was that Improved Dutch Band, which had become positively enchanting.

"Oom, pah, pah. Oom, pah, pah. . . ."

—JOHN FERGUS RYAN.

Whatever Happened to Baby Sandy?

THE teen-ager who drops by our house occasionally has shown me some smudgy mimeographed listings of (in the main) misspelled names of movie stars whose photos are offered for sale by a Manhattan firm. "I'm sending for Robert Logan, Danny Bravo, and Vicki Trickett," she announced mysteriously. "And maybe one of the Georges."

"Raft or Sanders?" I asked. She looked puzzled, so I dug deeper. "Macready? Tobias? Coulouris? Surely not Arliss?"

"Either George Maharis or George Chakiris," she said, her feelings hurt.

(Continued on page 10)

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1

You look pretty deep in thought.

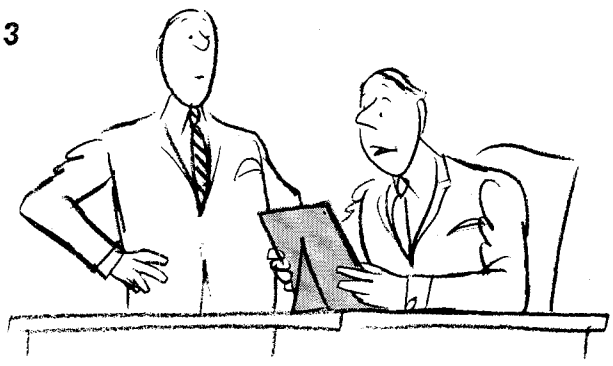
I was just wondering—what do you do when your child's a genius?

2

My kids have never presented me with that problem.

This one of mine's a whiz. Five months old and last night he actually said "guppy."

3



Did he really?

When his brother walks into the room, the baby looks at him and says "Bruno."

4

That must please Bruno.

Not really—his name is Charles.

5

Looks like you.

You can see why I want to make plans for him—this kid has really got it.

6

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I wonder why he thinks Charles is named Bruno?

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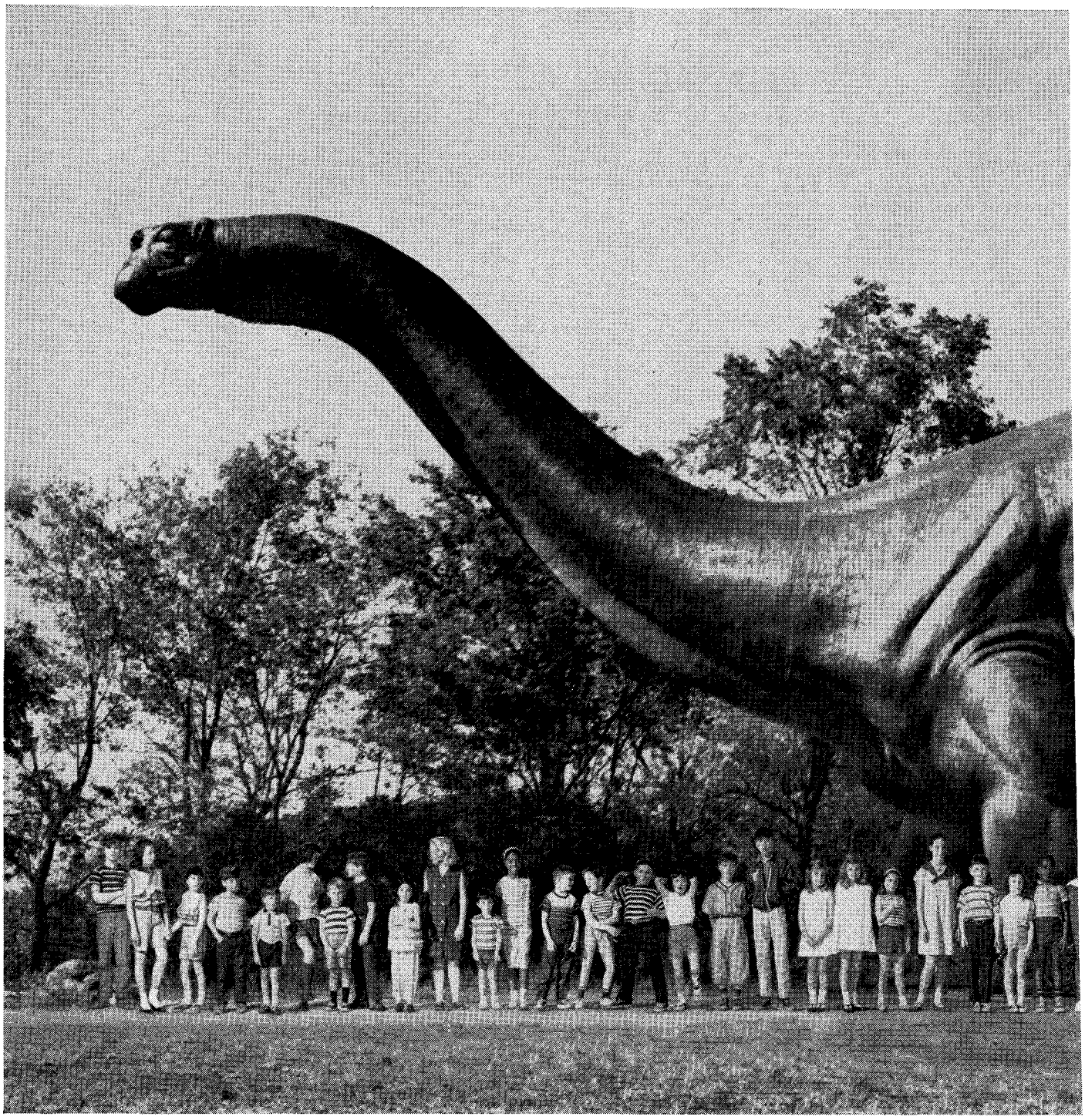

56 kids long and 100 million years old

See him at Sinclair Dinoland at the World's Fair

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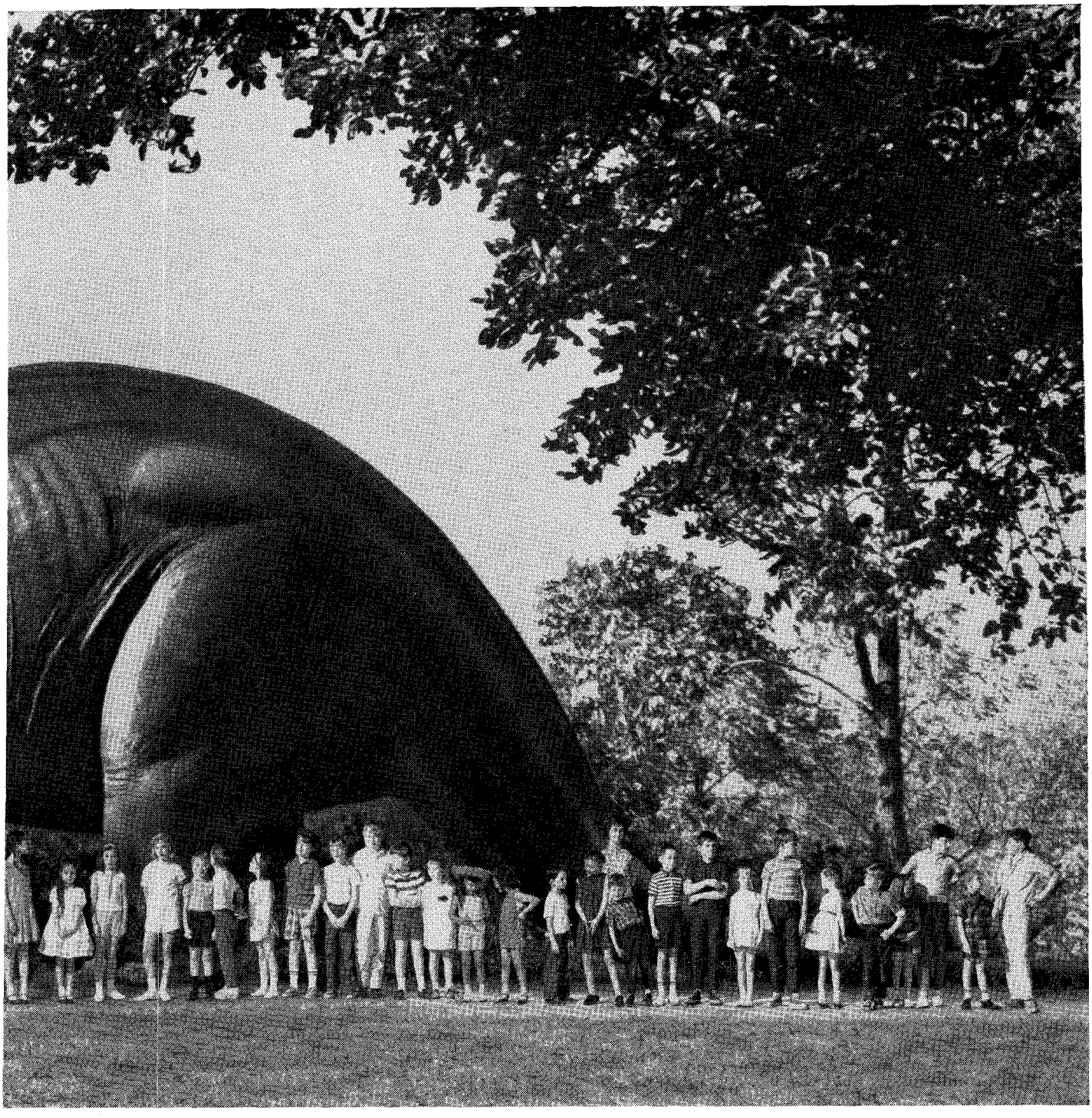

Fifty-six youngsters give you an idea of the size of *Brontosaurus.*

This 70-foot creature roamed the earth over a hundred million years ago when Nature was mellowing the petroleum that Sinclair now refines into the best gasolines and oils. That's why Sinclair uses the dinosaur in its famous trademark.

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Continued from page 6

"Here's some old-time stars you might be interested in."

Sure enough, for only 50 cents each I could purchase 8-by-10 glossies of Fatty Arbuckle, Louise Fazenda, Harry Langdon, or hundreds of other appropriately labeled "Old-Time" stars. Rather obtusely, however, someone had included Alice Faye right next to Blanche Sweet and Helen Twelvetrees. It was only back in 1938 that Alice marched onto the stage of Carnegie Hall and, wet eyes shining, sang "Alexander's Ragtime Band" while Don Ameche played piano and Tyrone Power waved a baton. Don and Ty weren't on the "Old-Time" list, and I think it damned ungallant to have picked on Alice.

She was in good company, though. Farther down were Jean Arthur, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Madeline Carroll! I *know* I had to pay adult admission the last time they were starred at the local Tivoli. Did they really belong in the same era with Bebe Daniels, Mabel Normand, and Priscilla Lane?

Priscilla Lane! Why, she was a mere budding child when she, Lola, Rosemary, and Gale Page romanced their way through *Four Daughters, Daughters Courageous, Four Daughters Get Married, Daughters of Four Daughters,* and that whole sobbing series.

Many of the other names made me just as furious. There they were—Tom Brown, Tom Neal, and Tom Tyler—the ideals of my youth, all relegated to somebody's purely hateful Hall of Fame.

I hear that Hollywood has remade *Of Human Bondage,* with Kim Novak as Mildred, and you can imagine how Bette Davis and I feel about that. When Vicki Trickett turns up as Stella Dallas, I'll stay right here in my easy chair and watch Barbara Stanwyck brew up a good cup of coffee. —Tom Balow.

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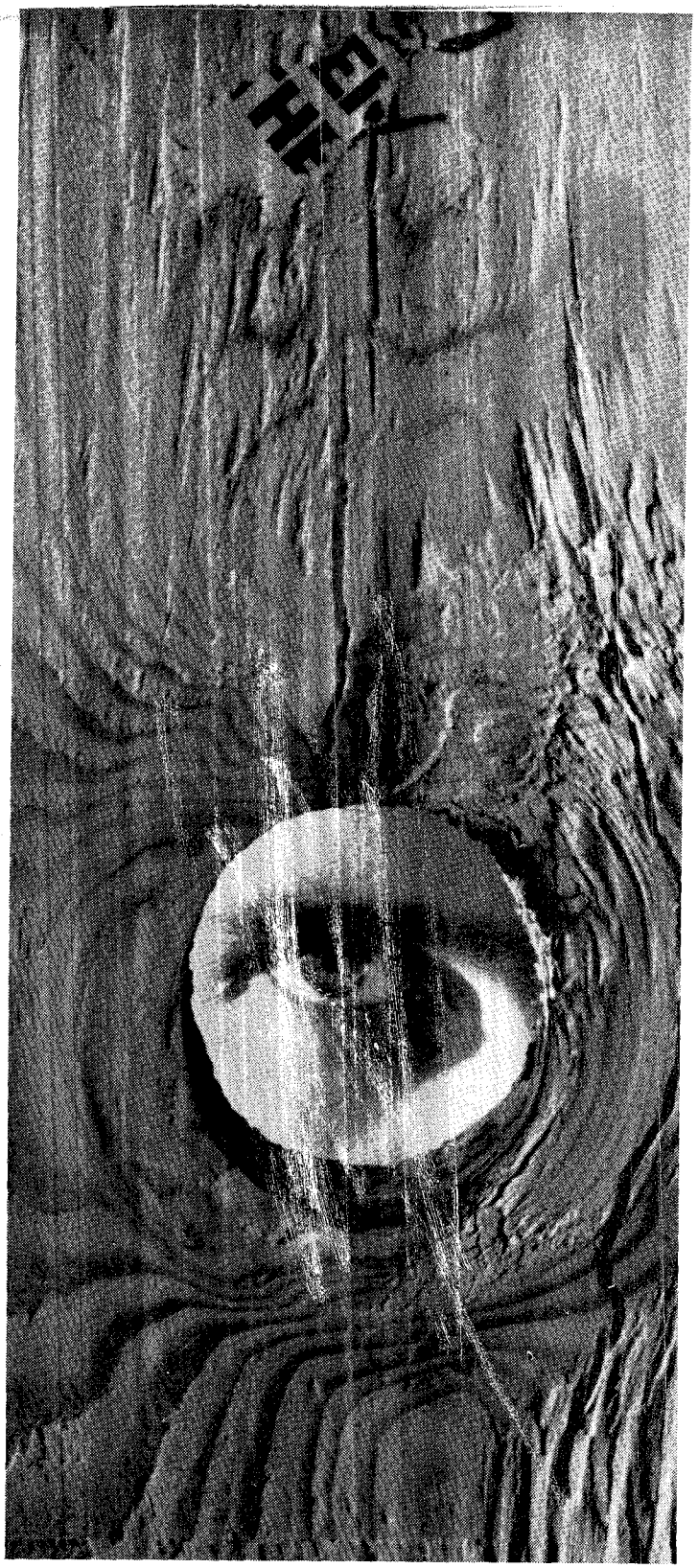

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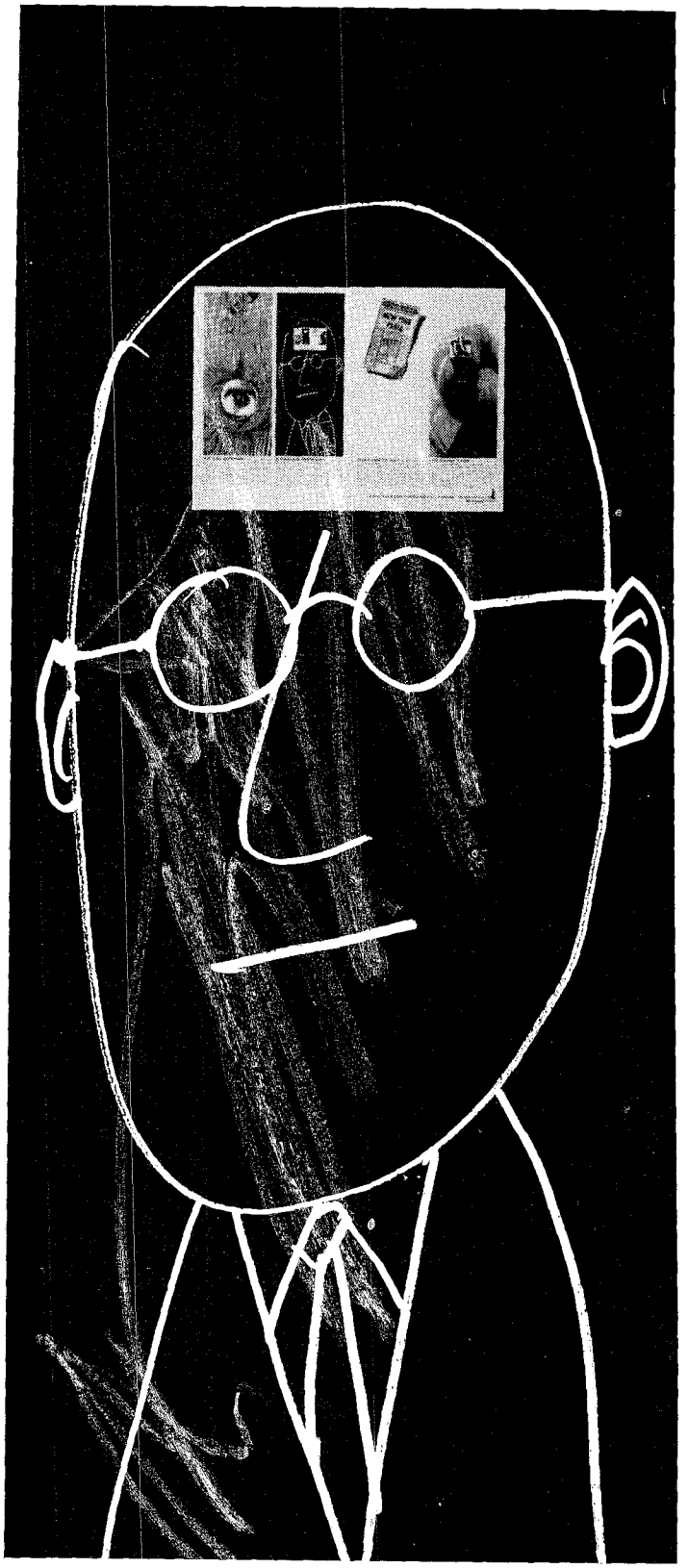

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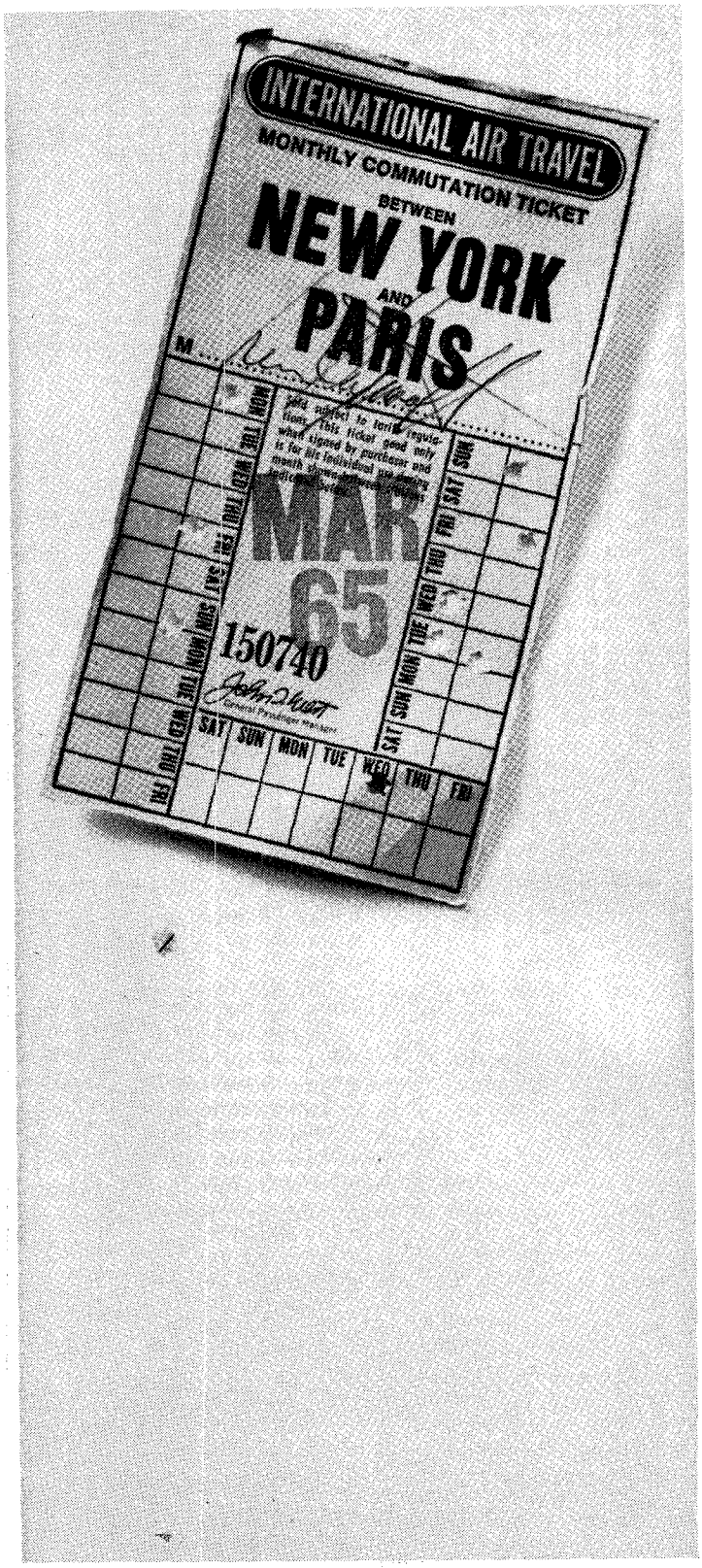

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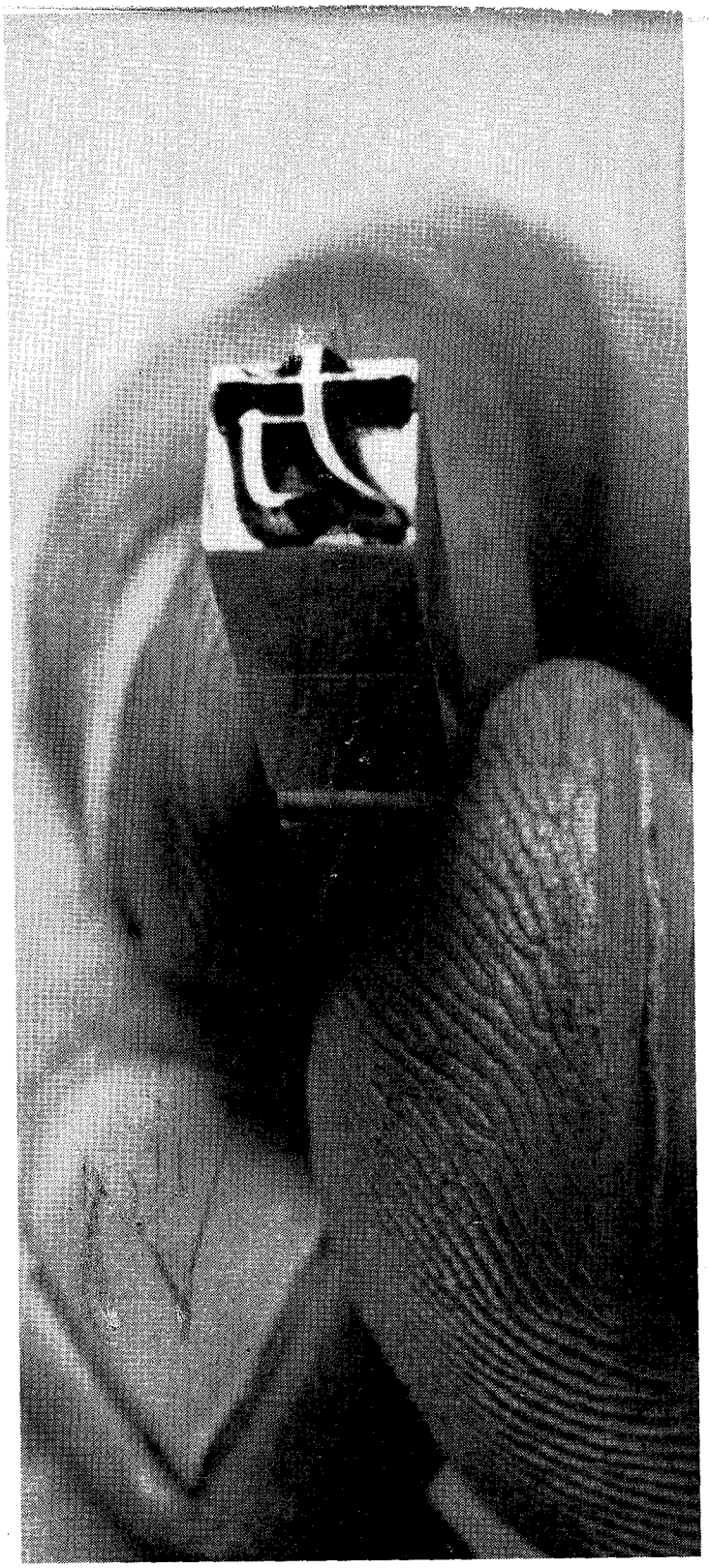

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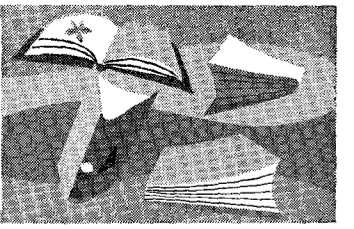
Trade Winds



Through the grapevine I have heard that Cornelia Otis Skinner is either back from France, or going to France, working on a biography of Bernhardt. It will be her fourteenth book, her most successful having been *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay*, written with Emily Kimbrough. People keep asking her where Miss Kimbrough is.

"They seem to think we go through life hand in hand," says Miss Skinner. "I once asked Emily, 'Are you as sick of me as I am of you?' and she said, 'Yes.'"

After a motion picture was done from the book, the publisher insisted on a sequel. It was called *Our Hearts Were Growing Up*. Miss Skinner's opinion is that the title should have been *Our Hearts Were Throwing Up*.

And just where *is* Emily Kimbrough? She lives in New York, where she wrote the recent book *Forever Old, Forever New*.

There must be some moral to be drawn from Leonard Slater's revealing and readable biography of the late Aly Khan, *Aly* (Random House). But the moral, if it be there, is for women to

find, not men. Aly made a lot of women happy, although he apparently never made one woman happy. Nor could he have made a true friend of any man. Slater's nonsalacious story of the great lover makes it clear what Aly had to offer: money and sex appeal. He attracted scores of famous, beautiful females away from their husbands or boy friends or careers. He treated them with a combination of neglect and attention that they ate up. He bowled over motion picture stars, titled English ladies, successful models, and other women in affairs that always overlapped. Slater recounts one instance where Aly dallied in a chauffeur-driven Rolls in London with one gal, while en route from a rendezvous with another to the apartment of a third.

New to me were Aly Khan's other activities. During World War II he was involved in Middle East intrigue for the Allies (while his father, the Aga, sat it all out in Switzerland). Later he was appointed Pakistan's ambassador to the United Nations. He took the job seriously, but diplomacy wasn't fast enough for him and he lost interest.

I said that a woman might learn something from *Aly*. As for me, I picture the guy as a pathetic figure, the kind of person who was doomed from the very day of his out-of-wedlock birth. Slater's book is a fascinating account of Aly Khan's unique life up to the moment of his violent death, which, when it comes, seems to fit perfectly into the pattern.

When Jean-Paul Sartre turned down the Nobel Prize, there was much commotion in the adult creative writing class taught in Toledo by author Victor Ullman. The erudite group launched a runaway discussion of existentialism.

"I began to learn things," Ullman tells me. "I decided that I would certainly have to do more reading. I was beginning to feel out of it."

Then one of the students asked about some titles of Sartre translations. Nobody offered any. After an hour of hot debate, in which most of them had participated, it developed that not one of them had read a single thing by Sartre but a lot about him. All their information had come from *Saturday Review*, the Associated Press, etc.

This made Professor Ullman breathe easier, as it does me.

A few smart alecks in Pueblo, Colorado, have been putting the needle to the City Council. The solons just passed an ordinance which stated, "It shall be unlawful for any person to park any vehicle in a metered zone without having first deposited the proper coin therein. . . ."

Taking the law literally, one L. C. Cox stood in the middle of the main drag and tried to drop a nickel in the meter with a fishing rod. Someone else stopped his car in the road, ran to drop in a coin, returned to his car and had his space stolen before he could back in. Instead of rewriting the law, councilmen are simply explaining it.

Sharps and Flats: This is where I came in. The flyboys are coming home from their air raids and going like this with the palms of their hands to show how they maneuvered out of some tight spot. At least they're not wearing those crushed hats any more.

► Miss Christy Bulkeley of Rochester, New York, says that it is not superfluous to tell people to push the Down button if they wish to go down in the elevator. She claims that in some buildings in some cities, it is customary to push the button indicating which way the elevator has to come to get you, regardless of the direction one wishes to go after boarding same. She says it depends on how far ahead you expect the elevator to think. It is logical, she maintains, first to tell the elevator where you are and *then* to tell it where to take you. You cannot expect to tell both in one push of the button.

► Walker and Company got an order from Mexico for a book by John Le Carré entitled *The Onion Grass Pie*.

Investigation proved it was the author's earlier book that was wanted, *The Incongruous Spy*.

► David Poling says there is a sign in a town square in Kansas: "No ball-playing. No bicycle riding. No pets. Remember, this is your park!"

► Clean up the crazy spellings, and Josh Billings turns out to be a clever fellow. "It is better to know nothing," he said, "than to know what ain't so." He also commented that "we often hear of men who have come within an inch of dying, and I haven't any doubt that there are some that everybody would like to hear had come within an inch of being born."

► I heard two little kids talking the other day. One said, "What're you gonna do on April Fool's Day?" The other boy replied seriously, "We're Unitarians. We don't believe in April Fool's Day."

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

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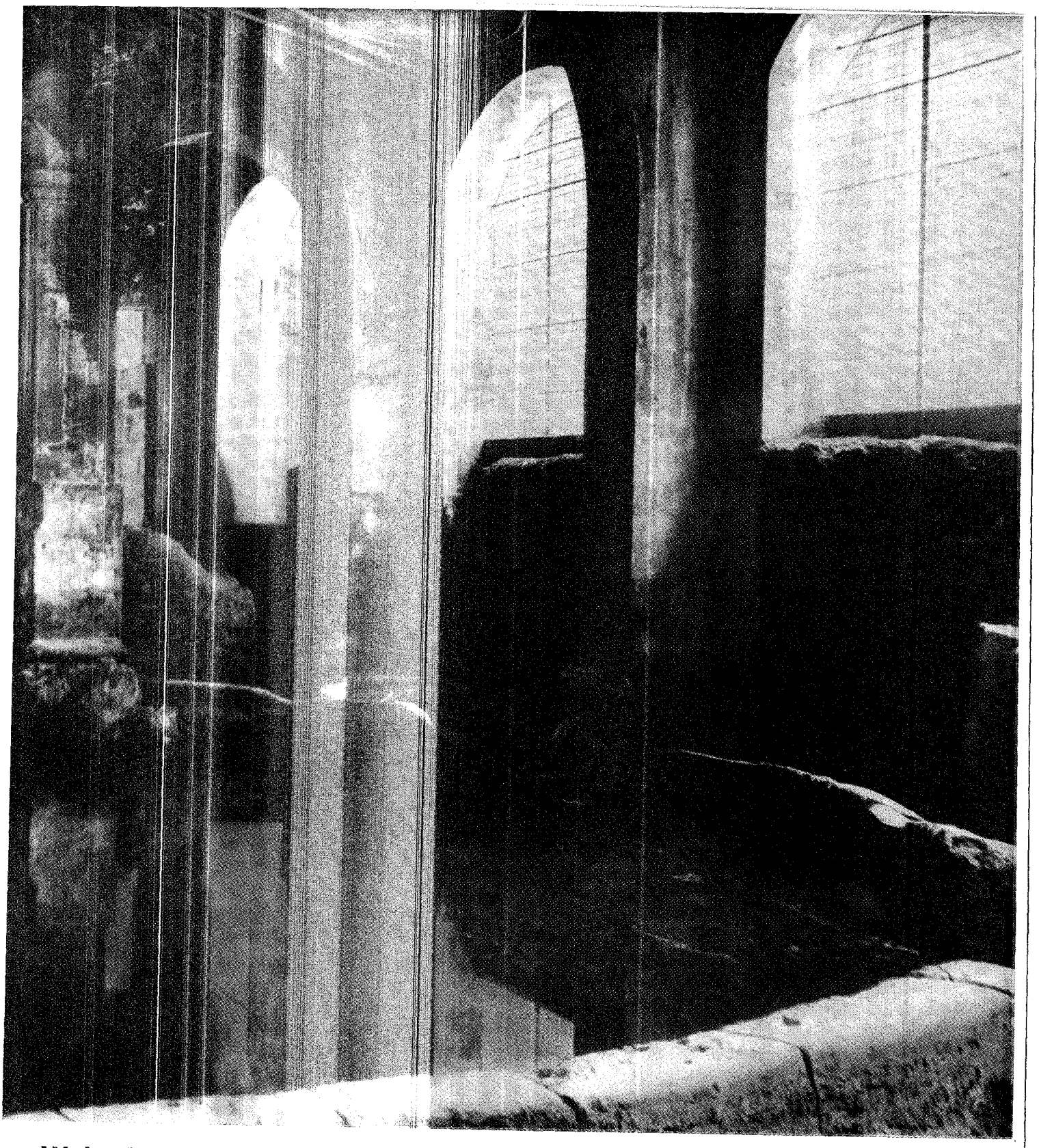

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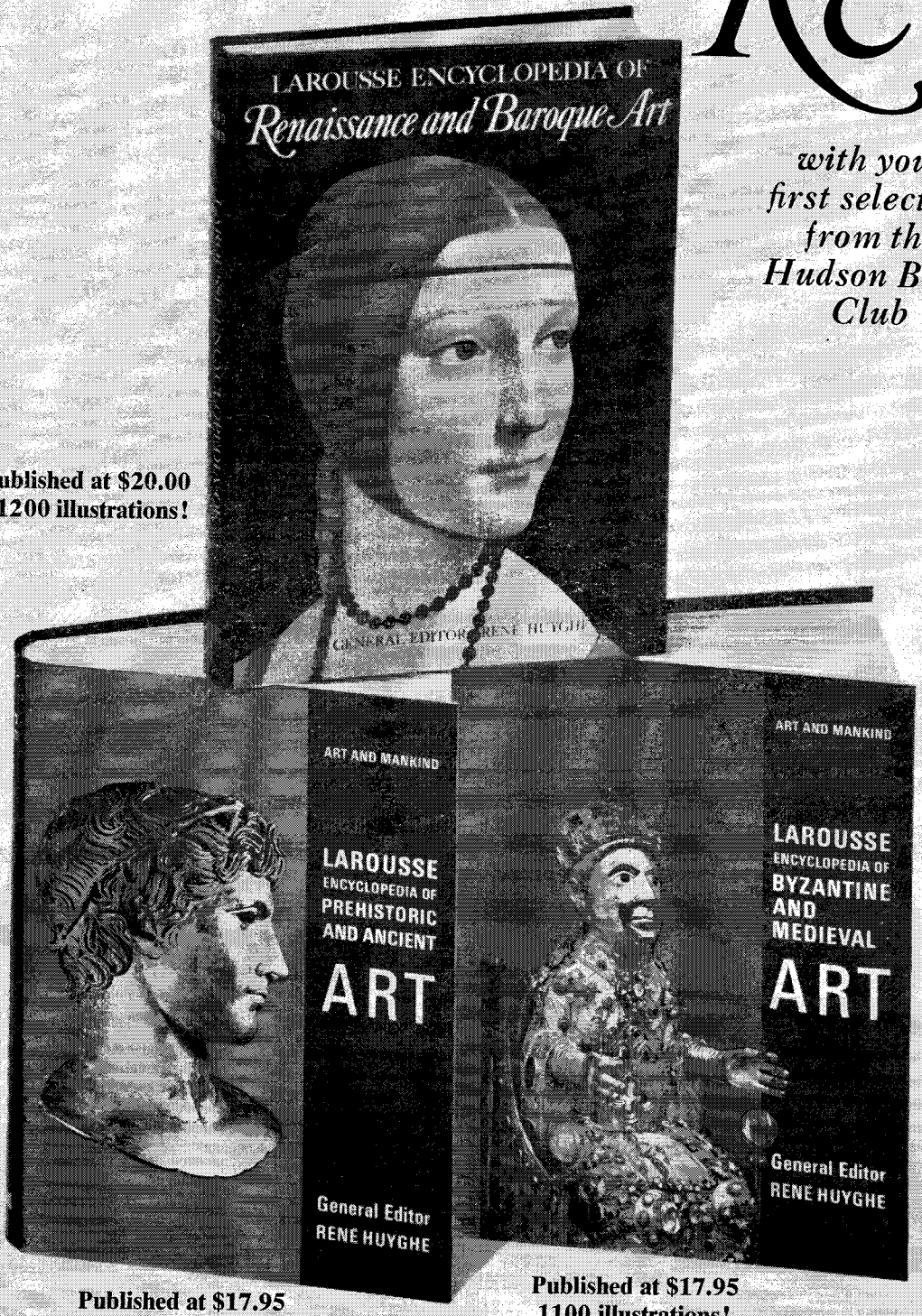

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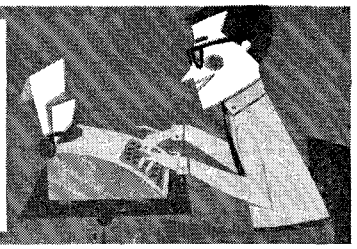

Levy's Wry

TO PROVE that my *Saturday Review* reading is not confined to this column I quote from a letter that appeared recently in the LETTERS TO THE EDITOR department, and which every subscriber knows is considerably beyond this page. It's a note from Mr. David Levy, executive producer of *The Addams Family*, a highly Nielsen-rated TV program, and he objects to my disparaging discontent with Nielsen ratings.

He writes: "Perhaps I've taken Mr. Ace too literally, but I'd like to see him get Nielsen out of the top of his head." (Where does he suggest I put it? Besides, isn't the problem really to get it out of the tops of the heads of the networks?)

"The impression given to your readers," says Mr. Levy, "is that Nielsen waves some magic wand which in some unfair, indiscriminate, and unscientific way obliterates all that is good in TV and enshrines all that is banal."

Well, Mr. Levy, I hadn't conjured up that magic-wand picture, but since you mention it, it does appropriately enough make it all seem like a fairy tale. But we must remember, Mr. Levy, when the fairy godmother waved her wand at Cinderella it made her beautiful and desirable and set apart from the run of the mill. But if the fairy had made her only popular no prince would ever have tuned her in. And if the shoe doesn't fit that little allegory I'm sorry. I'm on a deadline here.

But what I think Mr. Nielsen "enshrines" is the thinking of the networks as to which programs survive. For instance, why is *Mr. Novak* off next season? Is it that much worse than, say, *Gilligan's Island*? Or is it not nearly as good as the more fortunately rated *Addams Family*? So the basic question about the ratings is: Are shows canceled because they are bad or because their ratings are not good?

"Nielsen's method of selecting a sample of TV viewers," Mr. L. continues, "has been evaluated by stations, advertising agencies, and advertisers. All of TV's top advertisers find his methods satisfactory."

I agree. That's my point. All of TV's top ten advertisers find his methods satisfactory. But what about the other advertisers who have good shows with bad ratings? Are they to be consigned to limbo? I don't think they should be. How about this? One day a week the three networks should telecast only their good shows that have low ratings, under the general title of *Holiday from Mediocrity*. Even Mr. Nielsen would probably welcome a rest from some of those top-rated shows.

"If Mr. Ace has a meeting with Mr. Nielsen," says Mr. Levy, "he will discover that there are many measurements to confirm that Mr. Nielsen's sample conforms to a wide variety of measurable groups."

I know, I know. And I have a letter here to confirm that Mr. Nielsen conforms. It's from Mr. Mandall Kaplan, vice president of the Sara Lee kitchens. He encloses a clipping from the *Toronto Globe and Mail* of January 18. I quote:

> Judy Garland is fifteen times as popular as Ed Sullivan. And the Metropolitan Toronto Works Department has graphs to prove it.
>
> A television showing of Miss Garland's vintage film *The Wizard of Oz* ended last night at 8:30. All over Toronto toilets flushed furiously, children's bath water was turned on, and kitchen taps began to flow as thousands of viewers rose from their sets after two spellbound hours.
>
> At one transfer station the water level in the reserve tank dropped 30 feet at 8:30 but only two feet at 9 P.M. when the Ed Sullivan show ended on another channel. "It's the first time I've ever been caught," said one works department operator. Another reported a drop from 70 pounds pressure to 35 at his station. He described it as the largest pressure drop due to television he's seen after seven years on the job.
>
> "The only thing we can think of is the end of that children's program, *The Wizard of Oz*," said shift engineer Thomas Walker.
>
> The [water works] operators, who may be an untapped [ah!] source of accurate television ratings ["What's your water rating this week?"], said another popular show is the Stanley Cup hockey playoffs. Branko Stanojevis, operator of the Martin Grove Pumping Station, said he has a radio handy during hockey broadcasts so he can tell when the periods end.
>
> "When they announce one minute left to play," he said, "we have to quit listening and stand by the valves."

Goodnight, Mr. Levy, and thanks for inviting me into your living room.

GOODMAN ACE.

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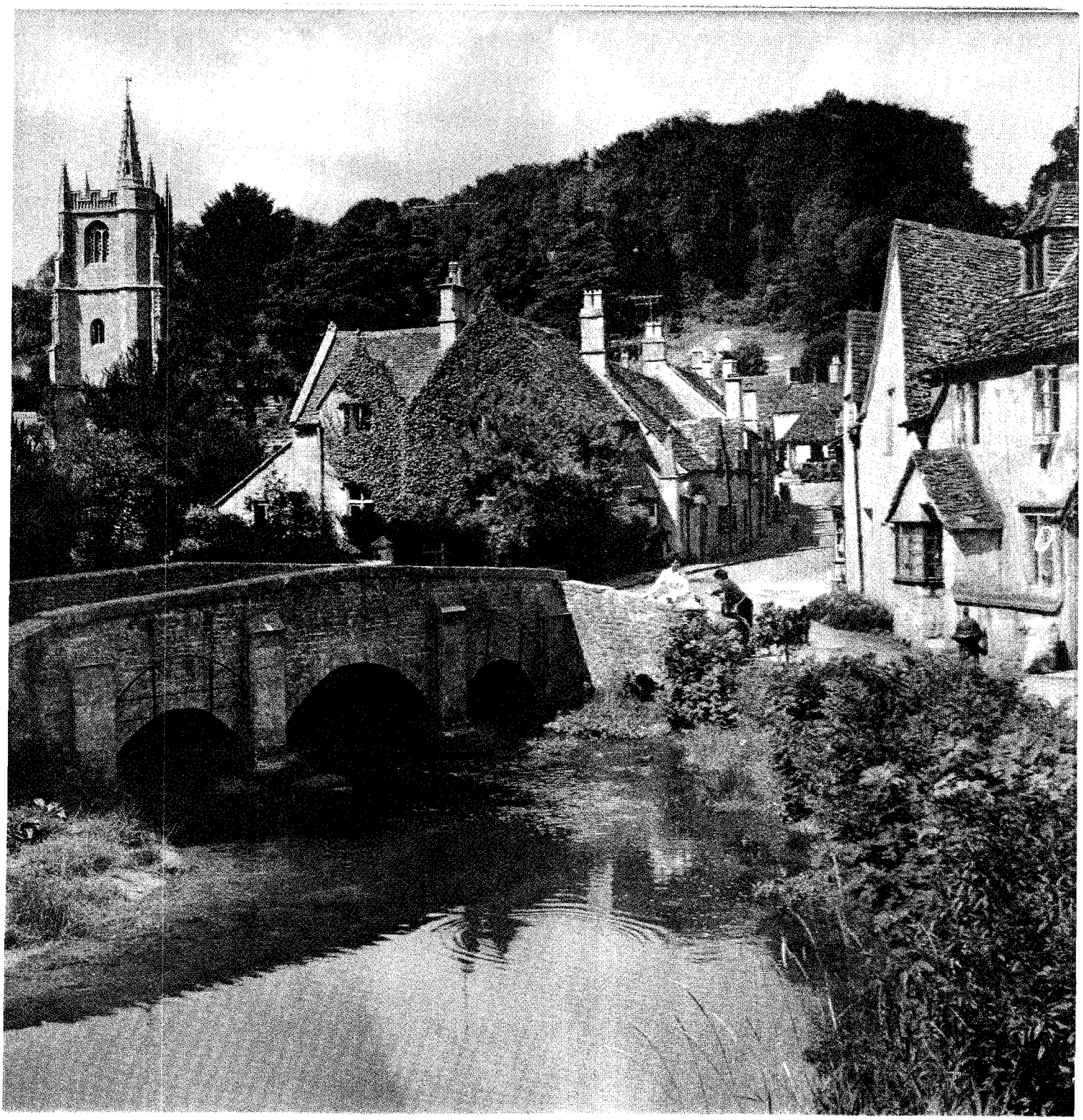

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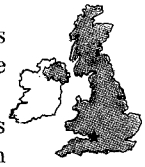

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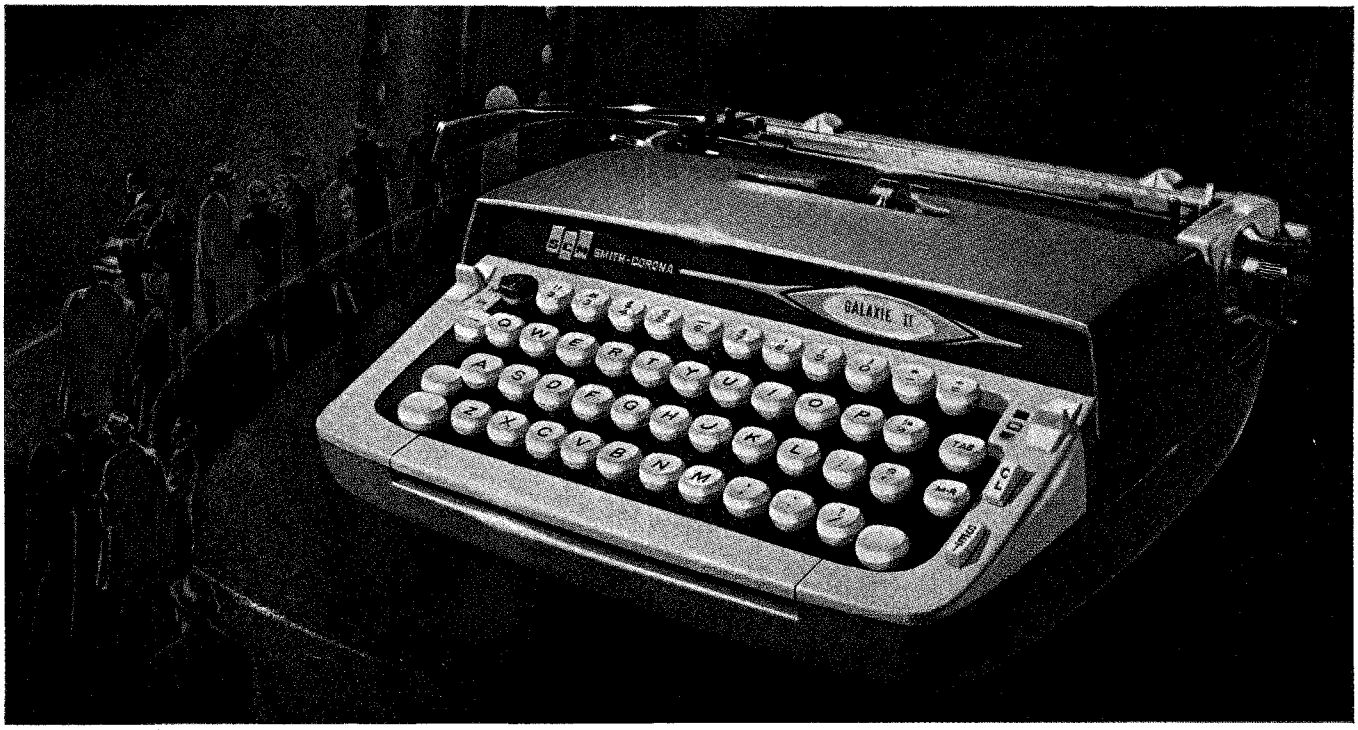

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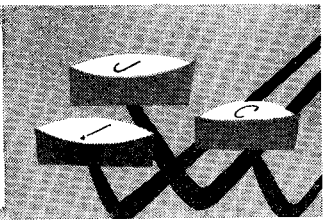
Manner of Speaking



On Being, Reluctantly, a Capitalist: I have come to know a fair number of poets over the years and whatever assumptions may lurk in the public mind about what a poet looks like, there is no image that will do. There is no physical type and no psychic type that cannot show up as a poet. You cannot pick the poet from a subway full of other people, nor from the other members of a foursome, nor from the faces at the bar. His is every face and all faces.

Some groups of poets do, of course, tend to find they have convictions in common, and within and among all such groupings there does tend to be some minimum of common assumptions, if only, for example, that few poets tend to be door-to-door salesmen, or to run for public office (some do at that, William Jay Smith of the Vermont legislature, for example), or to turn up in court charged with embezzlement.

On and around the question of embezzlement I found myself one night at a party and head to head with a breezily congenial banker who took to quizzing me about poets. "Do poets steal?" he asked. I dodged by asking him another question. "What have you got," I said, "that's worth the time it would take me to steal it?" If I wasn't prepared to declare myself irremediably honest, I could at least make the point that nothing I could imagine him to have in his vaults, and nothing immediately visible to me, offered any real temptation.

I suspect that most poets could find a commonality in that view. Certainly not all of them, not even most of them, are indifferent to money and possession. But most poets, and all the good ones, have the shaping of their own attention as their central passion. Material possessions, aside from those that furnish a life more or less congenially, just aren't worth the time they take from the center. I am myself willing enough to get rich negligently, but it's no deal if it has to take more than passing attention.

If there is one commonality of most poets in all this, I am tempted to guess there is another in the fact that practically all poets I know could be pushed into admitting that they are more or less in favor of what we call the capitalist system, but that none is likely to be found in a hurry to proclaim his allegiance, or to do so with any fervor.

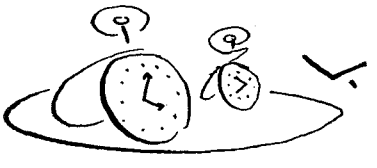
Or so at least I found myself thinking (or rationalizing?) as the same banker who had begun by quizzing me on the honesty of poets pushed me into confessing that I, at least, and most poets, as I believed, would finally agree that capitalism, with all its faults, has turned out to be the best economic system yet devised. Though by the time all reservations had been entered, I am not at all sure but what we were describing a capitalism so hedged in by government controls that it was much closer to socialism than to old-fashioned free enterprise. Which is to say, we were describing much the condition of capitalism in the United States today.

MY congenial banker was in the mood for a hearty sort of cross-examination and was all for pushing things to conclusions. Did I agree that the American democratic idea joined to its natively capitalistic economy had produced by and large the best conditions under which large masses of people had ever lived? I found myself sorting through a number of qualifications, but when all had been parsed to one side, I had to answer that, yes, I did so agree.

Did I think that most American poets would agree with me? I could only guess but, yes, I thought so. Now then (brusquely), could I mention any poem by an American poet that directly affirmed that essential belief? I had to confess that I could not think of a good poem in praise of capitalism. There were any number of poems, some good ones among them, in praise of the democratic idea, but there was none I could think of in praise of capitalism as such.

How then, demanded my banker, still genial but pressing for debater's points, could I pretend that poets were honest? Why wasn't he justified in declaring us all fourflushers? If American poets believe in a thing, why are they not willing to stand up and say so?

That was, of course, a loaded question. It assumed that poets were stand-up political-rally yea-sayers, or that they should be. And it ran to some questionably loaded terms. We finally settled for a rephrasing that ran approximately: "Why is it that most American poets, though they do essentially, if only pessimistically, endorse capitalism as an economic system, still find nothing to say in its favor?" So put, it seemed a fair question, but we were interrupted at that point and had to break off. I did promise him I would try to write my answer, and as best I can, this is my promise kept.



An old-fashioned answer might be that there seems to be nothing "spiritual" about any economic system, capitalism included. Put into terms I prefer, the aura of emotion in which the self haunts its life forces into those forms we call poetry, simply does not seem to glow over such matters as profit, loss, rates of exchange, bills of lading, and the entire apparatus of business. That aura seems joyously able to glow about the idea of a man's work with his hands using the tools and the materials he loves. But the centrally conceived figure of capitalism seems to be not that worker but the entrepreneur and his busy servant, the man with the attaché case. And the trouble with both these figures as poetic possibilities is that they seem to be running not toward life as a mortal expansion of sensibility, but away from it into some mass-momentum ratio of material things.

It is true that something on the scale of empire often seems to emerge from the work of these entrepreneurs. The idea of some universal Levittown of the soul with lawns enough for every child's green day may seem somehow tawdry to the blasé, but to that suffering dream we call, say, India, those subdevelopment acres might look like some sort of glimpse of Heaven.

Certainly the achievements of capitalism are as real as its sins. New York City, for example, must stand as the world's central monument to capitalism, and certainly the last poem on the excitement of Manhattan's skyline has yet to be written. But what poet can be expected to catch mortal fire over a meeting of 150 law clerks passing papers for the sale of the Empire State Building on a lease-back arrangement? Or over the mortal state of the men who worked themselves into ulcers getting the papers ready for the transfer?

I think that is the gist of my answer. I want my banker to know I wouldn't refuse a cut of the Empire State deal if it fell into my pocket by itself, but that to invest in such a deal the kind of mortal energy it requires cannot fail to strike me as a death of a sort. And that my emotional reluctance – and the reluctance I am convinced all poets share – toward the whole detailed process of business lies just about there.

Go ahead and build your empire, Friend, but my emotions tell me it just isn't worth the time it would take me to make it or steal it—and certainly not the time it would take to inventory and audit it. I'd like to think I have some much less complicated dying to do, and that I am under no compulsion to push go-getter-hard at it. —JOHN CIARDI.

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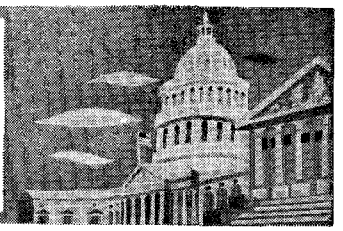
State of Affairs



How Europe Sees the President

ZURICH.

SEEN FROM the European continent, President Johnson looks perplexing and remote, and there is an undercurrent of concern that under his leadership American interest in the affairs of Europe is declining.

His powerful personality impressed itself on the European mind by the way he conducted the election campaign. His courageous intervention in the civil rights struggle—particularly his eloquent and noble plea before Congress for the Negro's right to vote—further strengthened the feeling of force exerted on the domestic scene. But as a world leader he remains to Europeans distant, baffling, and ambiguous. As a human being he evokes great sympathy and fascination and there is great good will toward him. Moreover, the skill and sure-footedness with which he handles Congress and the adroitness with which he has cultivated a consensus among the various sections of American society has reassured them that he is a powerful personality, a man of impressively commanding qualities.

But just as they are impressed by his uncanny instinct in home affairs, they are uneasy about his world outlook. It is known that he does not show great interest in meeting foreigners, either diplomats or correspondents. As a consequence there is, in some governments, a feeling that the lines of communication with Washington have become more tenuous than they used to be. (Even many astute Washington observers have wondered out loud whether American policy under him is not developing into something that is being called "neo-isolationism.")

He has greatly contributed to correcting the image of the United States created by some of the crass happenings in the South; but his public presentation, at least, of American aims in Vietnam has not been very astute. This does not mean that the American stand as such does not have the tacit support of Europeans. The Germans, on the whole, are reassured that the United States is backing its South Vietnamese allies to the hilt, that it is living up to its commitments. (French opinion in this case is too much affected by their failure in Indochina to be of much significance.)

As for the British government, it is in a dilemma. There are Britain's own interests east of Suez, there is the defense commitment to Malaysia (which would become an almost hopeless undertaking if the United States retreated from Southeast Asia), and there is the loan from the International Monetary Fund that Britain will be requesting early in May.

There is also the left wing of the Labor Party, which has already been vehemently critical, on moral grounds, of British acceptance of Washington's Vietnam policy, and will become more so if the escalation in Vietnam mounts. That is certainly one reason why Mr. Wilson was so anxious to come to Washington to see President Johnson. However, the refusal of the Soviet Union to join Britain in some effort of mediation—and whatever British channels there are go via Moscow—has made it somewhat easier for the British Prime Minister, for there is clearly very little he can do in the meantime.

On the whole, Europe may be nervous about where the escalation in Vietnam will lead, but it is perhaps less excited than appears from the statements of sundry vocal individuals whose voices are almost as misleading about European opinion as were those of Senators Mansfield, Church, and Morse about American public opinion.

And just as the President has been none too adroit in explaining our objectives in Vietnam, so his sudden withdrawal from the idea of a multilateral nuclear fleet, after he had pressed it for almost a year, was not sufficiently explained to Europe. Suddenly no one was quite certain how much the President still cared about influencing policy in Europe.

The fact is that with the exception of France it is difficult for any Western European nation to make a move except on a course set by the United States. In their criticism of American leadership, Europeans tend to forget that they themselves are not in a position to assume any bold initiatives, or even to make any far-reaching decisions.

There are practical considerations, too, behind Europe's "wait and see" attitude toward American foreign policy. In Bonn the other day, for instance, Chancellor Erhard told Prime Minister Wilson quite categorically that he cannot make any move between now and

"Now, all together—say 'Hmmmmmmmmm'."

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the German elections next September that would upset General de Gaulle, because this would immediately have repercussions in his own party. And Mr. Wilson himself, with an uneasy majority of three in Parliament, has very little flexibility. Meanwhile, the American involvement in Vietnam makes it impossible, for the time being, even to discuss East-West relations. For the present, therefore, the situation in Europe is frozen.

I believe that in Vietnam, for the first time, President Johnson is facing the "moment of truth" in foreign affairs. His hand there has been forced and he does not see—at least as this is written—anything he can do but try to force his opponent's hand in turn. Whether he will force it toward escalation on the other side or, as he hopes, toward some sort of peaceful settlement is anybody's guess.

As to the Western Alliance, the President seems to be keeping an open mind until he has a chance, perhaps, to see Europe for himself on his projected transatlantic visit.

The questioning that he has aroused in Europe—and many in Washington are equally puzzled—may be due less to indecisiveness, as so many Europeans suspect, than to his own caution in feeling his way in foreign affairs and his preoccupation with Southeast Asia.

I am certain that he would like nothing less than to go down in history as having lacked in leadership.

—HENRY BRANDON.

We Have

By A. D. Freeman

WE have two children:
a son, and a divorce.

Weekends the boy must visit
his father. When I went there for lunch
(a casserole complete with crumbs)
divorce whined for its share.

We glut the boy with gifts, hostile countries bidding for the same draftee.

Now comic books and mislaid jackets,
homework, fumbling feelings,
are knotted in a bundle of goodbyes.
Divorce stays at my house.

The faucet foams detergents
divorce and I must drink,
remembering water.

The diamond that I put away
is glass to salt the food,
is glass hung on the wall
to stare brute No.

"He who makes two blades of grass grow
in place of one renders a service..."
Voltaire

One of the contributions of chemical research today is making things grow.

Sometimes figuratively, as when a chemical innovation brings an entirely new business enterprise into being.

Sometimes literally, as when a potent new chemical fertilizer helps meet the need of an exploding population for increased soil productivity.

Indeed, our chemical research effort itself is a kind of farm, where creative people cultivate ideas that grow a more abundant life for us all.

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Saturday Review
April 10, 1965

VILLAGE LIFE IN COMMUNIST CHINA

A Firsthand Report on the Human Meaning of Revolution, as Recorded by Jan Myrdal

THERE ARE any number of books about the Chinese Revolution, but, like many another reader, Jan Myrdal did not feel, after perusing a good many of them, that he was likely to find one to tell him what he really wanted to know: What had the revolution meant to individuals, in terms of their daily lives and their hopes for the future? After spending four months in 1962 as a tourist-scholar in China with his wife, without getting much closer to the realities he sought, Mr. Myrdal decided that the only way he could do so was to live for a time in a small village and talk at length with the people who lived there.

Partly because the Myrdals are Swedes (Jan Myrdal is the son of the sociologist Gunnar Myrdal) and Sweden had good diplomatic and trade relations with China, and partly because Li Yiu Hua, the party secretary of an agricultural cooperative, strongly supported their wish, they were able to get permission to do what no one else had ever done: to live in a Chinese village for one month without political supervision of any kind, and to talk freely with the villagers. They chose the small village of Liu Ling, immediately south of Yenan, where 212 people live on a loessal plateau 2,500 feet above sea level. Loess is rich and can give big crop yields if it gets water at the right time—but often it doesn't and the crops fail. Its people are famed for their toughness, industry, and rebellious nature. They have been a foci of national revolt since 1628. It was to northern Shensi that Mao Tse-tung led China's Red Army in 1935 in its great retreat, and it was from his administrative capital in Yenan that Mao eventually conquered China.

Living is far from easy in Liu Ling. The average winter temperature is about 36 degrees above zero. Millet is the chief food, although potatoes and wheat are frequently available. Meat—chiefly goats, sheep, cattle, and pigs—is reserved for parties. Milk is thought fit only for children and tea is a luxury. The villagers make wine out of maize and millet and can buy spirits at a shop in the village. Although their neighbors brought tomatoes, melons, corn cobs, fruit, and nuts from their private plots to the Myrdals every night, the visitors realized these were not daily fare but the villagers' prized possessions, with which they honored their guests.

The men of Liu Ling go out into the communal fields at daybreak in the summer but wait until 7 o'clock in the winter. The women stay home and make breakfast for the family. (A special food carrier takes it to the husbands in the fields.) The women feed the animals (perhaps a pig, hens, and goats), then join the men in the fields. A couple will have dinner at noon in the family cave, then return to the fields to work until dusk. The men have four free days a month, the women six. Many of these are spent at work on their private plots. But in the evening the younger people frequently go into Yenan to the movies (many of them have bicycles), and the older people occasionally go there to attend the traditional Chinese opera. For entertainment there is also a communal radio, with a loudspeaker in each cave that has electricity.

The villagers in Liu Ling live in stone or earth caves because their loessal soil makes cave-building easy and the caves are better insulated than an ordinary house. It was in one of these caves that the Myrdals lived from the middle of August until the middle of September 1962. The result is Jan Myrdal's *Report from a Chinese Village*, with illustrations by his wife, which will be published soon by Pantheon Books. It is not intended as a definitive work on the new China but, as the author says, as a collection of human documents that the reader may study and interpret for himself. Three of these documents follow. —THE EDITORS.

LI HAI-YUAN, AGE 48: I am from Hengshan. We were poor when I was growing up. Father worked on the land, and I helped at home till I was twelve. I never went to school. They didn't want people like us to learn to read and write. I can read a little now, but I learned that after my fortieth birthday. But at my age it isn't so easy to learn.

When I was eighteen, I began working for a landowner called Ma Tsu-chuan. I worked as a day laborer for him and at the same time I rented twenty mu from him. [A mu is a little less than a quarter of an acre.] The rental was twenty-four jin a mu. [A jin is a little over a pound of grain.] I lived with father then. I took over my father's debt to Ma Tsu-chuan. The interest was 50 per cent a year, and with interest on interest and bad harvests we could never pay it back. Although we were paying and paying all the time, the debt grew bigger and bigger. We had too little land for it to pay to have an ox. It was bad land up there in Hengshan.

The taxes were heavy. We had to pay in cash twelve silver dollars a year. In 1931 we weren't able to pay. We just couldn't. Then soldiers came and took me. They put me in prison. Father had to go around to friends, relations, and neighbors and beg money. In the end he got twelve silver dollars together. Then I was let out of prison. I early became responsible for the family. I had, of course, taken over Father's debt. But he did not die till 1954.

Then my brothers and my parents moved. The family split up. I took over the debt and the cave and 600 jin of grain, and the others were free of debt. After that they all moved to Yenan. I had Father's debt, so I was compelled to stay behind in Hengshan. I married and we had children; we worked hard. We had eleven children. Ten of them

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died. [He weeps.] Our eldest daughter died when she was eight. The others when they were seven, four, five, and three. They all died. We were poor and we couldn't afford to have the doctor. Doctors weren't for people like us. The only one to survive the illness was my son, Li Te-chua. But it made him deaf and dull-witted. He went to school for four years. Now he's fifteen. He mostly gathers firewood.

In 1945 I had a letter from my aunt, Li Fong-lan. She wrote: "If life is hard for you, you should know that things are better here. If you come here, the Communists will help you. There's land here. The Communists won't let anyone who is willing to work starve."

In the end, my aunt sent me an ox from Yenan. Oxen fetched high prices then. In that way she paid my debt and I became free. In 1948 I went down to Yenan. My aunt said: "I'll see you have a cave and food." I was given some abandoned land and a pig. That was a very difficult year. Ma Hai-hsiu was leader of Liu Ling village then, and it was he who arranged that I get twenty mu of hill land. I didn't have to pay anything. I myself owned the land. In July that year my wife and son came here. They walked. All that we possessed then and had brought with us from Hengshan was an old quilt.

Later, in 1949, everything was settled about my land in Liu Ling. I was given a stamped certificate and everything. It was the first land we had owned. No one had cultivated it before. We were very happy. Before that we had never even dreamed of having our own land. Why should we? And if we didn't have quilts enough to keep out the winter's cold, we couldn't long for land of our own. That's how it was. But now that we had got land of our own, Father came to me and said, "You should be grateful to the Communists. Without them you would never have got this land. Before, things were just as hard winter and summer, and we worked and worked, but could never pay the landowner. The debt just grew. Ten of your eleven children died. So be grateful to the Communists."

In 1948 I had begun with the spring work as soon as I came to Liu Ling, but I didn't have time to plow it all and that year my harvest was only 600 jin. But Aunt lent us corn, so that we were able to manage. In 1949, I got 1,200 jin and I didn't have to pay any taxes or other deductions, because breakers of new ground did not have to pay corn tax the first few years.

Then Li Yiu-hua [the party secretary] spoke with me about joining his labor group for mutual help. "You haven't enough corn," he said. "You cannot manage alone. It is only when there are several that one can do anything." When, as I now did, I joined the labor group for mutual help, there were three members in my family. My parents were living with my elder brother, Li Hai-fu. My parents, my elder brother, and my younger brother, Li Hai-ching, had all moved here in 1938, leaving me with the debt up there in Hengshan. To be honest, it was difficult for me to keep my family alive in Liu Ling, too. We still had only one quilt. The land was not enough. I had been thinking of going out to work as a day laborer again, when Li Yiu-hua spoke with me and said, "Now you are to join my labor group for mutual help instead." Well, I thought, that sounds all right.

MY father, of course, was Li Yiu-hua's older brother. Now, Li Yiu-hua told us how we were going to work and how we were to share the income. I had less land and worse land than the other men, but Li Yiu-hua said that after the grain tax had been paid we were all to share the harvest alike. In that way, no one would lose anything, but all would gain. I thought that sounded all right.

That year was very slightly better. I had clothes to put on and enough corn to be able to eat the whole year. The following year we bought a new quilt. The third year, Li Yiu-hua's labor group for mutual help had four cattle and two donkeys. I was labor leader. We worked quite well together. I was the poorest of the four families in the labor group. Things went really well for us.

We worked harder than the others who had land down in the valley. We got up earlier and we rested less and went to bed later. Li Yiu-hua could work very hard and we were all prepared to work. We carried manure up to the fields on the hill. All of us, men and women, worked. We planted trees and we went to a lot of trouble. What was hard was that I had to be awake at night thinking how the work ought to be planned. A lot depended on everything being planned correctly. Hard work and sweat aren't enough by themselves; you also have to think what you are doing.

The fourth year, I had 2,400 jin of corn in store. And then our labor group was to be expanded. Then I thought that I could manage on my own. And if I left the labor group I had the right to take my share of the common property, which would be two oxen, but if I stayed in the new farmers' cooperative, I should perhaps have more responsibility and have to rack my brains all night.

I talked with Li Yiu-hua and the others and I said, "If the whole village is going to come in, then I'm going out. The more people there are, the more of a burden it will be. More work for me. I shall wear myself out being labor leader. Besides, it's not practical taking in all these villages. Most of them can't work properly. So if you decide to take the others in, I'm going to leave and take two oxen, and then I shall be able to manage without your help."

My wife wanted this, too. She had said to me, "We have worked for so many years for landowners and got nothing; you've been a day laborer and possessed nothing. But we have land and two quilts and we have two oxen and it will be better if we manage on our

—*From "China in Black and White."*

"In the Fields," by Ke Keh-Chien.

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own." But Father and my brothers did not like my going out. Father talked to me and said, "You ought not to go out, now that you've benefited from the Communists. You came here a pauper and they helped you and you have worked together and you have been well off. It's not right that just you should leave." But I said, "I want to manage on my own, whatever you others say."

Naturally, there was a lot of talk in Liu Yiu-hau's Agricultural Cooperative when I left. Li Hai-chen said, "If you don't like being labor leader, someone else can take on the responsibility. The main thing is that you don't let us down." But I did not care what they said; the main thing for me was to get those two oxen and be on my own. In the end, the others had to agree to it, of course. The collective's voluntary, after all.

Well, after that I was on my own. My wife looked after the animals and I worked in the fields. I toiled away, scarcely ever sleeping. I worked even harder than before. After a time I began to regret what I had done, but I didn't say so, I wasn't going to give them that pleasure.

For two years I stayed on my own. It was difficult. You couldn't hire farmhands or day laborers any longer. I had to see to everything myself. I sweated my guts out. None of my brothers would help me. Not that I asked them, for that matter. I saw that the Liu Ling Agricultural Cooperative was flourishing and I began to think that I was stupid to have left it. But then I thought of how the others would say, "There! What did we say?" And when I thought of that, I worked harder still because, whatever happened, I did not intend to take the first step. Then in the third year I did not manage to finish my plowing. I had two mu left. I wasn't going to manage it in time. Then the farmers' cooperative people came along. They stopped and watched me and then, without a word, they began plowing those two mu for me. There were seventeen of them, and they did the work in less than an hour. I myself would have needed two days. Then I thought, "It's good to be many." But we didn't say anything to each other. I said nothing and they said nothing.

Liu Ling Farmers' Cooperative had then been reorganized into the East Shines Red Improved Agricultural Cooperative. They had bigger fields than before. The millet fields were very big and I looked at them and they were so beautiful. Just after that they came to me from the Agricultural Cooperative and talked with me. They were polite and asked me to do them the service of joining. They said, "Do you see how rich we've become? We've pooled all our land now. It's hard farming on your own. Come to us." I thought they were right and, as they had come to me themselves and had been courteous, and I hadn't had to ask them for anything, I said that I would become a member. That was 1955—I was the last in the district to join the farmers' collective.

Then it was suggested that I should be labor leader for a labor group. I accepted this. I was that for two years. I thought it onerous. There was all too much headwork and all too much responsibility. But I was better off than when I had been on my own. In 1955, my last harvest on my own, I had got 1,800 jin. In 1956 in the Agricultural Cooperative, I got 2,000 jin and also 60 yuan in cash. [A yuan is roughly 42 cents.] And despite having the extra responsibility as labor leader, I had not needed to work so hard.

AFTER being labor leader for two years, I got up at the annual meeting and said, "I don't want to be labor leader any longer. I don't want to have responsibility for others. I don't like being the one who has the responsibility." But they just said, "You work so hard. You organize the work of production so well. We can't do without you, because you are so clever at the work." After that they elected me again, even though I protested. I didn't like that. That next year I didn't work all that well. It was the first time in my life that I had stopped working hard. After that harvest, the others agreed without discussion to elect a new labor leader.

I thought it so nice being an ordinary farm worker again and not having to be labor leader. You see, if you are labor leader you have to plan everything, and then you have to urge people on and keep at them, and they get grumpy if you keep at them. They think you are persecuting them, because most people are so lazy and don't really know what work means. I thought it would be so nice only to have to do my work and not have to worry about what others were doing or not doing. It was lovely only having to do farm work and not having to plan. It's not that you have to work less in the fields if you're a labor leader; on the contrary, you can't get a labor group to do anything if you don't go in front yourself and show them how the work should be done.

Now, as an ordinary worker, my income's increasing all the time. I don't remember properly how much corn I got the second year, but it was a lot. And also I got more than 300 yuan in cash. I'm working now on the autumn plowing. I plow in the mornings, and in the afternoons I weed. I plow one mu every morning. I have a one-yoke plow and use the same ox every day. That's the best way. It is a good ox and I am responsible for it and the plow, and I know it well and therefore I can get the most out of it.

I really intend to be an ordinary farm worker all my life now. I don't intend ever to let myself be elected to anything, either to be labor leader or anything else that means having responsibility for others. But I have learned enough characters to be able to keep books, if I want to. I let the bookkeepers and ganbus [state functionaries] teach me—the different characters for a workday and wheat and millet and that sort of thing.

LI KUEI-YING, age 32: I was born into a farming family. In 1951, when I was twenty-two years old, we were told that the party school in Yenan was having a training course for female ganbus. It was said that as half the population consisted of women, trained women were needed as well. The labor group for mutual help told the party school about me, and I was accepted and sent off to attend the course and study for six months. Ever since I had been small, I had dreamed of being able to learn to read and write. Yet when they talked with me and told me that I had got permission to go to the party school, I became worried. Because what could a farm girl learn at school?

That time at the party school was the decisive time of my life. I came back to Liu Ling in July 1951. I could then read and write, and I began organizing the women to study.

That winter I taught ten women to read and write 100 characters each. That isn't enough to be able to read a newspaper, but it is enough to be able to write simple accounts. They have gone on with it since, but it has been difficult for them. They can't read much more now after ten years, though I have been working with them the whole time.

I continued studying on my own. I got hold of old books of legends which I read. I learned more characters; I read newspapers and began reading simple new stories. In 1952 I married. That was in August and I was very happy. It was a marriage of free will. We had met at the party school and fallen in love with

(Continued on page 86)

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Beowulf

By KENNETH REXROTH

LIKE THE more hardy and noble fish, the kinds of men that we heirs of the Anglo-Saxon tradition think most heroic thrive best amidst the colder seas. The figures of the Norse, Welsh, and Irish Heroic Ages possess a magnanimity, courage, and contempt for triviality that we do not find in the heroes of Homer. Nor do our heroes come to their doom because they have pushed their normal endowment of great pride to the point of existential conceit; nor are they haunted by irresponsible fate or plagued by the frivolities of the gods.

For these reasons *Beowulf* seems essentially heroic in a way that the epics of the Mediterranean do not; its hero fulfils our insistence upon a moral heroism. His legend is one with those of Gordon, Florence Nightingale, Wellesley, or of Jesse W. Lazear and other martyrs of public health. Modern criticism has devalued our nineteenth-century heroes, but Beowulf is far away; all we know of him is a single document, so he stands as a mythic paradigm of the brave, generous, self-sacrificing aristocrat.

Beowulf, nephew of Hygelac, king of Geatas in Southern Sweden, sails to Denmark with fourteen companions and offers to rid the hall of Hrothgar, King of the Danes, of a devouring monster in human shape called Grendel. After a feast, the Danes withdraw. Grendel enters and kills one of the Swedes. Beowulf wrestles with the monster and tears off its arm. Grendel, mortally wounded, escapes to die at the bottom of the awful mere which is his home. The next night Grendel's mother kills and carries off one of the Danish nobles. In full armor Beowulf plunges into the water and, after a terrible fight, kills her with a mysterious sword which he finds under the waves. After the death of Hygelac and his son, Beowulf becomes king of the Geatas. In extreme old age a dragon ravages his country and Beowulf destroys it but dies of his wounds. The poem ends with his funeral. Hrothgar and Hygelac were historical persons and Beowulf may have actually existed.

The most unexpected quality in *Beowulf* is its abiding communication of joy. In contrast with the Mediterranean glitter of the *Odyssey*, plagued by fatigue and melancholy, *Beowulf* takes place in an atmosphere of semi-darkness, the gloom of fire-lit halls, stormy wastelands, and underwater caverns. It is full of blood and fierceness. Its rhythms have the tone of pre-emptory challenge and the clang of iron. Men exult in their conflict with each other and the elements. The sea is not a jealous, cantankerous, senile deity. It is a cold, thrilling antagonist. Even Grendel and his mother are serious in the way Greek demons never are. They may be horrors survived from the pagan Norse world of frost giants, wolf men, and dragons of the waters, but nobody would ever dream of calling them frivolous. They share Beowulf's dogged earnestness; what they lack is his joy, which suffuses the book in spite of a counter-suffusion —a doom that haunts the far background of the narrative, like a few drops of ink and milk spreading into water from opposite directions.

THOUGH they glory in themselves as successful animals, always we feel that *Beowulf* is a tale of men at the end of their tether. Not only do life and splendor fall to ruin but a hand is writing, "Mene, mene tekel upharsin" in the firelight on the walls of Hrothgar's banqueting hall. This civilization is almost over. The onrushing twilight of the gods is ominous in the distance. The refrain of another great Anglo-Saxon poem: *"Thaes ofereode, thisses swa maeg!"* (That passed away, this will too.) might as well have occurred every twenty lines or so in *Beowulf* or again, "Mood be the more as our might lessens." This sense of doom we can feel by simply reading the poem in adequate translation. If we read the notes or introduction, we learn not only that *Beowulf* takes place against the imminent end of the Heroic Age of the Teutonic peoples, but in addition a specific tragedy is unfolding in the background. The immediate personal future of Hrothgar's family was filled with treachery and disaster. The author knew this and so did his audience. Foreboding echoes as a counterpattern of rhythm and symbolism against all the poem's exultation.

This is a specifically northern epic theme. Arnold Toynbee, quoting John Knox, calls it "the monstrous regimen of women." Both Helen and Penelope determine the Homeric epics only by the passive exercise of their femininity. The queens and enchantresses of the North interfere actively. It is their machination that brings disaster.

GRENDEL and his mother, devourers of men, inhabitants of subterranean depths, embody the demonic past whose claims can be destroyed with the facility only of courage and strength—but the future cannot be destroyed. Its doom depends on the deliberate evils of its participants, not on karma, not on myth, not on the unconscious. It will be played out in treachery, the murder of kinsmen, and civil war. All through the poem the poet inserts carefully muted ambiguous references to the dynastic ruin that is about to overwhelm all the participants except Beowulf himself. It is this tension between the easily subjugated occult and the inchoate and ungovernable overt fact of human destiny that gives the poem its irony, its pathos, and its structure. Once this tension is understood, *Beowulf* ceases to seem a folkloristic collection of Scandinavian legends and emerges as a strictly organized but muted tragedy—an elegiac drama.

Beowulf dies and is buried "above the battle," overlooking the pale, cold sea, the perfect example of heroic transcendence. His grave must have been much like the ship burial discovered in our own generation at Sutton Hoo in England on the western shore of the same sea of adventure. Among the surviving treasures of that anonymous hero are the enameled clasps of his sporran, ornamented with a figure of a man strangling two beasts—the Gilgamesh motif come to the far North across 4,000 years.

There are many contemporary translations of *Beowulf* in verse and prose, several paperbacks, among them the Penguin, Mentor, and Everyman and a number of elaborate scholarly editions. The best as modern poetry is Edwin Morgan's, published in 1952 in England by the Hand and Flower Press and in the United States by the University of California.

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How to Lose the World

IN THE aftermath of the gas episode in Vietnam, one fact at least may be worth pondering. The decision to use gas was made without the knowledge of either the President or the State Department. It is to President Johnson's credit that he did not feel obligated to close ranks and endorse an action that, whatever the military argument, was wicked, incompetent, and prejudicial to the vital interests of the United States. The action was news to him and he said so.

Inevitably and forcibly, hard questions flow out of these events. How much scope now exists for important decision-making outside the top councils of government? Was the decision to use gas in Vietnam a wild and isolated abuse of authority in the field? Or has a pattern slowly been emerging that is only now partially visible? It has just been revealed that undercover agents of the U.S. Government several years ago secretly adulterated a large shipment of sugar en route to the Soviet Union. President Kennedy learned of this sabotage and was able to intercept the cargo and undo the damage. Even more ominous is the charge made by Frederick E. Nolting, Jr., former U.S. Ambassador to Vietnam, that the United States was directly involved in the subversion and overthrow of the South Vietnam government in 1963 that resulted in the murder of President Ngo Dinh Diem. The fact that this charge has not been publicly examined or investigated is no less disturbing than the charge itself. If the charge is true, was it a field decision? Did the President know of it only after the event?

What about the degree of involvement by the United States in the attempt to overthrow the constitutionally elected Laotian government of Souvanna Phouma in 1960? This action precipitated a civil war, with the United States in the astounding position of underwriting both armies. What is the responsibility of American citizens for the deaths of thousands of human beings in Laos during that phase of the war? Had the President been consulted? Either way, when and how did it become the business of men acting for the United States to engage in sabotage and subversion?

IS it felt that the only way to cope with totalitarian and revolutionary world forces is to maintain undercover operations of our own, with power to unhinge governments or otherwise engage in secret mischief, or to turn over to the military substantial autonomy of decision in matters affecting the position of the United States in the world? If so, we badly misread history. It is impossible to find men wise enough to be entrusted with that kind of power. Such power engulfs men and makes decisions of its own.

What is most ironic is that the United States Government was itself designed by thinkers who knew that men and raw power don't go together. This to them was the most important lesson in history. The Philadelphia Constitutional Convention was an exercise in the control and distribution of power. More than any collective undertaking in history, that convention tried to create a structure of government in which even the best men would be kept separated from power that could be used capriciously or wilfully and therefore dangerously. The best way to protect citizens against abuses of power by men in government was to circumscribe the power, define it, refine it, subordinate it to law and due process. This design was good enough to create a system of government that has been in continuous operation longer than any other in the world.

THE notion that we can best cope with threats to our security or to world security by setting up vast cloak-and-dagger operations, or by creating authority outside the framework of the constitutional government, is itself a threat to the freedom of the American people. We cannot engage in subversion abroad without subverting the history and institutions of the United States.

There is something far more menacing to the United States than any lack of undercover power or restrictions on the policy-making powers of our agencies, military or otherwise. What is most menacing of all is the lack of respect for the moral principles that affect our station in the world. What the world's peoples think about the United States is in the end the most important factor affecting our world leadership capabilities and our security. Why should it have been necessary for Michael Stewart, British Foreign Secretary, to remind the United States that "a decent respect for the opinions of mankind" should have precluded the use of chemical weapons in Vietnam? How is it possible that government officials, if the *New York Times*'s report is correct, were "surprised" by the world outrage which followed the disclosure that the United States was using gas, however "routine" or "benevolent," as the official description had it? The kind of detachment from reality represented by this insensitivity is itself a clear and present danger. Has Communist propaganda against the United States done anything to hurt us as much as the harm we do to ourselves, as in the use of gas in Vietnam?

These things have not happened overnight. They have come into being piece by piece over a period of years. It is a denial of their own responsibility for the American people to expect that a President, upon coming into office, can deal with these problems by a single speech or stroke of the pen. The kind of power he is now called upon to tame requires all the help he can get. This means public opinion. This is the way America works, if we want it to work. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Kudos for Kolodin

On behalf of all the members of ASCAP, I want you to know how much we appreciate Irving Kolodin's fine commentary and review of the Rockefeller Panel Report on the performing arts [*SR*, Mar. 13].

I was particularly pleased to note his mention of the report's criticism of our copyright law, which gives the jukebox industry permission to perform copyrighted music without payment, and his comments on the report's attitude with regard to educational television.

STANLEY ADAMS, President,
American Society of Composers,
Authors and Publishers.

New York, N.Y.

New Look

THE ARTICLE "Splendors and Miseries of the Literary Café" [*SR*, Mar. 13] was extremely interesting. However, I would not agree with the author's assertion that "If you're left in peace, you are sitting in a literary café," nor do I believe that the establishment where one can find a "place to sit down without too much bother or out-of-pocket expense" is disappearing.

I contend that it has instead assumed a different form. What we refer to as a teen-age "hangout" fits perfectly the above description.

One example familiar to me is a luncheonette near my school. From early morning to afternoon, it is occupied by some forty to sixty teen-age students. There is no cover charge, and one need not spend money in order to remain. The students sit around tables or at the counter. Some eat, some converse, some study, some read the newspaper, some concentrate exclusively on the music emanating from the jukebox, and some simply meditate on the problems of their young lives.

Although it is not a literary café, it is certainly a place where one is "left in peace," and it does indeed offer to the new generation a place to sit down, without too much bother or out-of-pocket expense.

ARTHUR ROSENZWEIG,
Eastside High School.

Paterson, N.J.

Selective Censorship

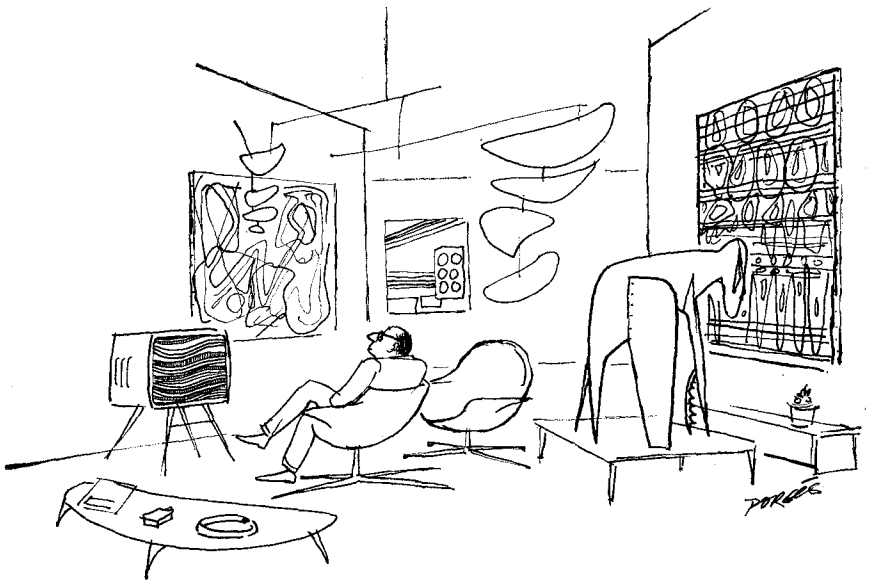
I WAS GLAD TO notice that David Dempsey, in his article "Teaching Librarians to Fight Back" [*SR*, Feb. 27], mentioned the efforts of liberals to impose censorship on books of which they don't approve. Since 1945 I have worked as librarian in two college libraries. From the time a liberal wished to ban Fischer's *Why They Behave Like Russians* in 1948 to the time another liberal wished to ban Hoover's *A Study of Communism* in 1962, the attempts at censorship I have seen have come from the liberals, not from the conservatives.

Once a freshman assured me that no one was going to censor his reading and in the same interview asked me to remove a conservative magazine from the list of magazines we took. He was much amazed when I suggested that if he didn't want anyone to censor his reading he shouldn't try to censor other people's. A professor told me that "freedom to read" had nothing to do with the conservative books he wished taken from the shelves.

I decided that the freshman, mentioned before, represented the liberal philosophy where books are concerned: Nobody is going to censor my reading but I have the right to censor what other people read.

MARIAN HEMMINGS.

Mt. Pleasant, Iowa



Bees Will Be Bees

MR. HENRY MORGAN wrote about bees in the PHOENIX NEST column [*SR*, Mar. 13]. Please give him the facts of life about bees. The queen is not the only female in a hive. There are some forty to sixty thousand other females around her all the time. The worker is not "he" but "she."

The queen bee does not have to be protected from the worker, nor does she single out some cute worker on her maiden flights. The virgin queen takes off into the wild blue yonder to find some drone, *i.e.*, male, flying out there, and after mating he dies and is heard of no more. This takes care of everything for the rest of her life. The contest for queenship is pretty largely one between the virgin queens and the old queen who is driven out of her hive. She takes the old bees with her and it is known as a swarm.

This may spoil a good story but bees will be bees. They graciously gave me enough honey to help pay my way through Northwestern University a long time ago.

(The Rev.) JOSEPH S. EWING,
Rector, South Farnham Parish.

Tappahannock, Va.

An Atom Auto?

I HAVE READ Donald E. Carr's "The Poison Air Around Us" [*SR*, Feb. 27] with great interest. One area that he does not cover is the relief of the situation that can and will be achieved by the advent of power generated by nuclear reactions, which can be confined, rather than chemical reactions, whose by-products must be released to the atmosphere.

The effluent to the environment from the current types of nuclear power plant contains a negligible amount of chemical poisons. Further, the biological effects of the minute amount of radioactivity that is released is smaller per kilowatt-hour of energy generated than is put out by many coal-burning plants. There are, of course, no sulphur compounds emitted and none of the dangerous nitrogen compounds.

Mr. Carr's electric automobile concept fits in nicely with nuclear power generation technology, since the electrical output of the nuclear power plants is ideally suited to charging vehicle batteries. There is much to be done, however, in developing an electric automobile whose performance is good enough to make it acceptable.

The increasing dangers from chemical pollution will become better understood by the general public and, at the same time, it will be recognized that nuclear reactors offer no such hazards. The radioactive hazards are already under control to a better extent than the hazards of many other industries that we live with every day. The time may not be very far off when all except nuclear power plants will be barred from our cities.

RALPH D. BENNETT,
Vice President,
Nuclear Division,
Martin Company.

Baltimore, Md.

The Applause That Refreshes

I WRITE TO commend you on your new department, AS OTHERS SEE US, reporting reactions to the U.S. from around the world. I hope you will continue it.

MRS. OLIVE C. HASKINS.

Eastpoint, Fla.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Are Bad Movies Good?

A LARGE-SCALE Western called *Major Dundee*, starring Charlton Heston, left me with the impression that I had seen a movie of no distinction whatsoever—crude in its action, composed of remnants and fragments of other Westerns, its plot meandering over a florid landscape of clichés. Yet I fully expect a case to be made out for it in serious quarterlies of movie opinion here and abroad. Consider first that its director is Sam Peckinpah, who was singled out by the sassily unorthodox reviewers for *Time* and *Newsweek* as having what they termed one of 1962's best films, *Ride the High Country*. He has a flair for violence, so I'm told, and any *cineaste* in good standing knows that violence handled by a currently fashionable director is "cinematic poetry." There's lots of violence in *Major Dundee*; gallons of bloodshed are caused by Indian arrows and U.S. Cavalry rifles, pistols, and knives when a troop of Yankee Civil War Cavalry, led by Major Heston, chases for no good reason after a bloodthirsty Apache, Sierra Charriba.

But just in case the various ineptitudes of the movie should disturb, there's another way of regarding it. Simply call it "camp." The *New York Times* recently informed us that the word "camp," formerly used mainly in homosexual circles, can now be used heterosexually and that it can mean practically anything you want it to mean. As far as I can see, it means something is just *too* much. Well, *Major Dundee* is just too much, and for that reason is probably wonderful. Any objective consideration of the film is therefore ruled out.

The movie begins with a massacre by the Apache chief, and his running off with three small white children. (You know what *that* means: they'll be brought up as Indians, they'll lose their whitehood.) Naturally Major Dundee has to get them back, even if it means killing dozens of his men. He hasn't enough of his own men at his post, but it also contains a prison camp holding murderous "rebs." He recruits some of these, including an old West Point comrade, Ben Tyreen, who is played by Richard Harris doing yet another Marlon Brando emulation. (Bad acting, but good camp.) They chase the Apaches all the way to Mexico. (Can they trust their Indian guides? Yes and no.) They encounter the most beautiful girl you ever saw, whose breasts are big and white and almost fully exposed, in a woebegone Mexican Village, tyrannized by a troop of French soldiers. What's this beautiful girl doing there with all those starving Mexicans? She's for Major Dundee, during certain interludes in the chasing and fighting. There's more, much more, so much that practically everyone is dead at the end. Chalk up another one for Sam Peckinpah.

Could the application of similar criteria result in a favorable response to *Vadim's Circle of Love*? Harder, in this case, for the director's name as part of the title is enough to set anyone but an *auteur* theorist off. And one quickly discovers that the movie is a fairly straight rendering of Arthur Schnitzler's study of pre-World War I Viennese decadence, *La Ronde*, now set in France, of course, as was the Max Ophuls movie of some ten years ago. Also, I believe that neither *Time* nor *Newsweek*, nor even *Sight and Sound* has ever designated Roger Vadim as one of the best film-makers of any year. Not that he hasn't tried. No director has tried so remorselessly, so dedicatedly, to show sex on the screen. He made *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, and wrecked that French classic. He made *Chateau in Sweden*, from the Françoise Sagan play, and came a dreadful cropper. So far as I know, he has *never* made a good movie and owes what reputation he has to his discovery of Brigitte Bardot.

And not even the most avid of camp addicts could tolerate the unending boredom of *Vadim's Circle of Love*. Read the play and you'll find that it's not Schnitzler's fault. See the Ophuls version and note what a director of style and wit could make out of the material. No, it's Vadim. He's all thumbs. He attempts a round of sexual seductions, and proves only that sex can be dull. The Legion of Decency need fear no longer. A plethora of sex on the screen should have the result (if this film is indicative) of bringing back morality and inducing abstinence.

It should be mentioned that Jean Anouilh did the screen adaptation, but the dubbing of his dialogue into English precludes any judgment of *him*. Jane Fonda, on the other hand, is heard in her own language, and has had the temerity to match herself with Danielle Darrieux, who played the same role in the Ophuls version. She comes out a loser. So does Vadim. I doubt that even Susan Sontag, who opened up a whole new world of entertainment with her theories of camp, could rescue this one.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

Don't put the Chartreuse too close to the milk

(someone might pour it on the cornflakes!)

But then why not? Chilled Chartreuse goes with lots of things... grapefruit, ice cream, desserts... and, naturally, on the rocks or as a highball. The main point is: *chill Chartreuse* before you serve it. For that's the new way to add finesse to Chartreuse's 350-year-old flavor. A most venerable and versatile liqueur. For an idea-ful booklet on drinking and cooking with Chartreuse, write Schieffelin & Co., 30 Cooper Sq., New York, N. Y., Department Y.

CHARTREUSE

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Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

Poet of the Recent Past

FOR A college student in the early Twenties a great source of excitement was the discovery of contemporary American poetry. For myself, I was aided in that discovery by the 1921 edition of Louis Untermeyer's *Modern American Poetry*. Here were Edwin Arlington Robinson, Edgar Lee Masters, Amy Lowell, Robert Frost, Carl Sandburg, Vachel Lindsay, Wallace Stevens, Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot, Conrad Aiken, and Edna Millay, along with many others whose names have pretty much been forgotten.

Although at the time I was stirred by both Sandburg and Lindsay, the poets for whom I had the highest admiration were Frost and Robinson. I remember saying this to one of my teachers, and, when he agreed, I asked him which of the two was the greater poet. He replied, "Robinson. What he tries to do is harder." I wasn't sure then that I could subscribe to this judgment, and I'm not sure now; but if, in my mind, Robinson was second, he was a close second.

Robinson was miserably slow in winning recognition, but after the publication of *The Man Against the Sky* in 1916, there was little doubt of his eminence. He went on to begin his Arthurian trilogy with *Merlin* and *Lancelot*, which enhanced his reputation, and then interrupted the trilogy to write *The Man Who Died Twice*, perhaps the finest of his long poems. In 1927 came the third poem on Arthurian material, *Tristram*, which had an almost inexplicable popular success and made him for the first time a public figure. He wrote steadily for the remaining eight years of his life, but not always well.

Even before his death, Robinson's critical reputation had begun to decline, and not merely in reaction to the false success of *Tristram*. To the left-wing critics of the Thirties, Robinson seemed irrelevant. In *The Great Tradition* (1933) I deplored the way in which Robinson's people were abstracted from what I regarded as real life, though I had not wholly lost my admiration for his work. "Robinson's fine dignity," I wrote, "the nobility of much of his blank verse, the subtlety of such poems as 'A Poor Relation' and 'Eros Turannos,' the wisdom of some passages in *Captain Craig*, the interpretation of history in 'Ben Jonson Entertains a Man from Stratford' and 'Rembrandt to Rembrandt,' and the lyric beauty of the beginning of *Tristram* have enriched American literature." I went on, however, to mention some poems, particularly recent ones, that I didn't like, and I concluded with a question: "Is it possible for the poet to touch the enduring strands of humanity's thought and emotion and endeavor, unless he finds them, as in daily experience we ourselves do, inextricably part of the warp and woof of man's concrete struggle with a particular environment in a particular age?" In short, I was demanding what in those days was called "social significance." I was wrong in my premises, but I believed what I was saying, and there were many people on my side.

IF Robinson displeased the Marxists, he was not much more congenial to the New Critics, who have done so much to shape opinion in the postwar period. It is true that Allen Tate gave Robinson a reasonably generous amount of space in *Modern Verse in English* (1958), which he edited with David Cecil; but Robinson simply isn't one of the select group of poets to whom the New Critics devote their analytical attention.

He has by no means been wholly neglected. Hermann Hagedorn did a semi-official biography, cautious but perceptive, in 1938, and ten years later Emery Neff wrote about Robinson for the American Men of Letters series. In 1952 Ellsworth Barnard published an excellent critical study, and there have been many shorter discussions. No one would attempt to write an essay on American poetry in the twentieth century without taking Robinson into account, and yet it is generally felt that he is in limbo.

Chard Powers Smith's *Where the Light Falls* (Macmillan, $7.50) might be regarded as a sort of rescue operation, and even if it weren't as good a book as it is, I should wish it well. In a way it is three books: a personal memoir, an analysis of Robinson's life in relation to his work, and an interpretation of his attitudes towards the great problems of existence. It is, as the subtitle states, an attempt to paint his portrait, and at the same time it is a revaluation of his poetry. (Smith, it may be pointed out, since the book does not list his previous publications, is the author of several volumes of verse, three novels, including *Artillery of Time*, and various studies of the New England mind, notably *Yankees and God*.)

The epigraph for Part I is an apt

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quotation from "Ben Jonson Entertains a Man from Stratford":

> There was that about him . . .
> That made as many of us as had wits
> More fond of all his easy distances
> Than one another's noise and clap-your-shoulder.

Smith tells how, in 1924, a young poet recently widowed, he was invited to the MacDowell Colony in Peterboro, New Hampshire. He knew that Robinson was the great man of the colony, and he was eager to meet him, though frightened at the prospect. The first night at dinner he sat in Robinson's special chair, and was wretched when he discovered what he had done. The second night both he and Robinson lingered in the dining room after everyone else had left. Finally, in desperation, Smith stood up and started for the door.

> And as I came on something happened in the universe. With his slow precision, God uncoiled out of his chair to his narrow six-feet-two of height, calculated the line of my approach, side-stepped, and stood glaring in my path. My social reflexes took over and I advanced jovially, extending my hand. He made his one effeminate gesture, holding his hand up and dangling it in front of his chest, as if he were afraid to let it go. I seized its limpness and said, "How do you do, Mr. Robinson, I'm—"
>
> He interrupted me, speaking with precision—"I hear you like to play pool."

Perhaps because Robinson had heard of Smith's bereavement and was moved by the compassion that was so deep in him, the two men became good friends in spite of the twenty-five years' difference in age. Smith gives his impressions of Robinson at that time, quotes from conversations with him, describes the way life went on at MacDowell, and talks about some of the other colonists. He comments frankly on Robinson's fondness for liquor—"he had the greatest capacity anyone ever heard of, and yet he never became an alcoholic." As for the women at the colony, he was shy with them and very popular. He resented being called "a dry New England psychologist," asking, "How in God's name do they think I wrote Guinevere?"

AFTER presenting the Robinson he knew, an altogether human and generally attractive character, Smith tells the story of the making of the poet. Born in Gardiner, Maine, a town that was to play a large part in his poetry, Robinson was the third son of a moderately prosperous man of affairs. For his older brothers, Herman and Dean, both of them destined to come to sad ends, he had great admiration and affection. A shy lad, he showed an early interest in writing.

When Win, as his family called him, was seventeen years old, a beautiful girl, Emma Shepherd, four years his senior, came to town, and he fell in love with her. Two years later she married his much more obviously eligible brother, Herman. ("On February 12 [1890] the prettiest girl and the most promising boy in two towns were married.") Robinson, Smith believes, continued to be in love with Emma, and twenty years later, after Herman's death, asked her to marry him. She refused.

It has always been said, partly as a matter of rumor and partly on the evidence of the poems, that Robinson had a mysterious love affair. Smith claims to have identified the object of his passion —Emma Shepherd Robinson. Though some parts of the elaborate hypothesis he creates on the basis of this assumption seem farfetched, on the whole he is convincing. Moreover, the interpretations of the poetry in the light of this hypothesis are revealing. And if it seems strange that a small-town matron should become Queen Guinevere, that is the way a poetic imagination works.

For the rest, Smith gives a full account of Robinson's life: his early writing, his two happy years at Harvard, the poverty and misery of his life in New York from 1899 to 1905, the happy intervention of Theodore Roosevelt, who provided a sinecure for the poet at the New York Custom House. After 1909, when he left the Custom House, he wrote more diligently than ever. He spent every summer from 1911 on at the MacDowell Colony, and generous friends helped him through the winters. Nineteen thirteen to 1923, according to Smith, was Robinson's great period; but it was only in 1927, with *Tristram* (which Smith considers inferior to *Merlin* and *Lancelot* and certain other poems), that he became popular and well-to-do. He died in 1935.

For reasons that are easy to understand after one has read Smith's reminiscences, Robinson has always been an enigmatic figure; but Smith has done much to make him more comprehensible. This, however, is not all that Smith has tried to do. In Part III he sets out to establish the greatness of a considerable part of Robinson's poetry. As in his argumentative and sometimes dogmatic preface, he expounds Robinson's philosophy and endorses it. Of course he knows that E.A. was anything but a systematic philosopher, but he finds certain ideas and attitudes that cohere. He says, for instance, that Robinson was an idealist, not in the strict philosophical sense but in the sense of being opposed to the "deification of mechanistic material Law." Smith also asserts that Robinson was a Puritan, though not quite a pure Puritan. (Smith has his own conceptions of Puritanism, which he set forth in *Yankees and God.*) Moreover, he maintains that Robinson's conscious purpose in writing his poems was to communicate his view of man and the universe.

There is some truth, perhaps a good deal of truth, in all these contentions, but I am not sure that they are as important as Smith thinks they are. I do not accept all Robinson's beliefs, at least as Smith states them, but that does not keep me from being moved by his poems any more than my not being an Anglo-Catholic prevents my being moved by T. S. Eliot's *Four Quartets*. Whatever Robinson's faith was, he arrived at it by way of a tough-minded skepticism, and that I respect. Nor was his mind solely occupied with large and remote ideas; he was a man of deep compassion, always concerned with the lowly. He was also, as Smith emphatically states, a great technician, the man who made blank verse a viable medium for twentieth-century poets. I enjoy reading him today even more than I did forty years ago, and I wish he were read by more people.

Smith has done well by his old friend and master. He has not only made good use of his own recollections, but, as his notes show, has done a careful job of research. In addition to the usual paraphernalia, the back of the book contains a summary of the chief events in the poet's life and a glossary of writers and artists mentioned in the text, and there are several photographs of Robinson and some of his associates. This is the best book on Robinson we have, and I recommend it with enthusiasm.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1131

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1131 will be found in the next issue.

ZY XWK CFZL EWA'KB DZGGHPN

FZKT GADO – CBGG, CB SZTB

PBC BPNGZPT WAL WX HL.

LFZL ZPT DWTXHYF.

MBPBL

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1130

To be able to be caught up into the world of thought—that is educated.
—EDITH HAMILTON.

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E. A. R.: A Remembrance

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

HE WAS not an easy man to know. Shy, withdrawn, reticent, remote —these are the adjectives that encrust descriptions of him. He was the least public of poets; he had no talent for making himself popular. He never lectured, never taught, never took part in the politics of the "new poetry." His letters were rather dull. In an introduction to a volume of Edwin Arlington Robinson's *Selected Letters* Ridgely Torrence apologized: "There is a world of poetry and there is a world of letter-writing, and hardly the two shall meet" (a wild misstatement when one thinks of Keats, Byron, Heine, Hopkins, Emily Dickinson, Frost, Lawrence).

To write anything resembling a revealing autobiography was impossible for Robinson; even a conversation was difficult without the aid of a liberating bottle. You did the talking; he did the listening. He never interrupted, although he might occasionally shake his head in mild disagreement; you always seemed to be delivering a long soliloquy and, when it was over, his remark (if he made one) was in the nature of a footnote. He rarely laughed. "I do my laughing in my gray matter instead of upon my face," he wrote to a friend. "Real solid laughter is almost a physical impossibility with me. When it occurs it frightens me."

I once asked him why he never gave readings before any of the clubs or colleges that would have liked to hear him. "I have enough trouble with private gatherings," he said. "For me a public platform would be nothing less than a public execution."

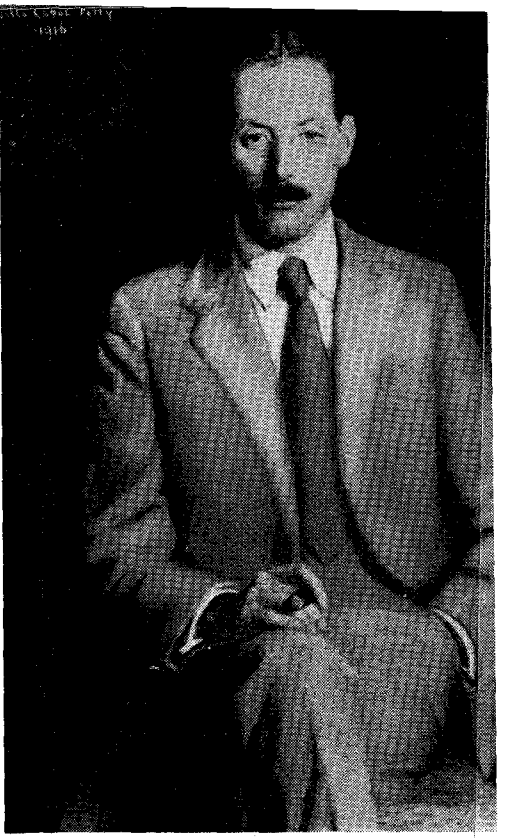
His were the opposite of the poet's idealized features. The sucked-in cheeks, pursed mouth, curt moustache, bony forehead, and unblinking seriousness made him look like a teacher of abstract mathematics, a bank clerk, or an expert accountant, rather than an unaccountable visionary. His face was like his poetry, cool, precise, shrewd, pointed with astringent wit. Although he delighted to dramatize critical situations involving clashes between men and women, his was an intellectualized conflict, an intensity without passion. Again and again the poetry achieved eloquence, but never ecstasy.

He won the Pulitzer Prize three times and his *Tristram* was selected by the Book-of-the-Month-Club but, though the awards made him less apprehensive about the future, they did not make him happy. He had been dedicated to defeat. His life was a long struggle against misery. His father, an ineffectual Maine storekeeper, had lost what little money he had because of bad investments; one of his brothers was a drunkard; another went insane. Until he was twenty-seven he had earned exactly seven dollars, and that was for a sonnet on Poe. An uncle paid for the publication of his first book, a friend for the second. A third collection (originally called *The Pauper* and later change to *Captain Craig*) was rejected by six publishers, lost, left by an editor in a whore house, recovered, and published only after it was subsidized by a few well-wishers. In New York, nearing thirty, he moved from one shabby rooming house to another; his lunches were a stale roll and a glass of beer—on one occasion a bartender offered to lend him a dollar. Somehow he kept himself going. At thirty-six he took a dismal job as time-checker in the subway at two dollars a day. "What manner of cave I select for a time is of no real importance," he wrote. "I was a tragedy in the beginning, and it is hardly probable that I shall ever be anything else."

When President Theodore Roosevelt rescued him from the grim position and gave him a desk in the Custom House, the offer bewildered Robinson. "If all this comes to pass," he wrote, "I may be able to own two pairs of shoes at the same time."

He was anything but a tragic figure when we became acquainted. He was famous at fifty; I was in my early thirties and putting together my first anthology. During our conversations it became evident that he had no high regard for the exponents of the "new poetry." "Most of them do not know how to write," he told me. "They don't know what poetry is supposed to be or to do. Kipling knows it; so does Housman. Your friend Sandburg should have stayed in the army; he's all blood and guts. Amy Lowell might make real poetry out of her material, if she were a poet. Lindsay shouts a good sermon, but poetry is not a revival meeting. Your young poets are for the very young. Thank God I'm not one of them." It was one of the longest speeches I ever heard him make.

He did not like to talk about technique, especially not about the tight, epigrammatic way in which, without attempting a single innovation, he gave



Edwin Arlington Robinson—"an intensity without passion."

fresh turns to antique forms. More concerned with his subjects than with a new style, he became the laureate of the misfits, the waifs and strays, the world's rejected who could not reconcile themselves to a civilization that lived on commercialism, ruthless competition, "the shopman's test of worth." He loved to write about displaced people like Miniver Cheevy and Eben Flood, men sustained by dreams and soothed by drink, "forgot by many, beloved by none." "You certainly know them," I said. "I should," he answered. "I'm one of them."

I referred to his choice of characters again on a later occasion, across the pool table at the MacDowell Colony where he was literally the *genius loci*. "One of your admirers teased you in print about your predilection for odd names for odd characters. He mentioned Bewick Finzer, Luke Havergal, Cliff Klingenhagen, Fleming Helphenstine, John Evereldown, and a few others. Then he thought of Ben Trovato and wanted to know why you had put so ill-fitting a foreigner alongside your typical New Englanders."

For once Robinson let a laugh escape. "Next time you see Clement Wood, tell him for me that Ben Trovato is not a man but a fairly common—I might say," he chuckled, "well-found—Italian phrase."

I remember another wry response. It was during an after-supper session in Peterbo, New Hampshire. We were wondering how many projected poems remained unfinished.

"Many a possible masterpiece must

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have got off to a good start," I said, "only to get bogged down after the first fifty lines."

"I started a poem a little while ago," said Robinson. "But it wasn't meant to be a masterpiece, and I never got even as far as the second line. It was to be an ode to a bird—not anything as lovely as a nightingale—but an ode of hate to the local whippoorwill, the fiend whose inexhaustible energy keeps us all awake. The first line went like this:

> Thou iron-lunged, incessant bird of Hell!

That's as far as I got. But it was far enough. I had written the poem. That line said it all."

Another impromptu poem comes to mind. This one also happened at the MacDowell Colony. There had been a long night of elevated discussion which turned out to be more spirituous than spiritual. The next day a postcard was slid under the lintel of the cottage in which my first wife and I were sequestered. It read:

> Together in infinite shade
> They defy the invincible dawn:
> The Measure that never was made;
> The Line that never was drawn.

It was entitled "Too Much Coffee"; it has never appeared in any of Robinson's works.

At the MacDowell Colony Robinson was not lonely nor exactly aloof, but he was no joiner. He never participated in organized gatherings or group discussions; he was not the man for communal hikes and get-together excursions. He stayed in his quarters most of the time—a few of us might spend an hour with him playing billiards or while away an evening in his room over a bottle of bootleg liquor, but he made no effort to become intimate. He was catered to, looked upon with something like awe, but, except from a few dedicated devotees, he did not elicit deep, spontaneous affection. The same reserve that was in his poetry was in his manner. Ours was a twenty-year friendship but, although most people usually call me by my first name ten minutes after meeting me, I was—and more than thirty letters show it—never anything more than "Dear Untermeyer" to Robinson.

The letters were characteristic: courteous, concise, and close to illegible. Written in a microscopic script—a Freudian chirographer would have a field day with its minute, etched angularity—Robinson's was, except for Van Wyck Brooks's tiny scratches, the most indecipherable handwriting I ever have had to decode. He thanked me punctiliously for every review (and, since he wrote prolifically after 1915, there were a lot of reviews); the books he sent me were modestly inscribed; the tone was cordial though, as I have implied, scarcely exuberant. Once in a while he broke through convivially. For example:

> Your weekend suggestion is alluring. But if I really get hold of the bottle of Jamaica Rum there would be nothing left of it—or much of me. Since prohibition, I am inclined to be rapacious, vindictive, and ungovernable in regard to all things alcoholic. Perhaps you had better keep it on your side of the table.—I expect to be publishing a horrible tale in blank verse about a fellow who hated another fellow so hard that he died of it.

The book, which he described to me as "a dime novel in verse," was *Avon's Harvest,* a truly "horrible" study of a fear-haunted, hate-driven man.

Robinson was fascinated with other people's marital relations; he himself never married. Women were too much for him; he shunned "love affairs." Even Isadora Duncan failed; bent on seduction, she managed only to embarrass him. Robert Frost maliciously said that Robinson learned about women by having nothing to do with them, that he got his knowledge about them intuitively or (he could not resist the punning initials) by EAR.

It was Frost who said what is perhaps the shrewdest thing about Robinson as a writer. Frost had written a foreword to Robinson's posthumous *King Jasper.* In it he recalled a meeting in a Boston bar—"we called it the Place of Bitters because it was with bitters, though without bitterness, we could sit there and look out on the welter of dissatisfaction and experiment in the world around us." But the publisher (Macmillan) felt that the introduction was too much about poetry in general and too little about Robinson in particular. "I don't feel sure they weren't after an appraisal of *King Jasper,*" he wrote to me a few months after Robinson's death. "I'm no appraiser. But I want to be good when it is easy to be good: so I added an idea more that brought Robinson in a little more. I had said he was content with the old way to be new; (1) that his were griefs rather than grievances; (2) I went on to say his lesson was that you could go with sorrow, with philosophy, with confidence, in poetry as far as you could go playful—so far and not further." Frost amplified the idea in an enlarged foreword. "His [Robinson's] theme was unhappiness itself but his skill was as happy as it was playful . . . The style is the man. Rather say the style is the way the man takes himself. If it is with outer seriousness, it must be with inner humor. If it is with outer humor, it must be with inner seriousness."

This was Robinson's extraordinary balance, as it was Frost's. With it he accomplished his peculiar, paradoxical success. He made poetry out of defeat, a triumph of failure.

"I'm not really a Communist. I only got involved because they had a good group rate on a charter flight to Europe!"

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LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Disturbing Dream

GRANVILLE HICKS in his interesting review of Norman Mailer's *An American Dream* [*SR*, March 20] referred to Diana Trilling's article on Mailer in *The Living Present*. The actual title of the book, which I edited with Charles Simmons and which was published by Doubleday last year, is *The Creative Present: Notes on Contemporary American Fiction*.

NONA BALAKIAN.

New York, N.Y.

IS IT POSSIBLE that Norman Mailer's *An American Dream* is still the expression of a young man with a long memory of the terrible events of the Second World War? If the reader still remembers the vivid scenes described in *The Naked and the Dead*, then probably the author has those events yet deeply imbedded in his subconscious. It may then be supposed that Mr. Mailer's dream-life will be very different from that of a younger generation of Americans who did not experience the war. His guilt feelings are probably more deeply rooted than the rest of us, who have matured in a more or less peaceful society. It may be an impossible task for Mr. Mailer to rid himself of the past. However, through his books we can obtain a glimpse of what it did to him.

JAMES SCHREIBER.

Wooster, O.

. . . PERMIT ME TO ASK why you take the trouble to devote valuable space posing the question "Is Norman Mailer's New Novel a Literary Hoax?" Do you not know where bilge belongs?

GEORGE NEWTON PLUMLEE.

Oak Ridge, Tenn.

. . . IF INDEED Mr. Mailer's effort is such literary puke, why may I ask, has the *Saturday Review* seen fit to splash Mr. Mailer's picture on the cover, give him a cover headline, and virtually insure that *An American Dream* will become an American best-seller? . . .

D. J. WILLCOX.

Peacham, Vt.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Mailer's prominence in the American literary scene justified a cover for "An American Dream" as the most newsworthy book of the week.*

. . . AT THE END OF [*Crime and Punishment*], Dostoevsky gave a resounding and firm No to *Credo ut intelligam*. Which is what Mailer restates in more eloquent and courageous terms. It interests me how Hicks can be so blind with his corporate interpretation of *Dream*. He is the most stodgy moralist I have ever read in an American magazine—he must loathe Mailer personally like he loathes the chimera that disturbs the reality of his sleeping hours.

J. T. MCINTIRE.

Mansfield, O.

Not Mr. To You

. . . IN ISRAEL TODAY the word "sholom" is a greeting all by itself. In the world of Sholom Aleichem the greeting to another Jew was always the full two words "sholom aleichem" (peace be to you) to be answered by "aleichem sholom" (to you, peace). Just as this phrase does not appear as two separate words, so is Sholom Aleichem never referred to in Yiddish as "Aleichem" [as in PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS, *SR*, March 20] but always by the full pen name Sholom Aleichem.

IDA SELAVAN.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Hart Chart

MR. LAURANCE HART passed away Nov. 27, 1964, and the address given [in David Glixon's reference book roundup, *SR*, March 20] has been long ago sold and vacated. . . .

VOLA M. JURGENSEN.

Metuchen, N.J.

Knocks from Knox?

I WAS DELIGHTED by the "amazing coincidence" of my townswoman Lindy DuMolin's letter's appearing directly before the one from her son-in-law, George Tinnes [*SR*, March 20]. Especially since the subject was my fellow Knoxie, James Drought [*SR*, Feb. 27].

I suggest that for crystal-pure disenchanted views of Drought's talents one may consult Knox College professors. I wondered why it was that, in such a long article as the one you published about Drought, it wasn't once mentioned that he was associated with Knox. Could it be that neither is admitting it?

GAIL DITTMER.

Chicago, Ill.

. . . IT IS DEPRESSING to know that the publishing industry could overlook such writing [as Drought's] for so long.

L. PHILIP CARTER, M. D.

Seattle, Wash.

Solecisms

. . . "INTELLECTUAL SOLECISMS . . . vatic air . . . cosmic benevolence . . . voluntarist, agapastic theories" and on and on, *ad nauseam*. Ye gods, man, what happened to the good old English language!?! With all due respect to [Emile Capouya's review of *Beyond the Outsider*, by Colin Wilson, *SR*, March 20], may I recommend Strunk & White or even perhaps Edwin Clapp's article, "Why the Devil Don't You Teach Freshmen to Write?" [*SR*, Feb. 20]. . . .

CHARLES E. WINGENBACH.

Louisville, Ky.

"THE PROFESSIONAL THINKER reads Mr. Wilson . . . and when he comes to write his review he dwells on . . . the blithe misstatements of fact that have been raising his cholesterol level."

Aw come on, feller, you can't be that mad at Colin Wilson. Blood pressure, maybe—cholesterol, no. Now who is making "misstatements of facts"?

WILLIAM N. HESS.

Burnsville, N.C.

Rules of Evidence

I WAS SURPRISED to find Granville Hicks bringing in a favorable verdict for such an obvious stinker as *A Covenant with Death*, by Stephen Becker [*SR*, Jan. 9]. Mr. Hicks says that a lawyer friend of his has assured him that in the main the legal details are accurate. . . . As a lawyer who has been trying cases for forty-three years and who has defended in more than fifty first degree murder cases I wish to inform Mr. Hicks that he has been misled. . . .

I have, of course, read many books in which the trial was central to the plot, but in none of them have the authors so greatly violated the basic rules of procedure and the rules of evidence as has Becker. . . .

When I find reviewers of the stature . . . of Hicks of *SR* saying kind words about such a literary fraud as *A Covenant with Death*, my old suspicion is revived. I really believe that the reviewers, with [a few exceptions] are the servants of the advertising managers.

DAN H. MCCULLOUGH.

Toledo, O.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Lawyer McCullough's indictment is unsupported by the evidence; Atheneum has not advertised "A Covenant with Death" in Saturday Review.*

Common-sense Fix

HARRY ELMER BARNES'S review of the books on narcotics addiction [*SR*, March 6] is one of the best expositions of the narcotics "mess" which I have seen. . . . It is indeed about time that a little common sense got injected into the narcotics business. Treatment of addiction so far has been on a par with that of mental illness in the Middle Ages, when lunatics were confined in dungeons—and about as effective. Hopefully, . . . we may yet see the time when narcotics addiction will be treated as a medical problem, as it should be.

WM. K. MUNN.

Oakland, Calif.

Delayed Insouciance

DAVID DEMPSEY'S REVIEW of Bryan's *P. S. Wilkinson* [*SR*, Feb. 6] was a conjurer's delight. He can't seem to criticize the ship without making the captain walk the plank. One gets the impression he was highly entertained by a lousy book. Call it delayed insouciance. His review was fascinating, but it bored me.

L. A. CAMPBELL.

Jacksonville, Fla.

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Teaching in Triplicate

It is always pleasant to meet and talk with authors of well-received novels. In the case of Bel Kaufman the meeting was a double pleasure because her novel, *Up the Down Staircase*, had its beginnings within the pages of this magazine. The *Saturday Review* of November 17, 1962, carried a short story entitled "From a Teacher's Wastebasket," which, in a series of student compositions, official memoranda, and notes between teachers, offered a glimpse of the hell and confusion that make up a teacher's working life. Prentice-Hall spotted the story and got Miss Kaufman to expand the idea into a novel, which at the moment is in its fifth printing (75,000 copies), has been sold at a handsome price to a paperback house, has aroused strong theater, motion picture, and television (a weekly series) interest. The book is an alternate selection of the Book-of-the-Month-Club as well as a selection of the Reader's Digest Condensed Book Club. Considering that *Up the Down Staircase* is the first novel that Prentice-Hall has published in seven years, Miss Kaufman's book is as happy a way to get back into the fiction game as a publisher could wish for.

Bel Kaufman is a dark blonde with a taste for tailored clothes and the sort of figure that curves the stitchwork. Her speech has a faint trace of Russian. She was born in Europe, lived in Russia and Germany before coming here at the age of twelve. "I was a scared and scrawny girl on the boat. That was where I learned my first English sentence, 'I am a large girl.'"

A few years later, with a full command of the language plus a Bachelor's Degree from Hunter College, *magna cum laude* and Phi Beta Kappa, as well as a Master's Degree with high honors from Columbia University, she sought a license to teach in New York City. "That means a five-part examination. It was the oh-ral examination that finished me. There were these ladies in hats. They asked if I was foreign born. 'You speak English so carefully,' they said. I soon received a letter beginning, 'Dear Sir or Madam,' informing me that I had failed because of my 'foreign melody.' Well, I took speech courses to correct my melody but they kept failing me. Finally, after four years I passed all but the 'interview' part of the examination.

"I was given a poem, Edna St. Vincent Millay's 'Euclid Alone,' to interpret. I thought I did well but again 'Dear Sir or Madam.' I wrote to Miss Millay and told her what I had said. I received a three-page letter in return. Miss Millay said she couldn't have interpreted her poem so well. I had her letter photostated and sent it to the examiners along with proof of all my honors. The letter I got back began, 'We see no reason,' and implied that though the examiners were not about to reverse their decision I could hope to pass the following year, which is what happened. Since then I think they have only used the works of dead authors."

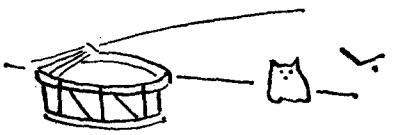
Miss Kaufman has taught in New York City public schools for fifteen years. At present she is an instructor, teaching writing and literature, at the Borough of Manhattan Community College. She also teaches eighteenth-century English literature at the New School for Social Research.

Bel Kaufman comes from a writing family. Her grandfather was Sholom Aleichem, the great Yiddish humorist. "My grandfather is my easiest accomplishment." Her mother, Lala Kaufman, published some 2,000 stories in Yiddish. "My mother wrote her stories on one foot—so quickly. She had the light touch while I would sweat away at my writing. I remember she said to me in Russian, 'Bellitchka, why do you take so long? Don't you have any talent?'

"Do you know about my grandfather's will? He asked to be remembered with laughter, not with tears. He requested that his funniest stories be read on the anniversary of his death. That is in May. The family gathers together with friends and some Yiddish actors. Four or five of his stories are read. It is lovely.

"What delights me most about having a book on the best-seller list is that people who don't know about our schools will find out. For once I'm reaching a reading public, not just interested parents. I am frustrated at waste; when there are children and teachers together something should happen. It doesn't. You can't reach kids when you are bogged down with lunchroom patrols and triplicate nonsense. The system doesn't draw the best people any more. Or if it does, they drop out or they stop caring.

"Yes, I am happy my book is a success and I am already at work on a new novel. A serious one, nothing to do with teaching. I never plan to stop teaching. I want to go on always, to open doors for kids who might not go on by themselves. I want to give them the excitement and the feel of how letters go together."



Another teacher and contributor to this magazine making news is Professor Richard Plant of The City College of the City University of New York. Professor Plant, whose book reviews have often appeared in these pages, has created the scenario for the opera *Lizzie Borden*, which was given its world premiere on March 25 by the New York City Opera Company.

How does a man born in Frankfurt-am-Main, educated in Switzerland, and today a professor of Germanic literature get entangled with New England's most famous ax-hibitionist? "I have a very un-Germanic and very British enthusiasm for detective and murder stories. That's how I hit on Lizzie. Did you know that there was no interest in detective stories in Germany until after World War II?

"*Lizzie Borden* is a psychological study. Very O'Neill-like. Consider a family enclosed in a New England prison of a house; it's automatically O'Neill."

Professor Plant first met up with Lizzie several years ago while still fairly new to this country and working his way through a series of very-odd jobs. The day of their meeting he was working with rats in a research laboratory. During his lunch hour he went to the Butler Library at Columbia University and found, open at a table, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's version of the murder.

"I had just cleaned twelve cages and pacified the more aggressive rats. Rats are very much like human beings. I learned a lot from them. I was very tired and looking around for a quiet spot to steal a nap but I couldn't stop reading about the Borden family. I overstayed my lunch time. I got into an argument with the boss—a splendid prototype for Andrew Borden because he was obsessively stingy—and, as a result, I was fired. This proved to be a blessing. I found a much nicer job, secretary to a grouchy millionaire in St. Petersburg, Florida. Of course, I felt grateful to Lizzie. By then I had bought more books about her and I always took them to the beach. Between 3:00 and 5:00—millionaire had his nap—under the blinding, clear Florida sun, the basic blueprint of *Lizzie Borden* came into existence."

In plotting Lizzie's path to the opera stage, Professor Plant has made some changes in her life. "The real Lizzie had an older sister named Emma. Our Lizzie's sister is a younger sister—it makes Lizzie more of an old maid—and her

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name is Margaret. Emma is an unsingable name.

"And there is a sea captain who elopes with our young sister. He is a conjecture. As for the maid Bridget, she was left out entirely. Andrew Borden, the father, as he is in the opera, is much too stingy to have a maid.

"This dropping of Bridget has led to phone calls of protest from people who go along with Edward D. Radin's book, *Lizzie Borden: The Untold Story.* Radin's book claims that Bridget, not Lizzie, was guilty of the murders of Mr. and Mrs. Borden but he offers no motive for Bridget. Ah, if only those people who protested would picket outside a performance of the opera. It would be so helpful. If I had money I would hire some pickets."

Professor Plant readily admits that the world is not clamoring for new operas. He refers to his years of involvement with the Borden family as "the most expensive hobby anyone could have." Therefore, what are his plans now that *Lizzie* is launched? "A cantata for college setup: small orchestra, voices and chorus. This time I'm not able and/or willing to drag things out over more than ten years. This time I'll start working on the cantata—with a composer—only if I have some grant so that I can take a sabbatical."

Every publisher raves about every book that he plans to publish, but one sure way of estimating what a publisher really thinks of a book is to find out how many copies make up his first printing. In the case of Peter Wyden's *The Overweight Society* (see page 40) the figure is a juicy 15,000. According to the author, the new executive editor of *Ladies' Home Journal*, the book is the "result of a full year's research and a lifetime's interest."

Usually an author's research affects the reader but not the writer. Research for *The Overweight Society* affected both the author and his wife. Peter Wyden weighed 204 pounds when he began his potbelly probe. A year later he was down to 178. At the moment, as a result of the pressures of a new job, he is carrying 185 pounds on his six-foot frame and is still dreaming of that day when he will see his scales stop at 170.

His wife, Barbara, woman's editor of the *New York Times Magazine*, was also hit by the book. "I just lost five pounds. I work out once or twice a week. I only started doing it since Peter began the book. I got on the last big push because of his book's coming out. I don't want people making cracks at me."

Speaking of cracks, the book is dedicated "To Barbara & other dieters." Barbara's comment, according to the author, was a weary, "Was that necessary?" —HASKEL FRANKEL.

Recollections in Tranquillity

***Journal of a Soul,** by Pope John XXIII, translated from the Italian by Dorothy White (McGraw-Hill. 453 pp. $7.95), an intimate diary kept by the late pontiff from seminary to Vatican, reveals something of the rigorous inner discipline which lay behind the outward simplicity that captivated the world. Walter J. Ong, S.J., professor of English at St. Louis University, is author of "The Barbarian Within," among other books.*

By WALTER J. ONG

EXCEPT for the benign smile, which would hardly have been fashionable in the days of more open religious hostilities (and fewer good teeth), John XXIII looked like a conventionalized Pope of the Renaissance. But he functioned quite differently from some of his Renaissance predecessors. There was no suggestion of the sinister here.

More than is the case with most men, Pope John's virtues have been widely and even deeply appreciated. He had immense popular appeal and a good press. In his amiable and portly simplicity he was the sort of figure anyone could identify with: the kindly uncle, a Falstaff with none of Falstaff's vices. Immediately upon his election the stories of his bemused and witty congeniality began, some founded on fact, others simple projections. "How many people are working in the Vatican?" he is asked. "About half," the smiling answer comes. He is beyond shock, beyond surprise; unflappable but not bitter; the symbol of total security; the man who has seen all and remains serene and tranquil, a kind of Catholic Buddha.

The present book does not entirely substantiate this legend. It is indeed artlessly written, and reveals an essentially artless man. But it also shows a degree of discipline and control, of strict "Tridentine" seminary training and intensely introspective interior life, that is sure to strike terror into the fainthearted and to appear absolute nonsense to those who, in Kierkegaard's terms, live only by esthetic or even ethical reflection. Pope John lived a life of uncompromising and assertive faith.

Journal of a Soul consists chiefly of spiritual notes in diary form, kept by Angelo Giuseppe Roncalli for his own use, beginning when he was a four-

—*From the book.*

Pope John XXIII—"too human to be strange."

teen-year-old seminarian and continuing to 1962, the year before he died at eighty-one as Pope John XXIII. The notes are highly personal, and were written generally after the day's end—"reminiscences of ascetic effort reconsidered in tranquillity," as the Wordsworth-minded editor-in-chief, Monsignor Loris Capovilla, puts it in his introduction. At first reluctant to have these very private papers published, Pope John finally gave them, rumpled and dog-eared, to Monsignor Capovilla for editing, because he felt "that people want to know everything about a Pope, and everything may be useful to historians."

In addition to the diary notes, this volume contains some briefer supplementary materials from John's personal papers: four letters (one of which is his spiritual testament to the Roncalli family), a more universal spiritual testament, the will in which he disposes of his material belongings, some thoughts on the praying of the Rosary, a large number of original prayers. As much as the diary, this supplementary material reveals the man. His will, for example, suggests that the personal wealth of this head of the Roman Catholic Church was

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virtually nonexistent. To each of his brothers and to each sister's family he left a bequest which, to those unfamiliar with currency exchange rates, sounds rather decent: 10,000 Italian lire. This amounts to $16.13. To his successor in the Chair of Peter he bequeathed the regal sum of $80.65.

This, and much else in the book, shows John's simple, evangelical spirit. The spirit certainly was in part congenital. He himself notes, "Above all I am grateful to the Lord for the temperament he has given me, which preserves me from anxieties and tiresome perplexities." But if God gave him virtues, John did not leave them unattended. The young seminarian opens his journal in a spirit of calculated rigor. First comes a quotation from the Council of Trent, reminding the clergy that faults which might be minor in others would in them be great. This is followed by a quotation from the Book of Lamentations: "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth." Every week, the diary proceeds, "make your confession and communion, fast on Friday and Saturday, on these days perform some penance on the advice of your Spiritual Father." To facilitate the practice of chastity, he reminds himself to "keep a close watch on your feelings . . . , make a special profession of humility," and remember that chastity and humility "must always be accompanied by the queen of all virtues, charity." "Above all, beware of material interests or desires, or too much attachment to money."

Angelo was young still, but his program was not callow. It drew on vast stores of vicarious experience in the long-standing Christian ascetical tradition. The precepts just cited, for example, come from what is basically a set of Sodality rules, studied through and copied out by Angelo, with some adaptations, in his own hand.

The kind of spirituality evinced here and throughout the *Journal* has come in for its share of criticism. It shows a profusion of regulations, of techniques and contrivances—scheduled examinations of conscience, set times for prayer, constant attention to particular failings, and other minutiae—that will strike some readers as spiritual nit-picking. Is this not human gadgetry, far from the vaunted freedom of the Gospels and of the children of God?

Still, facts are facts. In this day of witnessing, Angelo Roncalli's life witnesses the fact that his kind of ascetical training can produce not constraint but tranquil freedom of spirit. No distraught Jonathan Edwards anywhere here. From his seminary days Roncalli was at ease both with tradition and with novelty, and with their vigorous interaction.

"It will always be my principle, in all

(*Continued on page 61*)

Ethiopia: End of a Dark Age

***Haile Selassie: The Conquering Lion,** by Leonard Mosley (Prentice-Hall. 288 pp. $6.95), offers a portrait in depth of an enigmatic monarch who has continually triumphed over foes that have never really been defeated. Charles Miller is a free-lance writer specializing in African affairs.*

By CHARLES MILLER

THE NAME of Haile Selassie usually evokes two memories: his historic (and prophetic) appeal to the League of Nations in 1936, and his gallant but hopeless resistance to Mussolini. These episodes are almost never viewed in their more meaningful context as epilogue to one struggle and prologue to another—both at least as bitter and historically significant as the relatively brief agony of the Italian occupation. That perspective is provided, with sweeping drama and excitement, in Leonard Mosley's *Haile Selassie: The Conquering Lion.*

Ethiopia is one of the most stunningly beautiful lands on earth, a landscape artist's daydream of fabulous multihued lakes, soaring blue-green mountains, bottomless canyons, and grimly majestic desert and lava wastes. And for more than three thousand years these natural wonders have also served as natural barriers, isolating the country from even the most rudimentary knowledge of progress. Tafari Makonnen, the son of an Ethiopian nobleman, was born in 1892, but it might just as well have been in 1492, as he quickly learned when he became one of several claimants to his country's throne. For Tafari was possessed of an abounding desire to improve the lot of his people—an ambition virtually without precedent in a land that had always been ruled, with truly medieval pageantry and bestiality, by a handful of grasping robber barons. And when this rookery of warlords learned that a do-gooder was in their midst, a struggle began that was not to end until Tafari Makonnen became Haile Selassie I.

It would take a score card to keep track of the *neguses, rases, dejazmaches, gerazmaches, fitauraris, bitawadeds, abuns, waizeros, itcheges,* and other baroquely titled adornments of the Ethiopian nobility, who schemed desperately, over a period spanning thirty years, to block Tafari's accession. That he prevailed, Mosley relates, was due in part to rare personal bravery and talents

—*From the book.*

Haile Selassie with U.N. Secretary-General U Thant—blocked by neguses, rases, dejazmaches, gerazmaches, fitauraris, bitawadeds, abuns, waizeros, and itcheges.

for cunning that surpassed anything the combined opposition could offer, but mainly to what has always been his supreme virtue: an almost superhuman capacity for waiting. And wait he did—all the while foiling palace intrigues that reduce the Borgias to trainee status, leading troops to battle against the *rases'* private armies, and attending the Babylonian funerals of those adversaries who somehow managed to die natural deaths—until the path was finally cleared for his coronation in 1930. With guts, sagacity, and extraordinary patience, Haile Selassie had been able, in three decades, to break up, at least partially, feudalism's three-millenia stranglehold on his country. Now he could begin (or at least try to begin) the terrible task of dragging Ethiopia out of the Dark Ages.

NOT that rivals vanished when he took the throne. On receiving invitations to visit several European countries, he at first hesitated, uncertain of what might happen in his absence, and finally resolved the dilemma by taking his enemies with him—although Mosley notes that "he left Hapta Georgis behind to look after the Empress and the other *rases,* and Ras Kassa to look after Hapta

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Georgis." In fact, a continuing climate of dissension among many nobles did much to help transform the new Emperor's painfully emerging nation into a sitting duck for Mussolini. Even so, the Italian invasion and occupation can be seen today as not very much more obscene than the behavior of the "democracies" in the League of Nations, as they turned deaf ears to Haile Selassie's lonely invocations to that unfashionable abstraction called principle.

Mosley not only places the burden of blame for that wretched interlude on Great Britain's fixation with appeasement, but also tells how, during World War II, England almost managed to lose entirely what remaining credit she held with Haile Selassie, even after British troops spearheaded his return to Addis Ababa in 1941. For immediately on the heels of the liberation came an understandably little-known sidelight of the war: an attempt—engineered by a small but influential coterie of British colonial civil servants—to absorb Ethiopia into the British Empire. This was to be achieved through the systematic destruction of the country's already shaky administrative machinery, with the unspoken purpose of creating the impression that only a "civilized" nation could manage a horde of savages. Although not an instrument of British policy, the plot (there is no other word) was tolerated—or at best ignored—by the British government to the point where it nearly came off. Indeed, if Haile Selassie had not learned how to cope with duplicity from the years of conflict with his own *rases* and *dejazmaches*, he might well have lost his third and greatest struggle, with no telling what consequences for the future of Ethiopia—and, for that matter, all of present-day Africa.

THE author's candor in relating this sorry episode is no less forthright than his appraisal of Haile Selassie. A British journalist who covered the liberation, Mosley freely acknowledges enormous respect and personal regard for the Emperor, but he also paints in the warts. There is no attempt to gloss over the fact that Haile Selassie is an absolute monarch who doesn't hesitate to employ police-state methods when necessary; that he has become disenchanted with the democratic process; and that the slow pace of the reforms he once championed so ardently have alienated him from Ethiopia's younger élite, while squalor and abject poverty continue to run rampant through the land.

But Mosley also makes it clear that much of this apparent reluctance to hasten change is simply imposed on the Emperor by ironbound Ethiopian traditions of status quo that even he hasn't been able to erase. Moreover, the author observes that whatever advances may have been brought about (and progress is singularly impressive in education, health, and communications) can be attributed almost exclusively to the Emperor's efforts and often to his private pocketbook. Particular notice is taken of Haile Selassie's stature as one of Africa's most respected leaders, not to mention his personal achievement in raising Ethiopia's world prestige. It is no mere accident that both the Organization of African Unity and the U.N. Economic Commission for Africa have their headquarters in Addis Ababa.

In short, this is the fascinating portrait of an enigma: a despot in spite of himself, a tyrant who loves his people but dares do only so much for them, an Arthurian monarch who has continually triumphed over terrible foes that he has never really defeated. For an in-depth look at one of the most remarkable personalities of our time—as well as a knowledgeable briefing on a weird and little-known land and, above all, a free-swinging tale of Arabian Nights adventure—Mosley's book simply can't be passed up.

Salute to Israel's Grand Old Man

David: The Story of Ben-Gurion, *by Maurice Edelman (Putnam. 214 pp. $4.95), is a "non-definitive" biography of Israel's ex-Prime Minister. Hal Lehrman, commentator on Middle Eastern and North African affairs, wrote "Israel: The Beginning and Tomorrow."*

By HAL LEHRMAN

RESISTING the entry into Israel of television, which he judged frivolous and wasteful, David Ben-Gurion is supposed to have remarked: "A nation surrounded by Arabs has no need of cowboys and Indians." A memorable line, worth rejoicing and celebration (though B.G. probably never said it). Incredibly, however, its repetition is the only flash of even minor distinction in *David: The Story of Ben-Gurion.* Maurice Edelman, Labor Member of Parliament, who begins with the promising disclaimer that "this is not a definitive biography," has managed to produce a nonbiography so unerring in its lack of disclosure that in ends in being a non-book.

Israel's ranking "Old Man" keeps fit nowadays by periodic sorties from his Negev retirement, brandishing political and ideological monkey wrenches. But the ex-Prime Minister, an obviously controversial and still pugnacious man, has not been well served by biographers, generally uncritical and hero-worshipful, nor even by himself as historian. (His first memoir, *Israel: Years of Challenge,* which emerged in 1943 from his desert meditations, had a peevish air of implied clairvoyance and personal infallibility.) Edelman admits, in one grudging sentence, the existence of a "growing opposition" which rejects "what they called 'the B.G. myth'" and which claims that, on balance, "liabilities outweighed assets." This conceded, the Edelman survey nevertheless embraces the myth entire, detecting no flaw in a long life of partisan battle and bicker.

Worse, the track of that life gets lost in a forest of digressions. Earlier biographers, like Barnet Litvinoff, also British, may have similarly rendered their hero invincible in all encounters. But Litvinoff's Ben-Gurion was at least a hero in three believable dimensions. Edelman, who has written a shelf of intrigue-adventure novels, fails here even in invention; his hero is undimensional and nearly invisible.

The author tips a grateful hat to a list

David Ben-Gurion and his wife Paula—"brandishing . . . monkey wrenches."

—Camera Press (Pix).

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of well-informed persons with whom he says he discussed Ben-Gurion; he does not reveal what they told him. Instead, a "biography" of barely 200 pages devotes yards of type to such tangential topics as the details of a Russian program in Elizabethgrad (never located in relation to Ben-Gurion's native Plonsk, and five years before his birth); massacres of Armenians by Turks a generation later; the ailments of Ernest Bevin; Chaim Weizmann's first encounter with Pinchas Rutenberg; the doctrines of Vladimir Jabotinsky; the eccentricities of Orde Wingate, the author's speech in Parliament on August 12, 1947, about terrorism in Palestine; testimony (three pages) on Adolf Eichmann (at Nuremberg, not Jerusalem), and Israel's squabble (five pages) with Argentina over Eichmann's kidnapping.

During all this Ben-Gurion turns up either not at all or only vaguely, in the form of a reminder that he was in the vicinity at the time, presumably influencing or being influenced. On the what, how, why, and wherefore Edelman supplies practically nothing. We do not need him to rattle the bare bones of B.G.'s *curriculum vitae*. But a biography would be welcome and valuable if it put some meat on those bones with researched sidelights, episodes, data for new insights, fresh evaluations of the man behind the myth and under the shock of the statesman's splend'd white mane. Is he indeed a Churchill with a Yiddish accent, as some say, or a union leader magnified by circumstance, as others contend, or something in between? An engrossing terrain, which Maurice Edelman has left *terra incognita* for others with lesser title but sharper eyes and skills to explore.

Calorie Crisis in Dietland

***The Overweight Society**, by Peter Wyden (Morrow. 338 pp. $4.95), looks into America's passion for dieting, a pastime "second only to eating." It is reviewed here by SR's own slim, trim Cleveland Amory.*

By CLEVELAND AMORY

IT WAS obviously not entirely a compliment to be nominated to review this book. The reviewer, however, certainly has nothing to worry about—albeit he is rather concerned about his doctor. The latter is a pretty skinny fellow, you know, thin and peaked-looking—the kind that we used to say, back in Boston, needs "feeding up."

"A man," this book tells us, "if he thinks of himself as fat at all, thinks of himself as a jolly Falstaff."

Falstaffianly speaking, then, the way we see it, millions of people are going to eat this book up. For the fact is 9,500,000 people in this country admit to diets, 16,400,000 are "watching their weight," 26,100,000 are "concerned about their waistlines," and, according to researches, 79,000,000 "suffer from obesity to some degree." Curiously, Peter Wyden tells us, female vanity is still a much more common cause of dieting than male fear of an early death due to overeating.

"Like Disneyland," Mr. Wyden writes, "Dietland is a crowded, popular mecca where reality and imagination blend into an entertaining, noisy, and expensive blur." He divides this "land of the Great Overweight" into "semi-autonomous principalities" of "Expertland," "Groanerland," "Playland," "Quackland," and "Profitland." Individuals play a weighty part in the book—from President Johnson, who officially announces he subsists on a 1,500-calorie diet, to Judy Garland, who once got down to ninety-eight pounds, and Burl Ives, who in one brief period lost ninety pounds on a rice diet. But many put it back. President Johnson "restored his energy," the author tells us, "with as many as ten homemade biscuits at a sitting—and dieters regularly lose and regain hundreds of pounds by what Dr. Jean Mayer, a noted Harvard physiologist, has called "the rhythm method of girth control."

Animals in laboratories are, of course, tested *ad nauseam* in this and other methods, and though they "suffer from the experience," the author admits that "nobody has ever proved by clinical tests that it is bad for people, too."

Actually, the medical profession comes off almost as badly in this book as the general public. In fact, Mr. Wyden concludes his study by saying that not only are "the medical yardsticks on who should diet and when and how, agreeably vague," but that "evidence about the links between diet and disease is spongy." The only formal penalty meted out to one of the leading doctors, who admitted to falsifying the results in the ill-famed "Regimen" promotional venture, was a "reprimand" from his local medical society, which arrived, says the author, "in a gently phrased personal letter seven years later." As for Dr. Herman Taller and his infamous *Calories Don't Count* (the story of which was broken in the pages of *SR* Nov. 24, 1962), "two years later," states the author, "though AMA officials were still unhappy," they claimed they had "no power to initiate any action against Dr. Taller." "From the perspective of The Great Overweight and their problems," concludes Wyden, "it was perhaps more pertinent that, by the standards of 'reducing specialists,' Dr. Taller was very far from the worst."

If the medicine men are inadequate, the government itself has been little better in this field (one New England lady, asked about Medicare, said, "I don't know for myself, but I have a friend who tried it and lost twenty-one pounds"):

> Partly because of indifference, partly because of diffusion of responsibilities among several agencies, and partly because agricultural policy has made the excessive consumption of high-calorie, high-fat products seem desirable, the calorie crisis has received almost no attention as such. Instead, the focus has been on smoking and lung cancer even though *all* types of cancer account for only 16 per cent of all deaths in the United States while circulatory diseases account for 54.3 per cent.

One thing is certain. Second only to eating, the public loves diets. We have had the Stone Age Meat Diet, the Rockefeller Diet, the Champagne Diet ("Wine, dine and grow thin"), the U.S. Air Force Academy Diet (the Academy now denies all connection with it—don't tell us someone is cheating *them*), the meat and mushroom diets, apple diets, grape diets, melon diets, banana and skimmed milk diets. Curiously, two modern diets—the ice cream diet (honestly, we know one guy, that's all he can eat—for two weeks) and the drinking man's diet—didn't make the book, but we guess their fad came too late for inclusion. Our own favorite is the Pray Your Weight Away Diet:

> Ask God to show you why you eat too much, ask God to attend each bite, ask God to help you exercise and ask God to help you face this hard fact: all your life you'll be fat-prone.

But, we admit, we also got quite hungry thinking about a man named Dr. George R. Bach. He prescribes as a reducing cure "imaginary eating." "I'm constantly hungry," he says, "and I've found that it works if you constantly think about food." Dr. Bach's office is therefore full of pictures of wonderful food to help keep his mind off the real thing. "It's a contrast to the repression technique," he says. "When I sit down at the table and see the food, I say to myself, 'I already know this from my pictures and it's good in the picture but not in the stomach.'" Delicious.

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Tooth, Fang and Trust

Age of Excess: The United States from 1877 to 1914, *by Ray Ginger (Macmillan. 386 pp. $5.95), catches the contradictions and the complexities of post-Civil War America. Milton Cantor, managing editor of Labor History and a member of the faculty of the University of Massachusetts, is currently completing a study of Max Eastman.*

By MILTON CANTOR

"OUR GRANDFATHERS," writes Ray Ginger, "lived amid changes so swift and so basic that nobody could grasp more than a fraction of what was happening." Beginning with Appomattox, Ginger shows us that the half century following Lee's surrender was a far more complex period than many have realized: an age of paradoxes, inconsistencies, divergences. It was, on the one hand, an age absorbed in making money hand over fist, characterized by a greedy and violent economic individualism; on the other, it was a time of great creative activity, selfless reform, and acute poverty. For the slum-dwellers nourished on the pious bromides of William McGuffey (whose significance Professor Ginger has skillfully caught), these were years of hope as well as disenchantment. For the newly-arrived immigrants there was always the possibility that life could be better "and that the ascent from generation to generation might be enormous." The motto of the Negro graduating class of 1886 at Tuskegee was, astonishingly enough, "There is always room at the top"; and this was emblematic of the age.

Professor Ginger's most interesting passages tell of life in a burgeoning industrial society, with its new technologies, advertising techniques, and rising mass production. We read of Edward Harriman's railroading operations, of farm life in central Georgia, of the conditions in New York sweatshops, of "the beautiful sight" (according to Asa G. Candler, the founder of Coca-Cola) of "the child at labor." Though the American worker neither lost hope nor accepted the Marxist definition of his mission, he nevertheless fought on many an industrial battlefield: Homestead, Haymarket, Cripple Creek, Coeur d'Alene. In fact, there were more strikes and riots in the United States during this half century than in any other nation, with the possible exception of England; and Professor Ginger portrays the deep unrest and the conditions that nurtured them.

The author recognizes the impossibility of examining the period without referring to social Darwinism with its insistence on *laissez faire*, "rugged individualism," and the faith that the race is to the swiftest. "Let buffalo gore buffalo," affirmed one tobacco company (before being wiped out by competition), "and the pasture go to the strongest." But Professor Ginger suggests the equivocation and opportunism that were involved in these individualistic injunctions. While some entrepreneurs, "Buck" Duke for example, deserve the Darwinian accolade, most of the great private corporations applied "the law of tooth and fang" only to their opponents. The business élite flourished in a government-sponsored greenhouse: witness the incredible give-away of public lands, the tariff-supported industrial establishment, the municipal franchises awarded to streetcar and utility operators. Witness, too, the Supreme Court's misinterpretation of the Fourteenth Amendment, its emasculation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, its curbs on the states' police power.

Professor Ginger's assessment of the cultural ferment is strikingly different from the perfunctory treatment usually accorded it in social histories. Three great writers dominated the American scene for almost half a century: W. D. Howells, Henry James, and Mark Twain. Ginger examines them in the light of their observations on contemporary society: the acquisitive spirit, the *parvenu* temper, the meaning of Southern sentimentality. There are equally interesting commentaries on the work of Willa Cather, Theodore Dreiser, Henry Adams, and E. A. Robinson; and such major figures of American art as Thomas Eakins, Albert Ryder, and Winslow Homer are not neglected.

It would be a mistake to give the impression that the *Age of Excess* is an encyclopedic survey of the period. It is narrative history, brisk, lively, colorful, brilliant, crowded with personalities and anecdotes. The very scope of the effort makes it vulnerable to criticism. One might complain, for instance, that a number of ideas explored by Professor Ginger, though essentially late nineteenth-century, were not created in this period. Their roots lie deep in earlier thought, and *Age of Excess* would have been richer for an occasional glance at them.

For all that, it is difficult to do justice to the abundant merits of Professor Ginger's work. Through exacting scholarship and provocative interpretation he has produced the most ambitious and nearly successful effort to comprehend the post-Civil War years that has been written in our time.

"In my opinion, we had a Great Society before 1932!"

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The Old Vision of a New South

The Era of Reconstruction, 1865-1877, *by Kenneth M. Stampp (Knopf. 229 pp. $4.95), and* ***Freedom Bound,*** *by Henrietta Buckmaster (Macmillan. 184 pp. $3.95), attempt to remove the passion and rancor from a schism in our history and see it in perspective. A member of the Society of American Historians, Harry Hansen has been literary editor of New York newspapers.*

By HARRY HANSEN

THESE TWO books have a similar purpose—a revision of long-accepted accounts of the controversial period of Reconstruction, when the radical Republicans in Congress, having rejected President Andrew Johnson's program of amnesty for the beaten Confederates, installed a military régime in what Representative Thaddeus Stevens called a "conquered province." Kenneth M. Stampp, professor of history at the University of California, takes the position that older historians expressed bias when they accepted contemporary accounts of radical reconstruction with Negro cooperation, most of which portrayed the Negroes as illiterate tools of scheming whites.

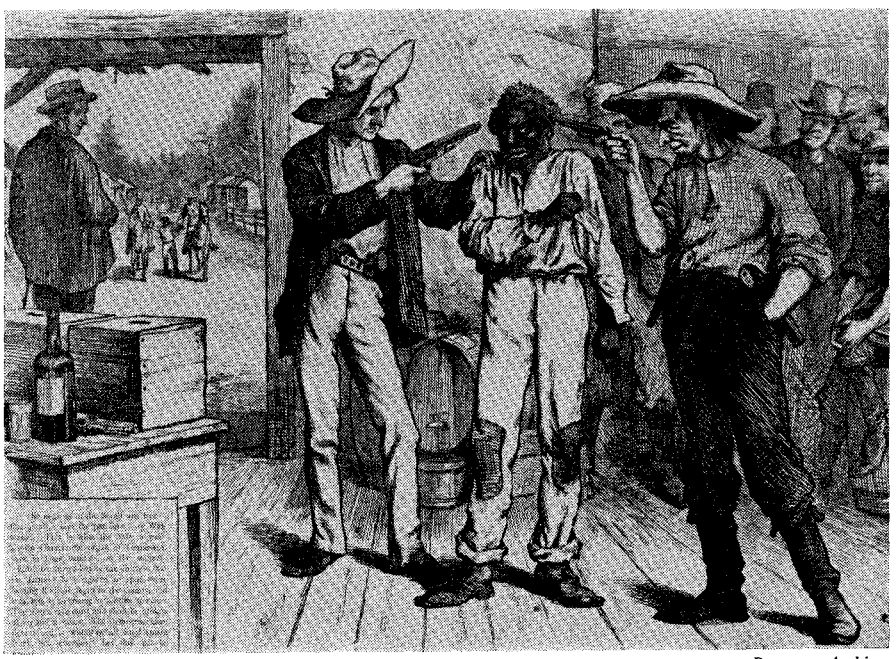
To Stampp historians who held such views are "Dunningites," thus putting the principal onus on William A. Dunning of Columbia University. Others in the Dunning camp are James Ford Rhodes, John W. Burgess, Claude Bowers, and Hodding Carter, whereas the revisionists, to whom Stampp belongs, begin with W. E. B. DuBois (1910) and include T. Harry Williams, David Donald, and C. Vann Woodward, as well as, we may add, Henrietta Buckmaster.

Revisionism takes the passion and rancor out of history and tries to see it in perspective. Events and personalities, judged apart from the feelings that accompanied them, thus become remote and unfamiliar. The outstanding example is that of Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany. "Hang the Kaiser!" shouted David Lloyd George in 1918, whereas in 1939 Winston Churchill offered him asylum in England from possible Hitler persecution. Lincoln, the compassionate, is still respected in the books by Stampp and Buckmaster as a man of good will whose plans for the Negro had not matured; but Thaddeus Stevens, Charles Sumner, Carl Schurz, and the radical Republicans who forced through the Thirteenth Amendment are idealists bent on bringing about a new order of human freedom, rather than partisans trying to consolidate their power in the Republican Party.

In their descriptions of what Southern state conventions and elections accomplished both Mr. Stampp and Miss Buckmaster are completely opposed to the traditional reports that meetings were packed, riotous, and self-serving. The historian Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer, who died in 1936, cites numerous contemporary reports that voting was a farce and boycotted by the property-owning whites—former Secessionists—but most of his quotations are from Southern newspapers and anti-radical Northerners. Miss Buckmaster describes as "one more Reconstruction myth" the idea that the conservative whites were prevented from voting. "They voted in every election in every state and they elected state legislators who in a number of cases held the balance of power. When the Negroes had gifted leadership and a firm determination to make themselves heard and strong white allies in the legislatures, good governments were maintained." Mr. Stampp doubts that the former Confederates were badly used and says that of brutality there was "almost none." This seems asking a great deal of human nature.

Mr. Stampp was puzzled at first to account for the vitality of the "Dunning tradition," then found a number of reasons that satisfied him. The Northerners, busy with their industrial expansion, became indifferent to the fate of the Negroes in the South. Some radical Republicans backslid because reforms were slow in coming, and even moderates were alarmed when Thaddeus Stevens began talking about confiscating land so that a Negro farmer might have forty acres to subsist on. The Grant stalwarts favored "not radicalism, not reform, but the *status quo*." But decisive, according to Mr. Stampp, was the big wave of immigrants—Italians, Slavs, Polish and Russian Jews—and "the one vigorous American nationality that was Protestant, Anglo-Saxon and pure" took fright, regarded them all as inferiors, and classed the Negro with them. Thus Mr. Stampp finds the older historians accepting the stereotype that the Negro was inferior and incapable of intellectual effort. Later historians, profiting by the discoveries of sociologists that no race is inferior, have concluded that the Negro and the nation were robbed of a peaceful, profitable development as a result.

Miss Buckmaster's *Freedom Bound* shows that the present struggle of the Negro for civil rights carries on from where it left off when troops were withdrawn and radical Republicanism died. Her chronicle gives dignity to the effort of the underdogs, those 4,000,000 Negroes who wanted a bit of land to work and a school to attend. It is useful to recall the part played by the freedmen, more than 400,000 Negroes whose experience made them valuable as leaders. She writes without heat in trying to



—*Bettmann Archive.*

Cartoon showing the freedom of the Negro voter in the South, 1876.—

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deal justly with Reconstruction, which she describes as a social revolution attempted "on a scale never before envisioned by man." Like all great revolutions it began with reforms that antagonized the property-owners, who wanted security against change, and who, as it later developed, were powerful enough to crush the reforms by force when the Northern policemen grew tired.

Both these books are extremely helpful for the study of Reconstruction. Mr. Stampp amplifies the utility of his work for students, teachers, and librarians by giving an exhaustive bibliography of books and articles on the period and characterizing them briefly. Making allowance for emphasis that supports his point of view, his study is an exceedingly dispassionate and well-balanced analysis of Reconstruction.

A Flight Into Confederacy

Integration at Ole Miss, *by Russell H. Barrett (Quadrangle. 270 pp. $4.95), details the days when the entry of one Negro in a Southern state university was viewed as a latter-day Fort Sumter. Edwin M. Yoder, Jr., on leave from the Greensboro Daily News, is teaching history at the University of North Carolina.*

By EDWIN M. YODER, JR.

IN SEPTEMBER 1962 even the sane were, it seems, infected by the martial spirit of those who sought to bar the University of Mississippi to James H. Meredith—including Russell H. Barrett, the Ole Miss political scientist who has here recorded his own carefully documented observations on the crisis. As the cowardly harassments of the "rebel underground" mounted against faculty sympathizers of Meredith, Barrett one day "did get out my World War II campaign ribbons and wear them to class." It was as if to say, "I, too, have fought." Barrett now regrets that classroom flourish; but given the atmosphere that prevailed in Oxford, Miss., in those days, it was hardly an erratic act.

To be sure, the Ole Miss integration crisis raised complicated questions of federal-state relations, however antiquated those questions seem. These the author handles masterfully.

But there was more in those hectic days—what one might call the martial equivalent of political reality. Thousands of white Mississippians, too long drilled in an absolutist theory of white supremacy and a devil theory of the federal government, viewed the entry of one lonely Negro into Ole Miss as a new Fort Sumter crisis. Civil insurrection was their response. Whether this lapse from reality is symbolized by Governor Ross Barnett shouting bellicose slogans as he receives the tribute of a football crowd waving Confederate battle flags, or by the zany appearance at the campus riot scene of ex-General Edwin Walker, the insurrection conceived a heroic image of itself. Never mind that it was provoked by paid race theorists and frivolous state officials and mounted by inflamed college boys and common toughs. Never mind that such an image was absurd to a nation that had long since contentedly buried John Brown, and well-nigh incredible to a world in racial insurgency. It took the U.S. Army to shatter it.

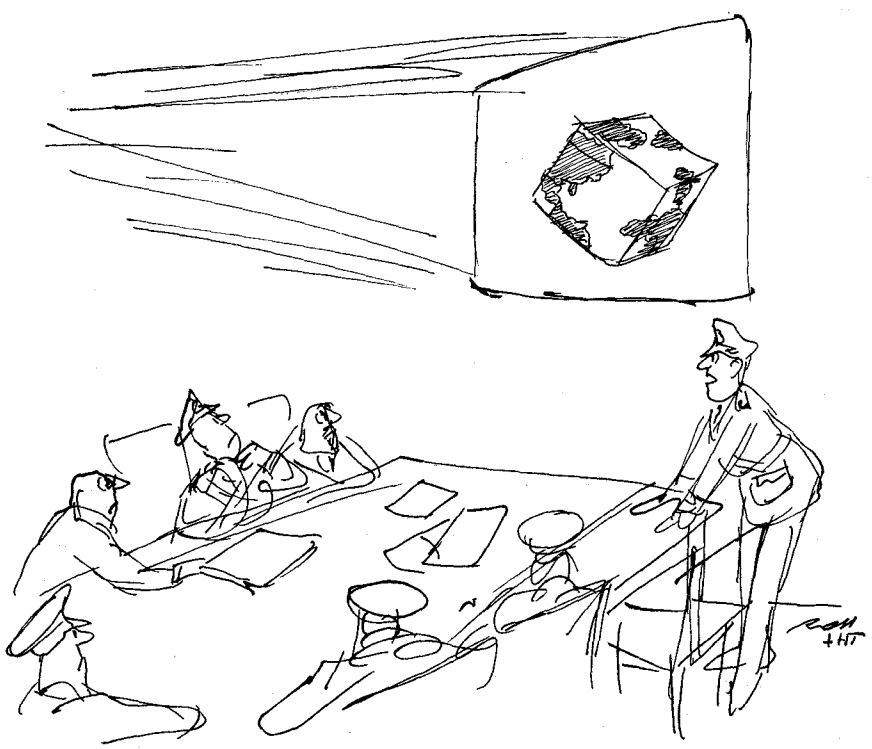
A minority of sober Mississippians knew it was a fantasy all along. Certainly *Integration at Ole Miss* adds no luster to the reputation of Governor Barnett, the plumed knight of Oxford, or to those of his associates in "interposition." The Governor was in fact begging the Attorney General of the U.S. to bail him out just as he was most loudly urging Mississippians to go down with the ship of state sovereignty. Surely no stranger dialogue has ever flashed by telephone between Jackson, Miss., and Washington, D.C., than this:

> KENNEDY: . . . I will have the head marshal pull a gun and I will have the rest of them have their hands on their guns and their holsters . . . and you will make sure that law and order is preserved. . . .
> BARNETT: Oh, yes . . . General, I was under the impression that they were all going to pull their guns. . . . Isn't it possible to have them all pull their guns?

Thus did the Governor of Mississippi ("standing like Gibraltar," as the mob's chant had it) seek to prefabricate his "surrender." The resistance, in short, was as hollow as the specious constitutional theory it drew on—not only quixotic and costly, but a bluff. Barrett, though sparing glib praise or blame, is devastating on the subject.

Sooner or later, then, the record overtakes false heroes. It also overtakes the myths that spring up—for instance, the myth spread by a Junior Chamber of Commerce pamphlet that the federal government thrust Meredith on the university without proper court authority; or, again, the myth conceived by a Mississippi grand jury that once it had done so the marshals guarding university property threw their first tear-gas cannisters without provocation. These stories Barrett convincingly explodes.

In vain, then, did Governor Barnett plead with President Kennedy three years ago to conceal his double role. It all comes out eventually. The knightly plumes were chicken feathers, the white charger a decrepit nag, the "rebellion" an ignoble sham. So it is, indeed, with most neo-Confederate saber-rattling.



"Gentlemen, before we release these satellite pictures to the public. . . ."

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Unhappy with the Young at Heart

The Man Who Loved Children, *by Christina Stead (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 527 pp. $5.95), immortalizes the absurdities of the men and women who were Washington's bureaucracy of the Thirties. A novelist, poet, and editor, Cecil Hemley heads the Ohio University Press.*

By CECIL HEMLEY

NOW AT LAST reissued, *The Man Who Loved Children,* Christina Stead's long-neglected masterpiece, tells the story of a disastrously bad marriage. Sam Pollit, a Washington bureaucrat, has for years scarcely spoken to his second wife, Henrietta, a rich man's spoiled youngest daughter. It would have been difficult for Sam to have found a less appropriate wife for himself than this impractical woman, who should have led the life of someone's protected darling. Sam, himself, is badly in need of protection. A man of great ideals, a believer in progress and science, he wishes to enfold the whole of mankind in his Whitmanesque embrace. Unfortunately, this would-be benefactor is totally lacking in self-knowledge or in insight into what is going on around him. He infuriates not only his wife and his oldest daughter, Louisa (by his first marriage), but also the reader. Sam is happiest when he is with his younger children, who are in many ways his emotional equals.

Though Sam is a marvelous character, Henny is transcendent. Prematurely turned into a drab by her crazy husband and the six children she has borne him, Henny, almost pure victim, achieves a kind of desperate wisdom that cuts through all of Sam's cant. Though she is morally reprehensible, a thief, an adulteress, a liar, her irrational and purposeless martyrdom gives to the action a sort of tragic catharsis.

Louisa, Henny's stepdaughter and the third of the principal characters, is in some respects less original in conception than the other two. She is the awkward, overesthetic young girl, awakening to womanhood; but I have never seen her done better.

Washington in the Thirties was crammed with Sam and Henrietta Pollits, and Miss Stead, an Australian who for some years resided in the States with her husband, must, I imagine, have had great fun exploiting all the nonsense she was forced to listen to while she was among them. But since she is a writer of great ability, she has done more than that; she has immortalized them. I do hope that some of our literary explicators get to work on this book. It is an absolute treasure trove of meaning piled upon meaning.

Like many masterpieces, *The Man Who Loved Children* is not an entirely perfect book. Sam's trip to Malaya is somewhat tangential to the plot, and Miss Stead is so in love with Sam and his incredible rhetoric that at moments she lets him go on too long. But these slips hardly matter in so rich and lifelike a work. Even if you read no other book this year, you should read *The Man Who Loved Children.*

—*Jacket art by Milton Glaser from "The Man Who Loved Children."*

". . . meaning piled upon meaning."

Saving Sara's Virtue

The Prodigal Father, *by Una Troy (Dutton. 224 pp. $3.95), recounts the reunion of a "spoiled" author and the eighteen-year-old daughter whom he has never seen. A. M. Sullivan has been a lifelong student and critic of Irish literature.*

By A. M. SULLIVAN

THIS NOVEL was published in England under the title of *The Brimstone Halo,* a much more definitive label than *The Prodigal Father.* Una Troy, a gifted writer with a discerning ear for conversational sparring in Irish and Anglo-Irish society, here handicaps her talents with a curious array of mediocre and ignoble characters. The sole exception is Sara O'Farrell, daughter of the "prodigal father." Even Candy Lydon, the pert, "bitchy" (to use her own expression) narrator of the story, attempts to make the end justify the means in her effort to preserve Sara's physical virtue and spiritual values.

Candy, the daughter of unconventional parents living in a hedonistic London atmosphere, has been sent by her stockbroker father (who, though he has abandoned his faith, has decided that Candy should recapture some of his long-lost Irish conscience), to St. Mary's Abbey in Dublin. The story of the summer at seaside Lisheen in Cork County opens in the dormitory of the Holy Angels as the senior students prepare to leave. Candy's roommate is Sara O'Farrell, granddaughter of a hotel owner and "gombeen" man of Lisheen, a respectable citizen but a bit of a loan shark. Sara's father and mother are separated; in fact, Shane O'Farrell left his wife before Sara was born, having written a novel that launched him into literary fame and the plaudits of the London sophisticates. But success stultified his creative gifts, and he has descended to hack writing for motion pictures. The promise of the first novel is lost in a fog of alcohol and rich women.

Sara O'Farrell, reading about her father, has begun to worship him from afar; and during this summer she gets her chance to meet him for the first time, when he arrives as a script writer with an English film company. Her childish admiration develops into a passion, platonic but turbulent and possessive.

At this point the machinations of Candy Lydon begin. She plots, cheats, irritates, and uses every feminine wile to set up a barrier between the "spoiled" author and his daughter. She almost fails when Sara's wholesome faith and moral discipline weaken, but pragmatism and female wit conquer, and Sara is eventually saved from her own spiritual breakdown.

Una Troy, who has written several plays for the Abbey Theatre, reveals the nuances of character development by the

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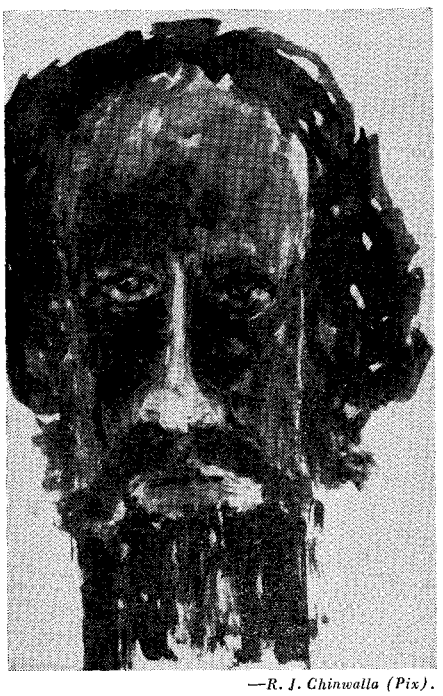
discursive method. Her novel is essentially dialogue. If one can accept the dialectic and psychiatric style, there are rewards, even though limited.

Triangle in Bengal: All that could be said about Rabindranath Tagore as a writer and as a man has been said, and yet the appearance here of an earlier but lesser known novel of his is a significant literary event. *Binodini* (East-West Center, $5), which in the original Bengali is known as *Chokher Bali* ("Eyesore"), was first published in 1902, when Tagore was forty-one years old. It is not his best novel. But, in the view of the distinguished translator and scholar Mr. Krishna Kripalani, it was "the first modern novel in Bengali—and one might say, in Indian literature.... It was Rabindranath Tagore who paved the way for the truly modern novel in India, whether realistic or psychological or concerned with social problems; and he began it with *Chokher Bali*."

Mr. Kripalani is eminently qualified to be Tagore's translator. He lived and worked at Tagore's famous school, Santiniketan (Abode of Peace), from 1933 to 1947 and has written extensively on Tagore both in Bengali and English.

A novel of domestic and personal relations, *Binodini* conveys unforgettably what life was like in a conventional, upper-middle-class Bengali home around the turn of the century. The story is simple and it is told in simple words. The poetic imagination, the range and power of Tagore's intellect are not apparent here, but his intuitive understanding of human beings is. There are only six characters: Rajlakshmi, a fond and forgiving mother; Mahendra, her

(*Continued on page* 61)



—*R. J. Chinwalla (Pix).*

Self-portrait, by Rabindranath Tagore—"indefatigable bridge-builder."

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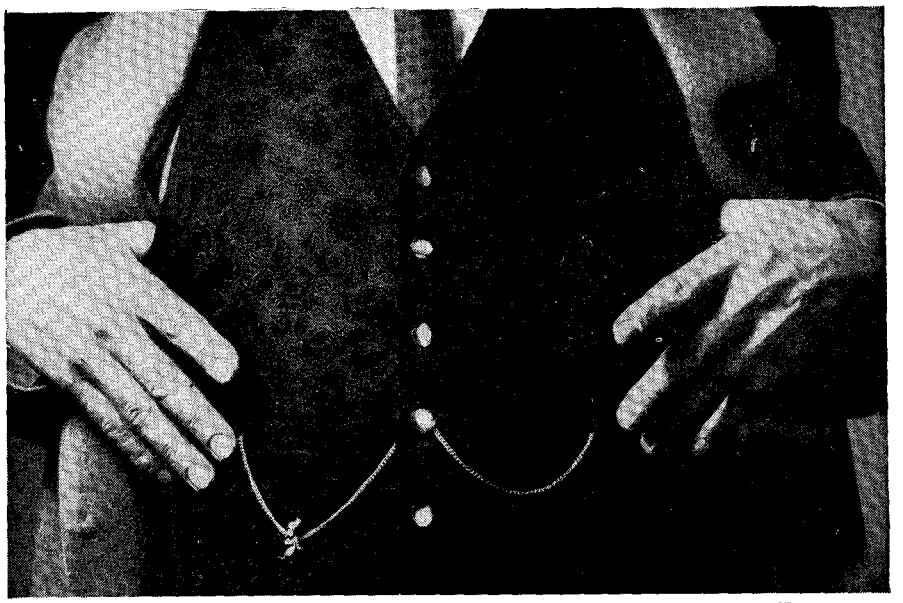

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Some Final Flakes of Winter

Turncoat in an Overcoat: We were in and out of the West this winter, pausing long enough to admire the lack of overcoats and to read a report by Mr. Tom Duggan, an Angeleno who by now has doubtless been flayed, quartered, and gibbetted by the All Year Club of Southern California, the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, and those in favor of the perpetuation of Beverly Hills. Writing in a Los Angeles paper, Mr. Duggan wondered out loud why sun worshippers ever take their vacations in the West. If they had the brains of a lazy white dog, said this California turncoat, they would check the Western weather reports before leaving home and then head South. Or stay home.

Californians, Mr. Duggan said, endure more cold than Easterners because Easterners, at least, are smart enough to put on overcoats and long underwear. "Westerners dress like Tahitians to catch the noonday sun, and then are too cheap to change to something heavier in the evening and so just sort of shiver the night away," Mr. Duggan said. Even in summer he finds the Pacific Ocean "as cold as the client's waiting room at a mortuary." He suspects that the city fathers of the beach cities sneak down to the water's edge at sunrise and melt the ice with their wives' hair dryers; otherwise "ocean skating out to the three-mile limit would be the community sport."

California weather has caught the eye of iconoclasts for some time now, probably even before Lorenz Hart wrote the lyrics for "The Lady is a Tramp." "The Lady," who avoided all the common clichés of sophisticated womanhood, also hated California because it was cold and damp. Mr. Duggan recalled the remark of the redoubtable comedian Joe Frisco, who many years ago marveled how a Californian can go to bed under a rose bush in full bloom and freeze to death.

Unpardonably enough, from the Southern Californian point of view, Mr. Duggan made a rather sharp comparison with—you should pardon the mention—Florida. "I know it gets colder than Dutch love in Florida on occasion," said Mr. Duggan, "but when it's warm it's warm. You can put down the top on your convertible and act just like the people in an auto ad."

Mr. Duggan was, in fact, so stirred up by the weather that he stretched his comparison to two other subjects, girls and golf. He thinks Florida girls, next to Kansas City girls, are the prettiest in the nation. California would have some pretty ones, too, but they stay so thin hoping they will photograph well that they look as if somebody forgot to take the hangers out of the dresses. Scrawny, said Duggan. As for golf courses in California, they are kind of scrawny, too. Most of them are built on mountains and without a golf cart they can be negotiated only by athletes. "At the first sign of precipitation the carts are ruled off the fairways to protect the twelve blades of grass left after the last blight." All of which rules out "the pot-bellied Easterner," said Mr. Duggan, who is against tourists anyway. They slow up traffic with all their gawking at everything and he wishes they would stay home and relax.

Mysterious West: There is nothing quite so perplexing to this alien in the West as trying to make a telephone call in the comfortable confines of the International Hotel at Los Angeles International Airport. You are, for instance, looking out the window at the airplanes and the hangars and trying to get National Airlines when the operator cuts in with, "That's a long-distance call. Please dial the long-distance operator."

Taxing the Traveler (Again): I never thought the day would come when I should share the same field of vision with William F. Buckley, Jr. But Mr. Buckley has come out against the proposed tourist tax and here we are, strange bedfellows. Mr. Buckley is careful to point out that the tax that President Johnson proposed is not intended to gain revenue but to act as a deterrent. It is intended to dissuade the traveler from going abroad in the first place and, should he persist in going anyway, to see that he has less money to spend while there. There are, quite obviously, at least two things wrong with the proposal. The first is that it is intended to deny the American people the "honor," as Mr. Buckley calls it, of being able to come and go as they please. The second is that it is a discriminatory idea in the first place, because it will hurt the less well-padded people among our travelers—teachers and students especially. The rich, who spend the most money abroad anyway, will merely pony up the extra hundred and shrug it off as a further federal nuisance. If the situation is so extreme as to warrant some sort of legislation to curtail travel abroad, then it

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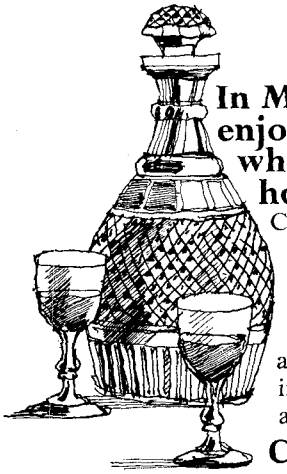

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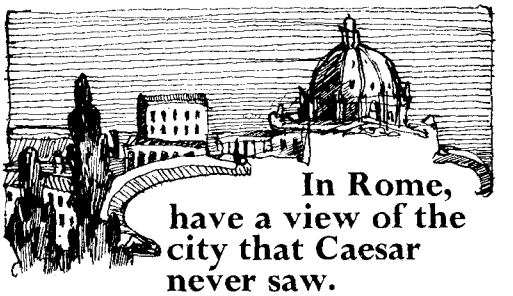

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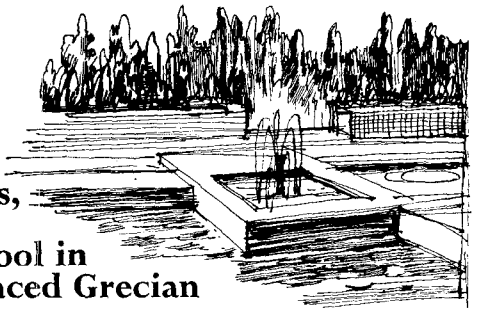
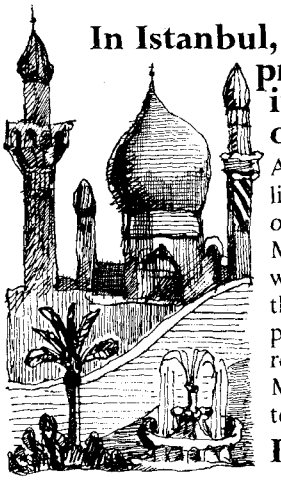
Cavalieri Hilton



In Athens, swim in a pool in a terraced Grecian garden. At the Athens Hilton, manager Jean Pierre Piquet has an eye for Grecian splendor. He'll offer you a swimming pool in terraced gardens, a Byzantine café, an authentic Greek tavern, a roof-top supper club . . . and beautifully-appointed guest rooms with views of the Acropolis, city or sea.

Athens Hilton



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In Tehran, drink Golmar from a winged lion goblet.

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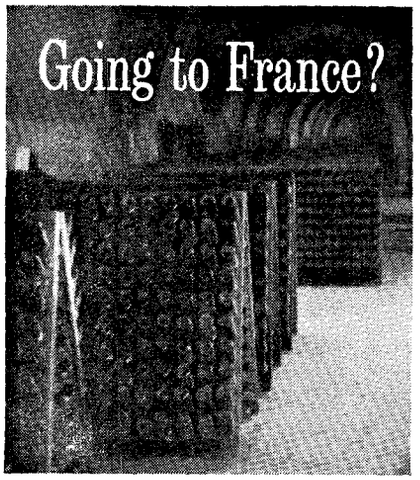

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must be done in the form of limiting the amount of dollars a traveler may take abroad. That, of course, denies Americans their traditional privilege, too, but at least it makes for a more equitable situation among all classes of travelers abroad.

As Mr. Buckley points out, there are two ways to curtail the dollar drain: spend less money abroad and encourage more foreign spending at home. Our expenditure in foreign travel abroad is precious little compared to what is spent abroad by American industry and the U.S. armed forces, to mention two other drains. All that was pointed out when President Kennedy dropped the duty-free allowance by our travelers from $500 to $100. And our program to attract foreign tourists is almost ridiculous when compared with the programs launched by foreign countries to lure Americans abroad. All that was aired at the time of the formation of the United States Travel Service, a government agency that has been snipped and snubbed by Congress, and all but personally shot down by Congressman Rooney of Brooklyn. How many American tourists traveling in Britain does it take to equal the gold drain of one airliner bought by an American company in Britain, it could be asked? And how many fewer Boeings will be bought by foreign airlines if the flow of Americans abroad is shut off and the flow of foreigners to America is not encouraged? And how many people would that put out of work in Seattle?

Taxless Republic: The man with the best idea about taxes to surface in some time is Leicester Hemingway, Ernest's younger brother. Mr. Hemingway formed a republic of his own last summer. Admittedly its territory is not large, for it measures only thirty square yards, and is in true fact a bamboo platform located in the Caribbean six and a half miles off the southwest coast of Jamaica. The republic, which is called New Atlantis, had an election in February, which should help it gain recognition from other countries. (As Mr. Hemingway explained, countries recognize governments, not nations.) Although Mr. Hemingway is president of the West Indian republic, he considers his position honorary and so does not run afoul of the law requiring American citizens to hold naught but one passport. However, the vice president of New Atlantis is a citizen of that country. She is Lady Pamela Bird (no White House relation), who, being British, is permitted to hold dual citizenship. Naturally, New Atlantis is going to get about the business of being a new nation. That means it is, first of all, issuing some postage stamps. The first off the press have a value of 100 *centes*, which is equal to half a U.S. dollar, or half of a New Atlantis scruple. Someday perhaps New Atlantis will, like other emerging nations, establish an airline of its own, preferably transatlantic, and appoint a commissioner to help it attract tourists. So far, according to Mr. Hemingway, the country hopes to establish a more or less permanent platform in the sea so he can entertain some people for lunch. New Atlantis will have no taxes, so that means that, unlike most other nations of the world, it will be unable, according to its constitution, to soak people who come to visit and enjoy the sights.

Pay at the Door: We've just figured out why France is so diligent in its efforts to shake a few extra dollars out of tourists as they leave its ports. It is saving up the money to pay back the war debt it owes us. *U.S. News & World Report* has compiled a list of war loans owed the United States, and it amounts to $37 billion if you count both world wars. Of that modest sum, France owes us $7 billion, which they mean to pay back. Otherwise why would they be charging $5 for those who leave Paris by air, a similar amount for those who leave Tahiti, and $3 for travelers departing its West Indian possessions bound for overseas destinations?

Those traveling abroad this summer, willy nilly, and who need some ammunition when encountering contentious natives, might store these figures in their hats: Britain owes us more than $9 billion from the first war and nearly $4 billion from the last one. Italy owes us $2.2 billion from the first argument. Belgium and Russia each owe us more than $600 million, and then there is some loose change outstanding from Brazil, Japan, India, Pakistan, Turkey, Yugoslavia, and assorted others. Those charmers in the Middle East and the Far East are in default, too. The United Arab Republic owes $384 million and Indonesia $189 million.

Tahitian Teletype: We have word up from Tahiti that, contrary to what you may have heard, the residential cottages for higher officers who are in Tahiti to build the missile base are not Quonset huts. They are cottages. Although the project is adjacent to the grounds of the Taaone Hotel, the bulldozing is over, the noisy work is finished, and the commanding officer is cooperating fully so there is no disturbance to the guests. The Taaone, which is one of Tahiti's best and plushiest hotels, considers the whole incident a victory. At one point the military was considering requisitioning the hotel itself.

On the Lam: The Plaza Hotel in New York has a new idea to speed the de-

(Continued on page 53)

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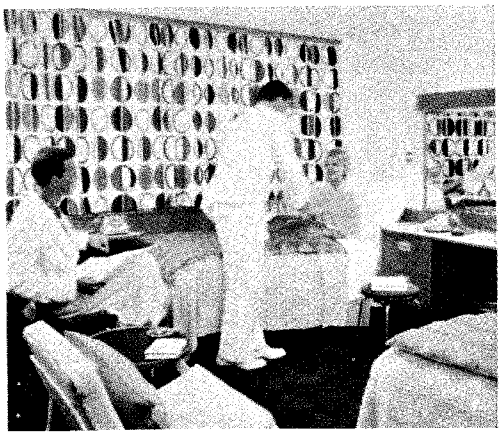
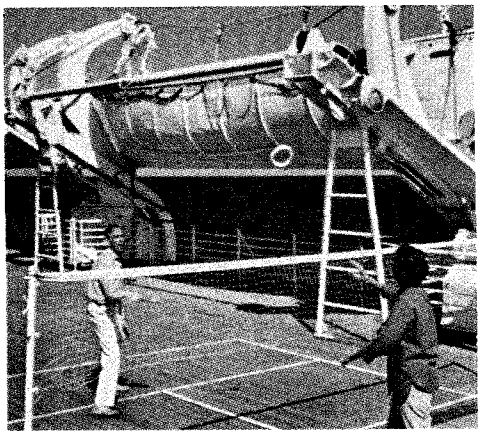
This glorious day on your way to the South Pacific can cost as little as $17 on P&O-Orient– "the biggest bloomin' ships sailing the seven seas"

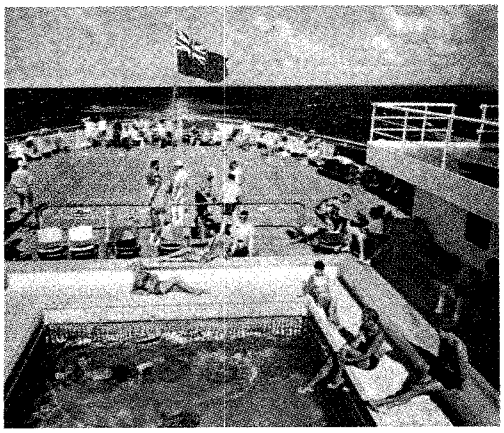
6 A.M. You are cruising to the South Pacific at 27½ knots. Destination: New Zealand and Australia. All is quiet on *Canberra's* 14 decks.



8 A.M. Morning coffee or tea is served to you in bed—whether you have a first-class cabin (above) or tourist accommodations.



10 A.M. A rousing game of deck tennis. You can even play cricket. P&O-Orient liners have *acres* of open deck.

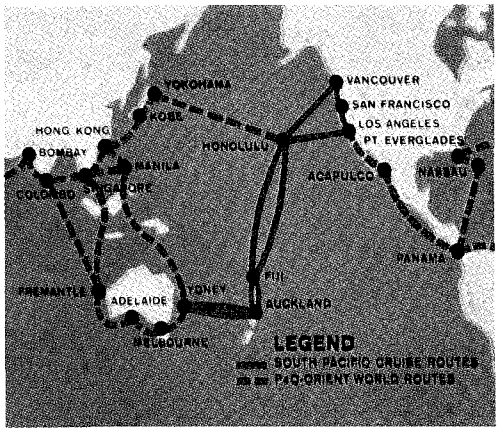


2 P.M. Time for a dip. P&O-Orient liners—the biggest and fastest sailing around the world—have from two to *four* pools.

4 P.M. An elegant English tea is served every day at eight bells. P&O-Orient's pastry chefs learn their art in *Switzerland*.

7 P.M. The golden hour—a sociable time at sea. You meet interesting people from every part of the world on P&O-Orient.

10 P.M. Dancing after dinner. Or you might watch a first-run movie, wager on a horse race, read a book or stroll and sea gaze.



A 44-day South Pacific cruise starts at just $948 first class, $776 tourist. A round world trip starts at just $1158. Fares in U.S. currency.

P&O-Orient Lines, Dept. M-2
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Sirs: Please send me your 1965 Vacation Voyage brochures with all South Pacific sailings and fares.

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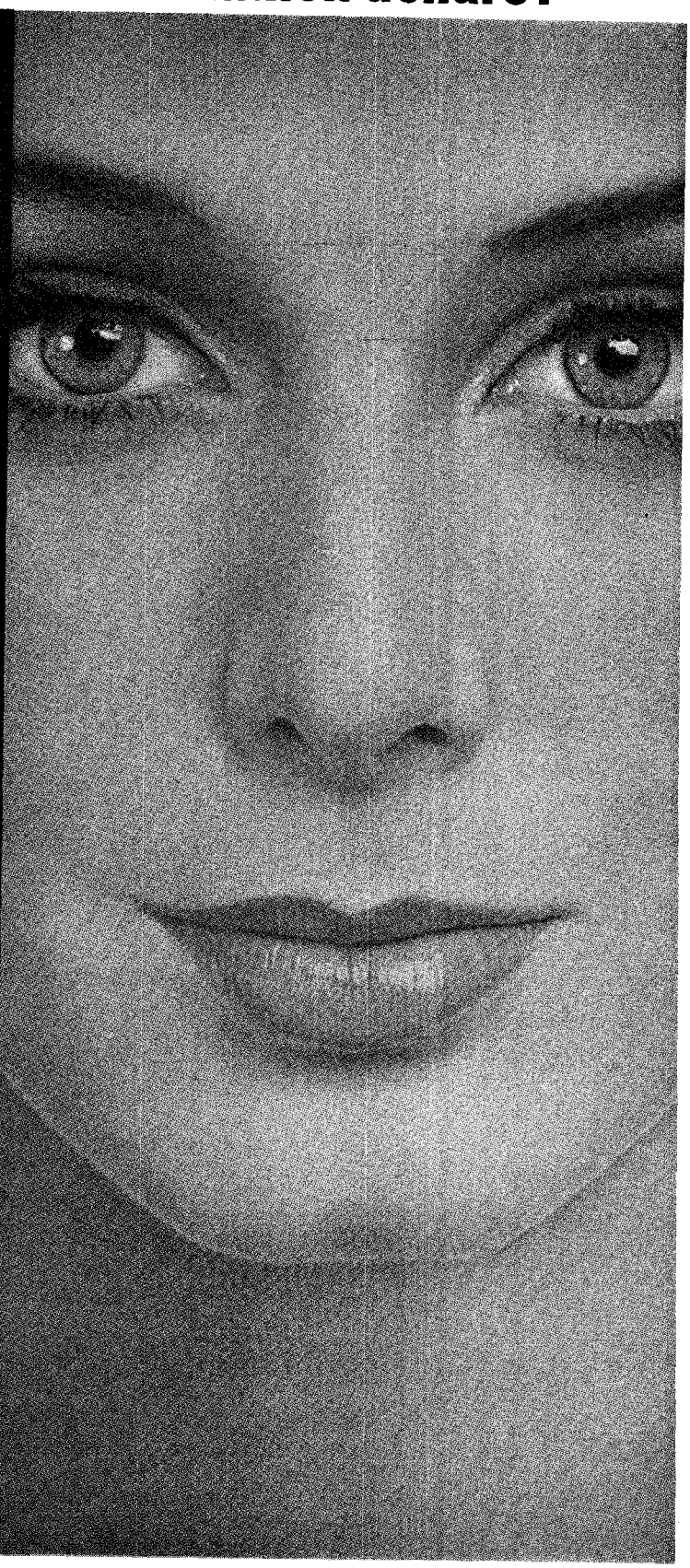
Who cares if streets are safe at night?

Dark streets like this breed danger. But when G-E street lighting went up in worst N. Y. C. areas, crime dropped 71%. In Indianapolis, night traffic accidents fell 54%.

Who cares if you look like a million dollars?



Lovely year-round tans come from ultraviolet sunlamps made by General Electric. Other boons to good looks: G-E Dawn Pink tinted bulbs and De Luxe fluorescent lamps.

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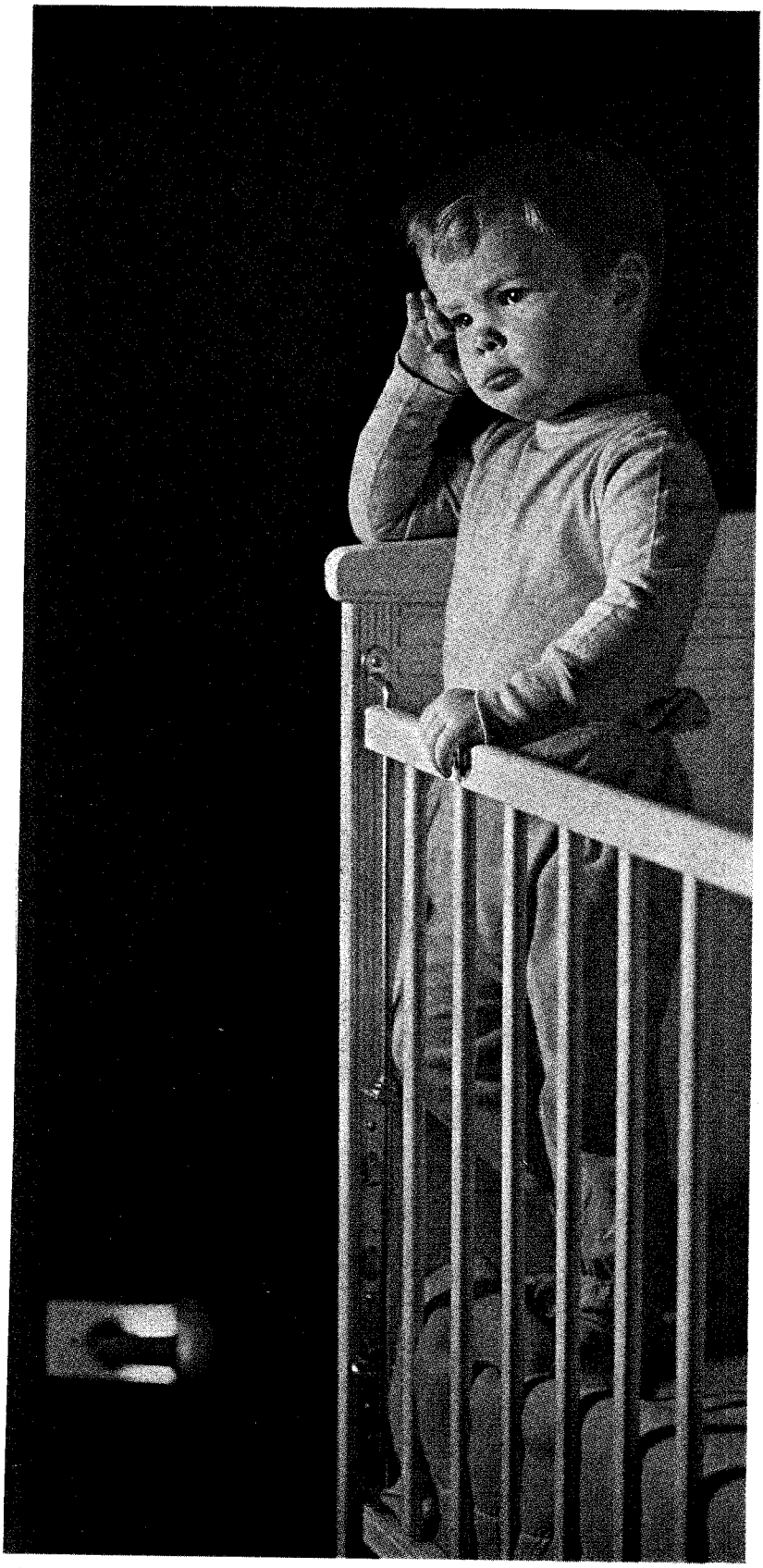
Who cares if he's afraid of the dark?



All-night baby sitter, a 7-watter, is not G.E.'s tiniest bulb. Other pea-size bulbs light dials, computers, conductors' batons, can even help doctors look around inside your body.

General Electric cares

(and we have about 10,000 bright ideas to prove it)

How many different kinds of lights do you figure people need?

Over the years, General Electric has found that our customers need about 10,000 different kinds, shapes and sizes. So that's how many we make.

Thomas Edison started us off with an incandescent bulb. Now we make incandescents and fluorescents, mercury lights and quartz lights, cool lights and hot lights, white lights and colored lights (to name just a few).

And light is a great value, too.

Thanks to more efficient and economical bulbs, and reductions in what you pay for electricity, today's dollar buys you three times as much light as it would have bought in 1939. That's using one of our 100-watt incandescents. With a common 40-watt fluorescent, today's dollar buys you 11 times as much.

10,000 is a lot of lights. But if our customers need more kinds tomorrow, General Electric will be making them, too. Don't think our people have run out of bright ideas yet.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

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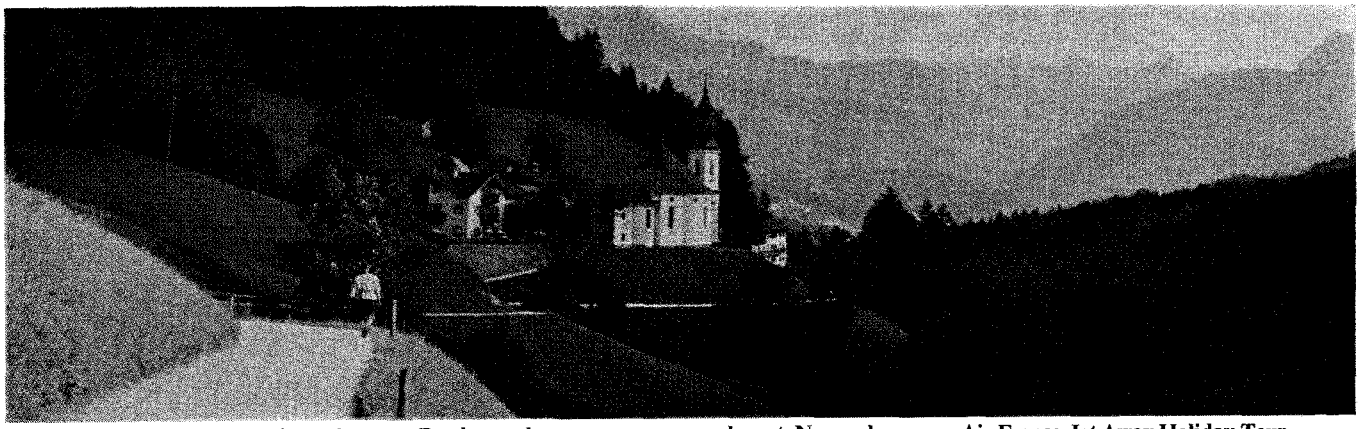
You tell us how you'd like to travel and what you'd like to see, and all the details will be handled beforehand—your reservations, rental of your car, mapping out your route, even hiring a guide. (All so you can spend more time having fun, less time trying to find things.)

You'll know where you're going and you'll be treated warmly when you get there. And you'll have the travel information services of the world's largest airline at your disposal, whenever and wherever you need them.

Stop in at your local Air France office, or the office of your travel agent, and browse through the colorful Air France Jet Away Holiday tour folders.

Make this the year you tour Europe without feeling like a tourist.



Maybe you'd find this majestic setting near Berchtesgaden on your own; maybe not. No maybes on an Air France Jet Away Holiday Tour.

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à Votre Service

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Continued from page 48

parture of its guests. Just alongside the cashier's desk it has placed a stack of cards entitled "How to Make A Quick Getaway." All the departing guest need do is fill out the card with name and address, check which credit card the bill is to be charged to, and race for the door. Anybody caught carrying cash is a rotten egg.

Bottled Up: While we're all sitting here considering the flighty issues, some 2,500 bottle collectors will be in serious convention (April 10-11) in the town of Bishop along the east side of the High Sierra. On this precarious perch they will display their old and colored bottles. The meeting is under the sponsorship of the Bishop Belles and Beaus Bottle Club. Sic.

Angkor's Aweigh: The most curious tourist turn of the winter came from Prince Norodom Sihanouk, chief of state of Cambodia. Goaded by the French, who are becoming our arch diplomatic adversaries in Africa and especially in Asia, Sihanouk has been launching one of the most vitriolic anti-American campaigns in the world. He has closed all our agencies in Cambodia and forced the American ambassador to return home by refusing to accept his credentials. But Sihanouk has Angkor Wat, one of the great sights of the world, and Sihanouk needs money. So in the teeth of all the insults and affronts he has visited upon us, Sihanouk is urging Americans to come spend their money in Cambodia. They'll even take devalued dollars. —HORACE SUTTON.

Notes of a Highwayman

By ROBERT and LEONA TRAIN RIENOW

ON OUR RECENT TOUR to the coast and back we discovered that our scholarly notebooks became scrawled over with all sorts of asininities. Instead of grave comments on the great American desert we found in our notes at night the frivolous comment "Cactus hankies sold at Needles. They would really tickle your nose." Or: " 'Most famous cafeteria' in Oklahoma City: 'O'Mealey's' "!

The ancient kingdoms of Europe had their court jesters. Americans have their admen. They also have a sufficiency of amateur humorists, and even more unconscious humor, encouraged by the modern spread of literacy, self-expression, and the billboard. Where but in America (and at Boulder City, Nevada) would you come upon "Stop at Stinker Station. Our Gas Smells Best!"; or the poker-faced tribute to American's decadence (around Las Vegas): "Heated pools and refrigerated rooms."

Frequent stops also give you a rare opportunity to savor filling-station humor—such as the little roped-off enclosure at a Mobile station outside Las Vegas, an inviting, shaded spot with three lawn lounge chairs under the picture of a strip-tease artist, and captioned "The Mourner's Korner." And unless you are driving slowly while looking for a station with facilities, you will surely miss the alluring come-ons of the many little "wedding chapels" on the Las Vegas strip (revamped stores and taverns) that advertise in flashing electric signs: "Weddings complete with bouquet, license, minister, music, attendants, only $15!" Then: "Complete Weddings: bouquet, license, minister, music, attendants—*and a glass of champagne*—only $12!" Followed by "Weddings, etcetera . . . only $10!" and so on for miles, until you finally come upon "Weddings—Drive-In" in mammoth lights. That's the ultimate, we thought. But closer inspection showed it was only a bank, offering to finance your nuptial flight.

Serious discussions in a touring automobile have a way of being interrupted right in the middle. There was the sign in Indiana: "See us for loans. Lark and Hawk." Which certainly called for the comment: "I don't think I'd like to go into business with Mr. Hawk," and the response: "Not if I were Mr. Lark." All very unproductive. And consideration of the millions of beer cans that glisten like diamonds in the tumbleweed, chaparral, and cactus all along the famous Highway 66 was broken off by the appearance of a billboard announcing "Uncle Joe's Pancake House and Cocktail Bar. We Can Mix Anything."

There is no doubt that the Texas atmosphere is one of expansiveness. Restaurants serve breakfast "From 6 A.M. to 8 P.M." and one or two of them advertised "Open 28 hours a day." This spirit, coupled with the "Bottomless Coffee Cups," the ten-gallon hats, and the big spaces, helps one to understand why President Johnson can work sixteen hours a day and sleep only four and still have eight left.

American names in themselves are distractions for the frivolous-minded. On the way West we met (via signs) Mr. Newlove, Freelove, Loveless, Lovelace, Loving, and Lovermore. As we left idyllic LaJolla, California (pronounced Lahoya), and suddenly entered the not so idyllic outskirts, we could not help observing: "This must be Lahoya-Polloya."

There was the little shack in bayou country whose name, "Hooter's Hollow," charmed us, and it was somehow comforting so far from home to come upon "The World's Most Beautiful Cavern" in

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and Yetta Arenstein

AEIOU and Sometimes EUOIA

One of the charms of Dr. Johnson's word for the winding ways of the English language, "anfractuosities," is the fact that it contains all of the principal vowels, some of them more than once. And so do all of the words listed below. Elizabeth Mills of Springfield, Missouri, asks you to supply the missing consonants. Answers on page 63.

1. a _ _ _ e _ iou _	forbearing voluntarily
2. _ a _ e _ iou _	not to be taken seriously
3. _ ua _ _ i _ o _ ia _ e	like lucky clover
4. _ i _ _ o _ o _ a _ u _ e _	horses, sort of
5. ai _ _ u _ _ io _ e _	soft seated
6. eu _ _ o _ ia	cloud nine
7. _ ou _ ai _ _ i _ _ ea	showy flower
8. _ _ a _ iou _ _ e _ _	wide open spaces in the living room
9. _ uo _ e _ i _ a _	cheaper by the dozen?
10. u _ _ o _ _ _ a _ _ i _ e	jerrybuilt, probably
11. o _ e _ _ au _ i _ _	giving the works the works
12. _ ou _ e _ ai _	female servant
13. _ ou _ _ ai _ _ ea _	the very beginning
14. a _ _ e _ _ i _ e _ ou _	full of silver
15. _ oui _ _ a _ ai _ _ e	fishy soup
16. e _ _ o _ _ u _ i _ a _ io _	exclusion from membership

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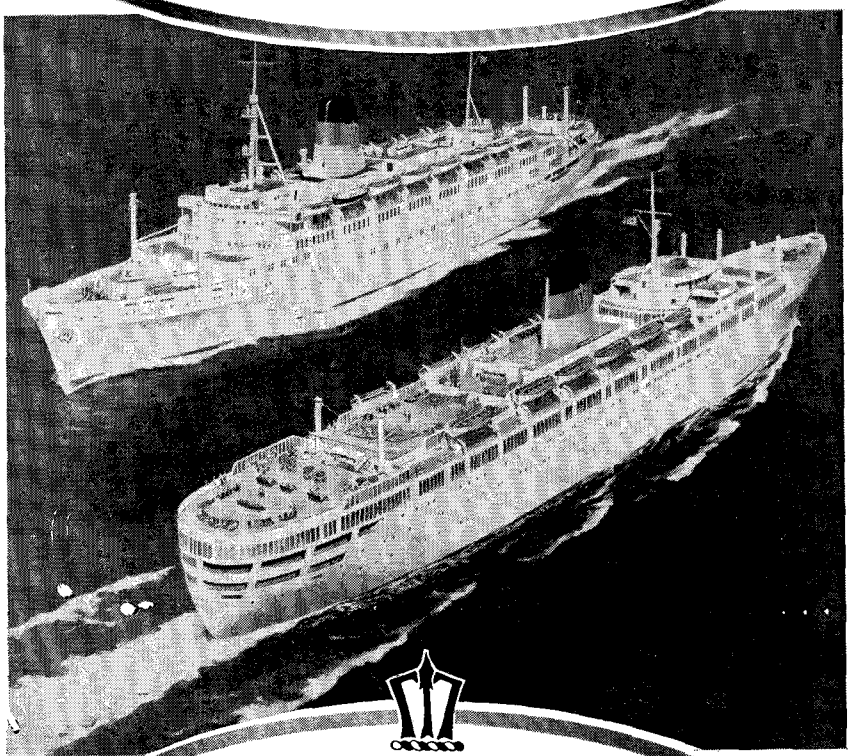
SAIL THE GREEK LINE
"GOLDEN ROUTE"
TO THE MEDITERRANEAN



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Atlanta • Boston • Cleveland • Chicago • Detroit • Los Angeles • Miami • Philadelphia • San Francisco
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Oklahoma, when we live so near "The World's Most Beautiful Cavern"—Howe's—right in New York. We also saw ads for "The World's Most Beautiful Cavern" in Missouri, Arizona, Colorado, and New Mexico. No doubt there are forty-four others.

But it is in realty that the admen truly get going. What if these eager beavers named their hopeful jackpots for what they really are? "Shady Garden Homes" would become "Skinned Acres"; "Riverdale Park" might be termed "Sewer Creek Development." We saw one "Ocean Shores" that should have been "Thruway View," and the "Edgewater Plaza" that we saw staked out on a malarial swamp ought to have been labeled "Developer's Nightmare."

What is there in a name, after all? There is a genial filling station proprietor near Biloxi who furnishes great mugs of steaming coffee free all day long to all customers—served with a grin . . . and real cream. His name? Phil Hatem. Then there is the honest sign of a dealer at Athens, Georgia: "T. L. Sorrow. Used Cars."

BUT most humor is unintentional. Consider the entrance card we were handed upon entering the Mission of San Juan Capistrano. "The Person," it read, "using this ticket assumes all risk of personal injury and loss of property. Management reserves the right to revoke the license granted by this ticket," concluding benignly: "Vaya con Dios."

Which brings to mind another invocation of the Deity. Leaving the coastland, we faced east for the push across the great American desert, to be stuck with Stuckey's (and where Stuckey's wasn't, Horne's horned in) for five long days of hard driving. Only after reaching New Orleans—four new tires, two fuel pumps, a windshield wiper, four new shock absorbers, and a new battery later—did we grasp the significance of a benediction that had confronted us as we left California. On the side of a crumbling adobe, in whitewashed letters a foot high, some compassionate soul had printed: "God help you on this long trip."

And in what category does one place the admonition which Texaco map service appended to our travel material: "Drive with care. The Life You Save May Be Somebody's."

Nordo, the owners of the Surfside 6

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With 5,000 places to go...and 10,000 ways to get there...

here's how to tell which tour is best!

Ever see a tour brochure that wasn't attractive? Of course not!

But do yourself a favor. Kindly read the fine print.

The part that tells you about the things that aren't included in the "amazing low price."

Look at the quality of the hotels. Are they First Class? Deluxe? Standard? Makes a lot of difference. Is sightseeing only suggested in the itinerary or actually included? Is it conducted by a multilingual guide?

Are all meals included? In a pension arrangement, is it full, demi or breakfast only?

Can you find any disclaimers to the effect that no meals are included in some city like London or Paris? Wouldn't that come as a bit of a surprise?

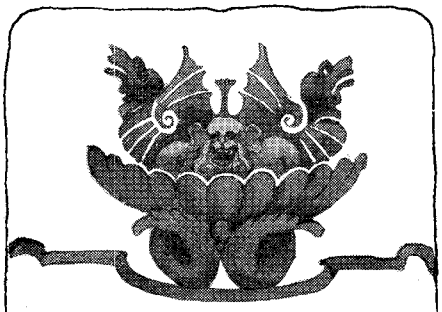
Where will your transfers take place? At the airport or in the city?

And one of the most important things. When does your overseas flight take place? At night or during the day? Naturally the best flights are at night. This way, you arrive where you're going in the morning and gain a whole day of vacation.

Of course, these are just a few of the things people ought to look out for. And the person who can be of the greatest help is your Travel Agent. He can explain all the technical terms (extensions, transfers and such), and help you plan to get the very most for your time and money throughout your entire trip.

So look over those tour brochures carefully.

Then send for Alitalia's Sunny Holiday brochures. We think you'll be very pleased with what we have to offer.



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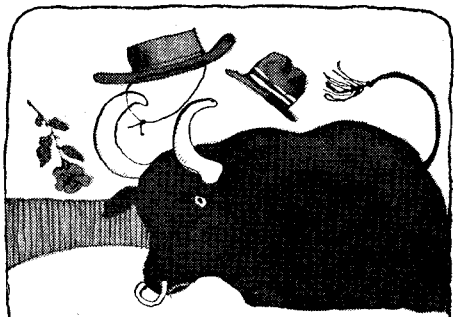
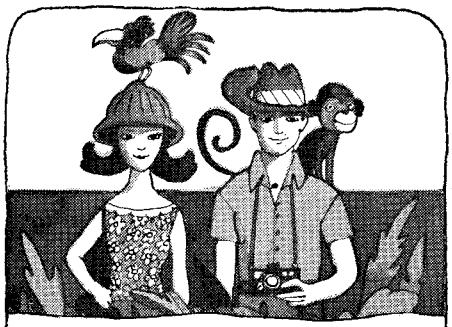
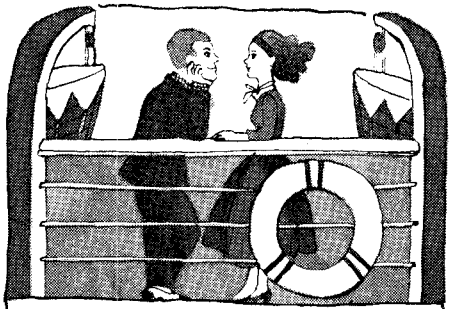


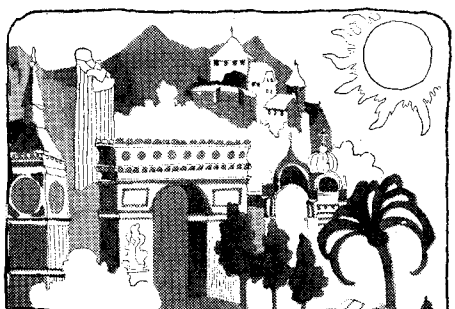
15-day Sunny Holiday to Spain and Portugal... only $489.00. Biggest bargain in the travel business. Take advantage!!! Alitalia jets you non-stop to Lisbon; on to Fatima, Madrid, Andalusia, Seville, Granada, First Class hotels.



Alitalia Photo Safaris to Africa...Sunny Holidays from $1442.00. Jet from New York to Rome and on to Africa. Choice of 4 independent and escorted photo-safaris through Kenya, Uganda, Tanzania. Hunting safaris available, too.



Alitalia Pleasure Cruises...Sunny Holidays from $658.50. Jet from U. S. to Italy and board your choice of 4 outstanding Mediterranean cruises. See cities like Venice, Bari, Athens, Alexandria, Beirut, Marseilles, Genoa, Naples, Istanbul, Port Said, Haifa.



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SPECIAL ISSUE OF *SR*

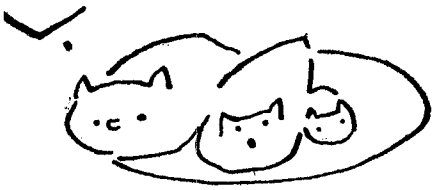
"The Fouling of the American Environment."

Articles and reports on air, water, and soil pollution throughout the United States.

motel outside San Diego see anything funny about the sign they have attached to their handkerchief swimming pool which reads: "No running, eating, drinking, coins, suntan lotion, pets, snorkels, oils, or sores. Ladies must wear caps. No balls or floats. Please dry before entering room. Rules must be obeyed." The cowering guest, retreating to his room, finds tacked on his door fourteen more "Rules of the House."

And few there are who can see anything humorous where regional loyalty is the butt of it. At a Sacramento motel the water was so sulfurous that the proprietress had to let it stand in a basin overnight to get rid of the fumes before she could incorporate it into the coffee (Continental breakfast free) in the morning. In our New York neighborhood, when an unfortunate well-digger ventures too deep and encounters a dash of sulfur, folks whisper about it as though the water emanated from the bowels of hell. So we made the mistake of offering a humorous comment in sympathetic deprecation of the frightful odor from the taps. Our hostess gave us a killing look. "In most places," she said icily, "you have to pay a lot of money for treatment like that!"

And the height of loyal pretense came, as usual, in California. For two nine-



hour days we had been negotiating an unending series of hairpin curves on the edges of that range of coastal mountains that sheers off directly into the pounding sea far below. It was all desperately beautiful. The natives minimize the dangers involved by driving seventy miles an hour and arranging to meet you on every curve, and by scorning to place any barrier between driver and death at the foot of the precipitous cliffs. Through the sheep country an occasional altruistic farmer had tacked up some slats from an old pigpen along the ragged brink, all higgledy-piggledy—sticks that wouldn't have deterred a suicidal lemming. Then at the end of two such days we came upon a terrifying curve around the precipice with nothing but the drop to the sea rocks on our right, and there, stuck on a crooked slat was a handwritten sign reading: "No trespassing." That was the curve we almost didn't make.

Out West

By William Stafford

THIS air the mountains watch, in Oregon, holds
every flower or tree embraced. You meet
the air at the door and stop: it has brought
waterfalls in its breath. Kids call, dogs bark,
a chain saw climbs the lattice work behind the trees.

We know each day by the space it has
and then what fills it. There is a reward
here—maybe the mountains, maybe only the sense
that after what is must come something else, always.
It's a light thing, a bounce, to live here.

At Salem we saw Governor Hatfield
wave his hand: his arm was
the taffy Oregon pulled, and his voice
was drawn by invisible birds as far
as geese bob in the reeds near Klamath Falls.

The Oregon day crowds in at the door,
its cool air and the smell of rain brought
all over as we tremble to smell
the fog in its paw, our breath moving to get
loose in the woods or over the restless water.

And in the mountains that water is clear,
only a reminder of the air it looks at;
the trout hang there on their little
fin wings, hearing the Governor speak into the
microphone spots on their applauding gills.

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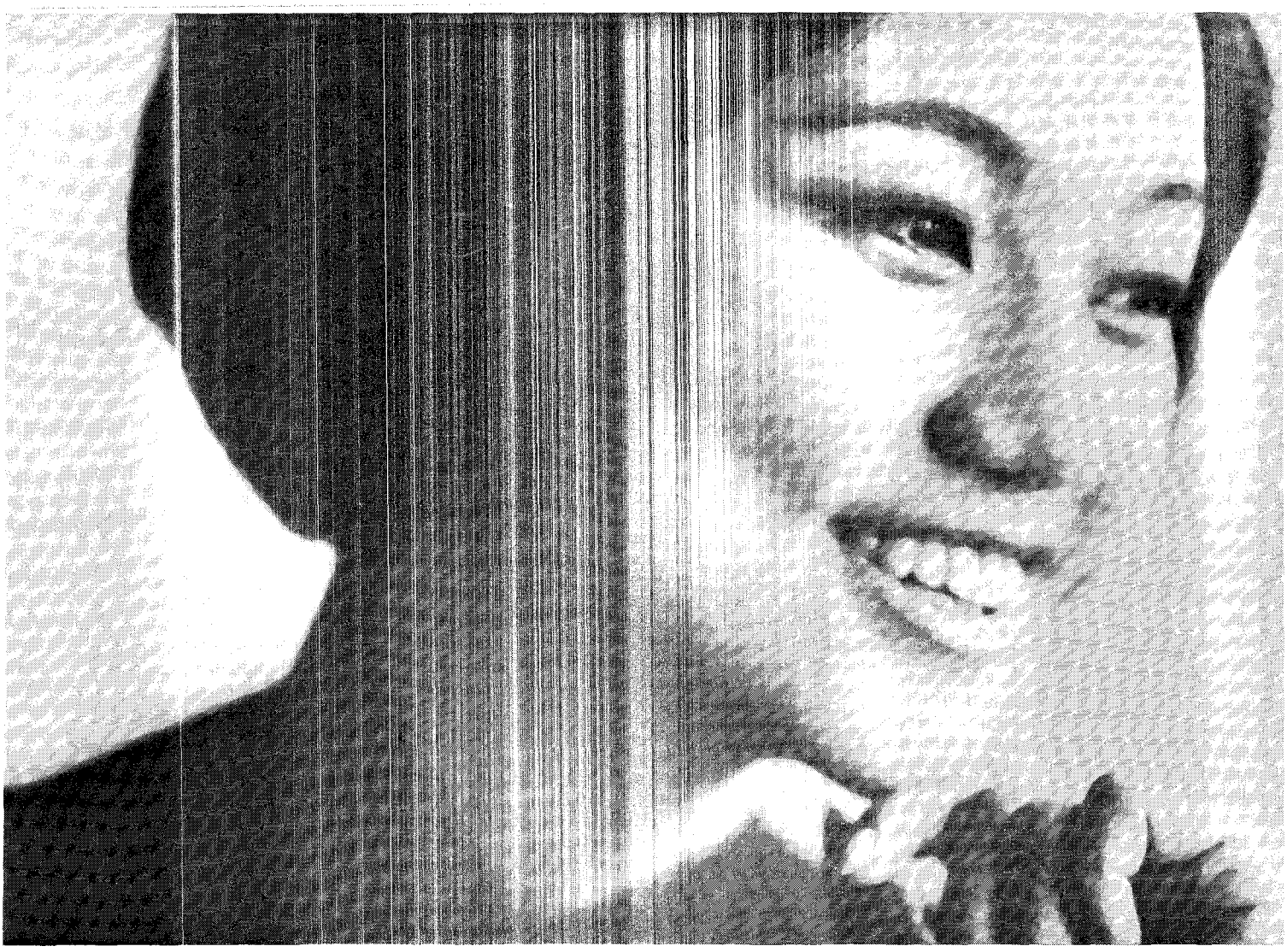

Stewardess Lancy Lee is an artist.
When she's not flying, she's painting
and writing poems on bamboo.
Or studying Chinese abstracts.
Or teaching children how to draw.
Whether she's decorating a house,
or cooking Moo Goo Gai Pen,
the result is always beautiful.
If Lancy's aboard your next BOAC flight
to the Orient, watch every move closely.
She's an art in herself.

Fly direct to Tokyo and Hong Kong from San Francisco or Honolulu on Rolls-Royce 707 fan jets. And if you want to continue on to Singapore, Bangkok and around the world, BOAC will take you. See your Travel Agent or call British Overseas Airways Corporation. Offices in all principal cities.

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Giraudoux's Womanly Woman

HAVING delighted us with its superb repertory presentations of *Man and Superman* and *War and Peace*, the Association of Producing Artists has put us further in its debt by tackling with some success one of the most difficult plays in modern drama. Written in 1931 by the late Jean Giraudoux, *Judith* reforges the devout biblical widow into a hot-blooded virgin who is innocent yet sophisticated, capricious yet profound. And the play itself, as freely translated by John K. Savacool, contains a disparateness of tone that is not in the American tradition.

It begins amid the gloomily ornate surroundings of a Jewish upper-class home of the second century B.C., where we meet the beautiful and somewhat narcissistic young Judith. Since she is a symbol of purity, she is much less terrified of being offered to the Assyrian captain, Holofernes, than are the people she will be saving by this divinely foretold act of sacrifice. She is witty and composed, and her only modest annoyance is that God has not been in touch with *her* to endorse the project.

Then a beautiful prostitute, Susanna, volunteers to substitute for her and reveals her Lesbian attraction to Judith as the pure woman she would like to have been. With much witty dialogue about virginity (and about the amusing irony that Judith's purity and inaccessibility help Susanna get customers), Judith lets herself be carried away by the opportunity to fulfil herself as woman and as hero at the same time. She insists upon going herself to Holofernes.

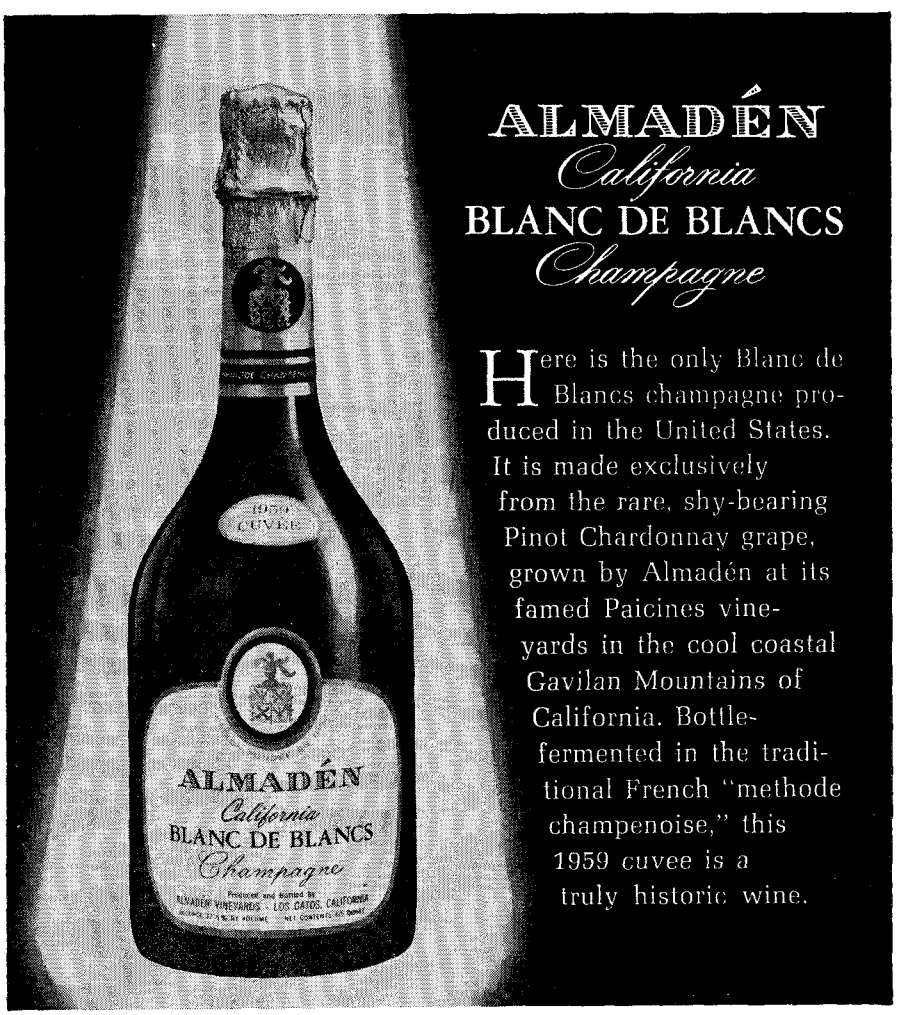
Here the caustically comic undertone increases as Judith is introduced to a homosexual (and therefore immune) officer posing as Holofernes. But before he can complete his humiliation of her, the real Holofernes appears, and it is now clear that what is about to happen is not rape but a pleasurable experience between a sensuous girl and a handsome and tender lover. Their erotic prelude is tinged with comedy as Holofernes entices Judith with the notion that they are in a godless tent. "Think of breakfast in bed without eternal damnation," he explains, "the gift of utter simplicity without God inside it like a worm." Thus Giraudoux explores the paradoxical Judith, a girl whose body wants to be God. If her beauty is a reflection of God's grandeur, then Judith is also the slave of that grandeur. But if there is a temporary human grandeur to be found in a lover's bed, the problem becomes how to unite the two grandeurs. Judith solves it all intuitively by yielding first to the impulse to make love, afterward to the impulse to kill her sleeping lover, as "the tenderest and most lasting embrace of all."

In the third act Giraudoux investigates the origin of the latter impulse. Judith believes she killed Holofernes because she loved him. Her people need to believe that she killed him out of hatred and to save them. And an angel, disguised as a drunken guard, explains to her that she killed Holofernes because God had instructed him and some other invisible angels to arrange it. Judith reluctantly believes the angel, submits to the will of the people to subscribe to their myth, and becomes Saint Judith in a black cloak. However, because of the ambiguity that a black cloak is suitable for both the bride of God and the widow of Holofernes, the play suggests that Judith may be one thing to the world and another to herself.

While the play calls itself a tragedy, it is, like many of Giraudoux's works, "something halfway between crucifixion and laughter." Certainly director Ellis Rabb's production has exercised great attention to detail in an effort to catch the subtlety of such a mixture. As Judith, Rosemary Harris is the essence of womanliness, alternately distraught and delectable. If she seems more ripe than tragic, she compensates for it by the credibility she brings to her feminine responses. Paul Sparer happily portrays the pleasure-loving Holofernes without underlining a diabolic intent. Nancy Marchand's prostitute seems the most rigidly moral character in the play. And Clayton Corzatte's performance as the angel comes closest of all to catching the Gallic tone of the play.

One finds oneself wondering if this obviously hard-working care for each of the play's moments, which is the hallmark of all of the APA productions, doesn't tend to produce admirable scenes at the cost of not bringing themselves and us to an all-out commitment to the play. Yet one feels inclined to overlook this fault. For the APA has again demonstrated the extraordinary skill and range that makes it capable of excellent productions of anything it attempts. *Judith* is a rare and substantial contribution to the New York theater season.

—HENRY HEWES.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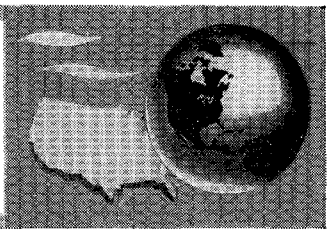
As Others See Us



TORONTO:

The Real America

In Selma, Alabama, Governor Wallace's state troopers barred the march of civil rights demonstrators with clubs and tear gas.

In Detroit, Michigan, Governor George Romney led 10,000 citizens in a protest march against the denial of voting rights to Negroes in Alabama.

Which is the soul of America . . . ?

The American people as a whole seem to understand that the right to vote is crucial, for it is the lever to achieve the general goal of equality for the Negro. Political power in Southern cities has brought Negroes fairer treatment by the police and swifter steps toward school integration. If they can win this right in the last-stand areas, they will at last possess the power to secure their own rights everywhere, for in a democratic country the ballot is king. . . .

Selma is a blot on the nation, but its redeeming feature is that the nation knows it. . . . Selma will inevitably bow to the flood-tide of freedom as other Southern areas have. . . .

There is no cause for panic over what the American people are going through. On the contrary, the 160 white clergymen—ministers, priests, and rabbis—who responded to Martin Luther King's call for solidarity and the protest marches in cities east and west are an indication that Americans are facing up to responsibilities in the realization that the world tide of rising expectations is coming to flood stage.

There remains the unfinished business of proving that American leadership is farsighted and strong enough and that American institutions and the people's innate faith in the efficacy of its system are deep enough to draw attention from the excitement of the moment and concentrate it on the achievement of those goals to which America is committed.

—*Toronto Telegram.*

ROME:

The Black Muslims

Among those who are most alert to the present temper of the American Negro, there are few who see any future in the Black Muslim movement. The Muslims are linked too closely with the escapist mentality typical of Negroes before they had any political power; their heads mix together religion and politics, family businesses, social causes, a ridiculous mythology, and petty charlatanism, in a way that can never lead to a real breakthrough. The Muslim revolution is nothing but words and the murder of Malcolm X will probably accelerate the movement's decline. —*L'Espresso.*

KARACHI:

Action and Reaction

The murder of Malcolm X . . . is not an isolated incident. Its main significance lies in the fact that it is part of a larger and most unfortunate chain of actions and reactions. What has happened is that the racial tensions in American society are beginning to find an increasingly violent expression; hardly a week passes without its complement of racially motivated crime—murder, arson, or bomb attack. The unending story of partisanship, brutality, and torture by local police, mob attacks, and other manifestations of insufferable racial prejudice is sickening. Usually the Negro is the victim and the attacker is the white man. But it cannot always remain so, because patience has been preached to the American Negro long enough and is now beginning to yield diminishing returns. It has to be kept in mind that the net achievements of the various civil rights movements, in terms of the average Negro's own experience, have been exceedingly small. . . .

While the U.S. Government is moving in the right direction, its speed has failed to satisfy the long-persecuted black minority. It is no solace to the American Negro that an Administration can only go as far or as fast as the vast majority of the whites approve of. That precisely is his problem. Last year's civil rights legislation, by no means revolutionary in its scope, was good as far as it went, and a presumably better law has been promised by President Johnson. But if the white majority, controlling almost all institutions and levels of state apparatus, succeeds in preventing its enforcement, of what use will be all this lawmaking? The experience so far has been disheartening. . . .

It is understandable for the Negro to feel helplessly hemmed in on all sides by high walls of pervasive prejudice. The liberal-minded minority of whites certainly means well and talks even better. But so far it has failed to deliver the goods and there are not many signs of its being able to do so in the foreseeable future. On the contrary, the forces ranged against it, or more precisely against the black man's rights and dignity, are well-nigh overwhelming. . . .

The indubitable lesson of the past few years' experience is that the legislative and executive pressure needs not only to be maintained but must be supplemented by a big, powerful, and broad-spectrum enlightening endeavor—of, for, and by the whites. What others can do is only to lend moral support to the progressive white opinion that exists and to remind the U.S. that the way the American Ne-

"Did he catch a member of the Ku Klux Klan?"
"Yes, boss, but it was a mistake. He's only a rookie."

—*Krokodil (Moscow).*

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gro is actually treated is going to have tremendous repercussions in the up-and-coming world of Africa as well as for the whites' interests in general. This may add an insistent and new note to the American racial conflict. The one ray of hope, however, is that President Johnson and most of his aides are sincere in their desire to eradicate the evil of racism and color tyranny. —*Dawn.*

WARSAW:

Dangerous Development

OUR SOCIETY is concerned with the dangerous development of the situation in the Indochina region. . . . We would like to believe that realism and sound judgment will sooner or later win, that the U.S. Government will draw conclusions from its present activity in this region, and will begin to look for political instead of military solutions.

—*Golos Praci.*

STOCKHOLM:

Gamble in Vietnam

SO FAR, the United States government is reckoning only with a China unable to intervene actively in North Vietnam and with a Russia unwilling to do so. It is true that Russia did not go farther than giving North Vietnam certain defensive weapons and a general promise to "guarantee the safety of the country." But there is a point at which neither the prestige of China nor that of Russia can withstand the pressures. Unfortunately, that point cannot be calculated in advance. . . . —*Dagens Nyheter.*

MANCHESTER:

The Legality of Gas

PERHAPS . . . THE POINT [involved in the use of gas in Vietnam] can be evaded by a special use of language, in the same way as troops can be called advisors so as to conform with the Geneva agreements. But whatever the arguments of legality and humanity, politically this new development looks foolish to the point of dementia. Since the First World War, only Italians in Ethiopia and Japanese in China have used gas in war. Now the United States leaders have chosen to join them. —*The Guardian.*

MOSCOW:

Threat to Peace

THE IMPROVEMENT OF Soviet-American relations cannot be viewed separately from nations in other areas of the world that are most dangerous to the cause of general peace. One cannot speak of the normalization of relations with one socialist country and at the same time bomb peaceful cities of another socialist country unpunished. —*Tass.*

HELSINKI:

What Next?

WHERE IS IT ALL going to lead? This is the question posed all over the world. But so far nobody seems to have the answer. Washington still emphasizes that it does not at all wish to spread the war. . . . Of course there are still circles that without restraint recommend a stronger military intervention in Southeast Asia, believing that it would be best to go to attack now and to come to grips with Communism in Asia while the United States is in the better position. . . .

Diplomatic circles in Russia report that the Soviets fear to be pushed into a war in Vietnam. . . . The new hard tactics of the United States could thus, even if not pushed to their ultimate consequences, not only nullify the attempts to reach better relations between the two great powers, but also potentially provoke a unification of all socialist countries and a bridging of the chasm between Peking and Moscow.

—*Hufvudstadsbladet.*

American Journey: In the years of dangerous intensification of the Cold War, when the voice of its grandmaster, John Foster Dulles, was decisive in forming U.S. policy, things were easy. The credulous U.S. citizen was frightened daily by the threat that the Soviet Union might attack the U.S. at any moment. The citizens believed this and voted for defense appropriations and for "witch hunting," in which a witch was anyone who dared question Dulles's views.

Today, fortunately, all this is finished. Few people in America believe they are threatened by a Soviet military attack. But the obsession of anti-Communism has remained and is still one of the essential elements of U.S. political life. Let me quote a few examples from the notebook of my American journey:

ELECTIONS: An electoral campaign is naturally propitious to all demagogy, and particularly anti-Communist demagogy. No wonder Goldwater and his supporters eagerly used this argument, reproaching President Johnson and the Democratic Party with being "soft on Communism" or "conciliatory toward the Soviet Union."

SCHOOLBOOKS: In Texas, school authorities checked the contents of the textbooks used in all schools. During this examination, the opinions of various representatives of the population were heard. This role was mainly filled by the members of the Fascist John Birch Society. They criticized schoolbooks for their "softness on Communism," by which they understood, among other things, that the book spoke positively of the great President Roosevelt and his social undertakings.

MOVIES: A moviehouse on 42nd Street in Manhattan usually shows movies of a more pornographic than a political nature. But I found out that even such films can be exploited for anti-Communist propaganda. The subject of *Olga's Girls* was sadism and drug addiction. Among the violent scenes of women being beaten and instructions in drug taking, one of the heroes states: "According to the FBI, the drug trade is identified with Communism, because the drugs are brought in from Moscow and Peking." And the 42nd Street public believes this.

THE PRESS: While the more serious papers, such as the *New York Times*, avoid obsessive anti-Communist propaganda, such newspapers as the New York *Daily News*—which has a much larger circulation—continue to use the epithets of the best Cold War days.

But enough particulars. A reflection on a more general nature emerges from them. During the three-year tenure of John F. Kennedy, there arose an awareness in the U.S. of what we call the necessity of peaceful coexistence. President Johnson—although with less temperament and less imagination—continues to hold the same political line.

Yet neither Kennedy nor Johnson has managed—or desired—to curb the brutal anti-Communist propaganda, which is in conflict with coexistence policies. Goldwater took advantage of this during the campaign, and 26,000,000 Americans—almost 40 per cent of the voters—followed him.

These are the results when no one in influential U.S. circles—beginning with the President and his staff and down to the press, radio, and television—really dares to make an authoritative statement and to condemn the madness of anti-Communist propaganda.

—GRZEGORZ JASZUNSKI IN THE ZYCIE WARSZAWY (Warsaw).

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Bengal Triangle

Continued from page 45

fickle, pampered, self-centered son; Asha, his wife, an innocent, illiterate, inexperienced girl, who towards the end of the book develops, remarkably, into a wholesome individual. There is also Bihari, Mahendra's childhood friend, an upright, generous-hearted, self-righteous young man who is torn between duty and love. But it is Binodini, the lively and attractive child widow, who carries the story on her shoulders and rescues the reader from a succession of non-happenings. Both Mahendra and Bihari fall in love with her. She loves Bihari, but Hindu tradition triumphs over love and passion. In the words of Krishna Kripalani, "If in the end she [Binodini] retires from the contest it is not because she is crushed but rather she disdains a victory achieved at too sordid a cost. Her tragedy is a lasting shame to the Hindu conscience." It is a severe verdict, perhaps a true one.

The cooperation of the Sahitya Akademi (The National Academy of Letters) of New Delhi and the East-West Center in Honolulu in bringing out this translation of *Binodini* would have gladdened the heart of Tagore, as there never was a more indefatigable bridge-builder between the East and the West than he.

—K. Natwar-Singh.

Victorian Odalisques: Lesley Blanch is already well known for several excellent works of nonfiction. Her first novel, however, is oddly unsatisfying: various aspects of *The Nine-Tiger Man* (Atheneum, $4.50) are good, but they never quite coalesce. Intrigued by numerous facets of Indian life, the glamour of Rajput chivalry, the drama and horror of the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857, and the country's flora and fauna, Mrs. Blanch pauses here and there to tell us about them. The trouble is, when she returns to her story she appears to have forgotten just how she meant to relate it before she digressed, and so continues on a somewhat different tack. Although the novel—subtitled "A Tale of Low Behavior in High Places"—starts out as a witty, satiric comedy, it veers off course into straight-faced narrative and romance before reaching its ironic conclusion.

The story begins in Victorian England, where a visiting Rajput prince captures the hearts of both the Honorable Florence Emily Ada and her maid, Rosie. Unknowing rivals, they project him, respectively, as an utterly idealized love and a solidly physical lover. Each hopes somehow to meet him again in India, where, accompanied by Rosie, Lady Florence goes to join her husband, a colonial officer. When the Mutiny breaks out, and, along with twenty-three eminently respectable memsahibs, they are shipped to safety in Rajputana, they do indeed find their hero. The prince, however, converts the entire group into a temporary harem, and in the four or five months before they are rescued, one and all, from the porcelain Florence and raffish Rosie down to the Reverend Mrs. Pettifer, embrace A Fate Worse Than Death—with varying degrees of enthusiasm.

The Nine-Tiger Man is frustrating; because sections of it are so entertaining, we cannot help regretting that the book as a whole was not better constructed.

—Rosanne Klass.

"There must be more to life than pursuing the meaning of life."

Recollections

Continued from page 38

spheres of religious knowledge and in all theological or biblical questions, to find out first of all the traditional teaching of the Church, and on this basis to judge the findings of contemporary scholarship," he writes in 1903 before ordination to the priesthood. But he adds immediately, "I do not despise criticism and I shall be most careful not to think ill of critics or treat them with disrespect. On the contrary, I love it, I shall be glad to keep up with the most recent findings. I shall study the new systems of thought and their continual evolution and their trends; criticism for me is light, is truth, and there is only one truth, which is sacred."

The ecumenical spirit permeates these notes, more strongly in his later years, as Pope John reminds himself that he must show love and radiant kindness to Orthodox and Protestants and others, not merely to his fellow-Catholics. His diplomatic assignments in the Near East and Western Europe broadened him spiritually; he wanted them to.

His tranquillity was interior as well as exterior, but it sometimes came only through struggle. "Any kind of distrust or discourtesy shown to anyone, especially to the humble, poor, or socially inferior, every destructive or thoughtless criticism, makes me writhe with pain. . . . These colleagues of mine are good ecclesiastics. . . . And yet they cause me a lot of suffering. On certain days and in certain circumstances I am tempted to react violently. But I prefer to keep silence, trusting that this will be a more eloquent and effective lesson." Habits of introspection, however, make him mistrust his own motives here, and he adds, "Could this be weakness on my part?"

Pope John's spirituality was deeply influenced by the Bible, particularly the New Testament, and by the Jesuit tradi-

To understand what's behind the hot war in Asia read

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DOUBLEDAY

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tion growing out of the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius Loyola. But there were many other influences—the Italian Redemptorist St. Alphonsus Liguori, the English Oratorian Frederick Faber, and the Genevan Bishop St. Francis de Sales. Drawn to figures like the progressive Vicar General of Pope Leo XIII, Cardinal Lucido Parocchi, John drew inspiration from everywhere, and found models for his priestly life among both secular and regular clergy.

To the Catholic who knows the tradition of his Church the interior of this man is as familiar as the house one has grown up in. To others also, for all its careful scaffolding, it is too human to be strange. John's constant marveling at the goodness of things is heartening, for, like Catholic priests generally, he had looked often into vast wastelands of evil. He was constantly surprised at what he felt to be God's provident intervention in his own affairs. The suggestion of an ecumenical council astonished him even after he had made it, and he records as a great grace from God the readiness with which he acceded to the idea of the council once it had entered his mind—by some divine inspiration, he felt sure, "quite contrary to any previous supposition or idea of my own on this subject." His dedication to peace, known to the world in his encyclical *Pacem in Terris*, he believed was rooted in the rigorous but buoyant equanimity that was his interior Christian inheritance. A world in which a man such as this can rise to a place of global influence cannot be totally headed for perdition.

Legislation with Representation

***House Out of Order**, by Richard Bolling (Dutton. 253 pp. $4.95), and **Home Place: The Story of the United States House of Representatives**, by William S. White (Houghton Mifflin. 175 pp. $4), take differing views of the value of true "representation" in the lower branch of Congress. Margaret L. Coit, a biographer and historian, assisted California Congressman James Roosevelt in his class on governmental operation at Fairleigh Dickinson University.*

By MARGARET L. COIT

WILLIAM S. WHITE is a seasoned professional journalist and longtime observer of the Washington scene. Richard Bolling is a liberal Democratic Congressman from Missouri, whose knowledge of the internal workings and mechanisms of the House was gained during his years as liaison man for the late, great Sam Rayburn. Each has written a book on the House of Representatives. And each, using the same facts, has reached a totally different conclusion.

To White, the House is a lovable, creaking, cranky part of the democratic process, but very much the "Home Place," where the legislator is closest to the immediate needs and concerns of the American people. Bolling's theme is equally implicit in his title, *House Out of Order*. He sees the legislative body as a bumbling, stumbling anachronism, a roadblock on the way to the Great Society.

Although White's conservative bent occasionally shows through (he won a Pulitzer Prize for his study of the Taft family), his book is by far the more objective and historically based. Were it not for a certain superficial glibness of approach and the lack of a bibliography (a serious omission in both volumes) *Home Place* would make an ideal textbook for the study of Congressional government. Bolling's study, written with bite and bias, is more provocative and at times fascinating, especially in its revelations of "inside" maneuverings and its blow-by-blow accounts of the stormy passage of such major legislation as the Landrum-Griffin Bill and the Civil Rights enactments.

There are certain areas of agreement between the authors. Both concede that party labels may not mean a thing; that in an emergency the lumbering structure of House machinery is able "to move with swift decision." Both attempt to define and classify the various Congressional types, and both agree that the late Sam Rayburn represented the very best that the House has to offer the American people.

Each book is illumined with vivid pen portraits of the House personnel: the beloved "Swamp Fox," Carl Vinson, whom White sees as an "irreplaceable treasure"; the "arch conservative" Howard Smith, conceded by Bolling to be the "ablest legislator in the House" today; Adam Clayton Powell, described by Bolling as a man of "intelligence bordering on brilliance" and with an attention span "ranging between forty seconds to two minutes," and Bolling himself, described by White as "a great power" during the days of Sam Rayburn. The "bleak, august" present Speaker, John McCormick, emerges from both volumes as worthy—and parochial.

Bolling agrees with White's assertion that "a great House man," often exerting broader power than half a dozen more publicized Senators, seldom advances beyond the House. But Bolling's further contention that the House offers no training school for leadership is belied by the facts; such figures as Lyndon Johnson, Richard Nixon, and John F. Kennedy served their time in the House, as did the present Senate leaders, William Fulbright and Mike Mansfield.

Where the two authors clash head-on is in their attitudes toward the "representative" quality of the House. They agree that it is rurally oriented, in a society which is now two-thirds urban: more than half of the members and most of the leaders come from the country. Bolling freely concedes what White spells out, that 5 per cent of the people are providing 50 per cent of the House leadership, and this is not because of seniority alone. With a few obvious exceptions, our cities are simply not producing the leadership that is still emerging from rural areas.

White maintains that the city-bred Congressman falls behind his country cousin in "industry . . . intelligence . . . political capacity and sense of national responsibility"; even more than white Southerners, he is apt to vote according to his race or his prejudices. Bolling cites Walter Hines Page's contention that "There is one thing better than good government and that is government in which all the people have a part. . . ." White, who obviously prefers what he considers good government to purely representative government, argues that if there is no particular virtue in being small and rural, neither is there any in being "urban and demanding." He sees the House, in the Jeffersonian tradition, as "a redoubt against a total and ultimate control of politics by the urban society," and he fears that this last barrier may be struck down by the recent reapportionment decision by the Supreme Court—a ruling which Bolling welcomes as an essential reform.

Each of these books might well have been written in reply to the other. White is as aware of the outcry for reform as is Bolling, and of the weaknesses in the body politic; but he sees the remedies as worse than the disease. For example, Bolling wants more power in the hands of the Speaker. Yet it was an excess of power in the hands of the unscrupulous Joe Cannon that forced the "reforms" that limit the Speaker today. Bolling aims his sights at that prime target of reformers and liberals, the Rules Committee, although he concedes that in crises even "Judge" Howard W. Smith can move with speed if the pressure becomes "irresistible." White points out

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that the Rules Committee serves as a most convenient dumping ground for "crank" legislation, always in ample supply, and that, if a simple majority of the committee are "really determined" upon their course, they can force out of Rules any bill they wish.

Seniority, the heart of the House power structure, is Congressman Bolling's primary object of attack. Yet it was seniority, not choice, that gave House Negroes responsible committee assignments. It is seniority that saves the House from spectacles like the foolish and disgraceful performance staged by the New York Democratic legislators last winter. House chairmanships are not up for grabs or deals.

Bolling is distressed that the prevailing liberal Democratic viewpoint is simply not represented in the House power structure as Republican conservatism is. The Republicans see to it that their leadership is represented by spokesmen of known orthodoxy. Bolling's point might be valid if the majority point of view in the Democratic Party *is* liberal, which White doubts. To Bolling "the longest political mile in the world" is the one that separates the White House from the House of Representatives. White, an acknowledged member of the Johnson "inner circle," would not want to shorten that mile. He prefers the House in its historic role as competitive, not auxiliary, deriving its strength from its own independence and not as the "mere arm of some President." Here, he contends, is the last stronghold of local government over central, of rural over urban, of the checks and the balances that could restrain a tyrannical or misguided Chief Executive.

Bolling, on the other hand, regards the House as unrepresentative of the popular will; it should, he feels, speak more loudly as the voice of the people, as personified by the President. "Liberal Democrats," he insists, could "effect changes that would be in the interest of a Democratic President, the Democratic leadership in Congress, the party, and in the interest of the American people." But change is permanent and Democrats may not be, and the voice of the Democratic majority may not always represent the American people. Would Bolling still be seeking these changes if the present occupant of the White House were named Barry Goldwater?

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. abstemious. 2. facetious. 3. quadrifoliate. 4. hippopotamuses. 5. air-cushioned. 6. euphoria. 7. bougainvillea. 8. spaciousness. 9. duodecimal. 10. unworkmanlike. 11. overhauling. 12. housemaid. 13. fountainhead. 14. argentiferous. 15. bouillabaisse. 16. excommunication.

SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Crime, Suspense

THE FACES OF WOOLRICH. By Cornell Woolrich. Simon & Schuster. $3.95.

IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT. By John Ball. Harper & Row. $3.50.

NECESSARY EVIL. By Kelley Roos. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

SNIPER. By Huch Pentecost. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

Current Affairs

GENERAL GRIVAS ON GUERRILLA WARFARE. Praeger. $3.95.

HILL FARMS AND PADI FIELDS: Life on Mainland Southeast Asia. By Robbins Burling. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

Fiction

CEDARHAVEN. By Patricia Campbell. Macmillan. $5.95.

THE CHILDREN OF SISYPHUS. By H. Orlando Patterson. Houghton Mifflin. $4.

I LOVE YOU, I HATE YOU, DROP DEAD! By Artie Shaw. Fleet. $4.50.

THE ISLAND OF APPLES. By Glyn Jones. John Day. $4.50.

MOUNTAIN OF WINTER. By Shirley Schoonover. Coward-McCann. $4.50.

OH, BE CAREFUL. By Lee Colgate. Harper & Row. $4.95.

TWELVE CHASES ON WEST NINTY-NINTH STREET. By Roy Bongartz. Houghton Mifflin. $4.

WHITE MARBLE LADY. By Roi Ottley. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $4.95.

History

THE MURDER OF ADMIRAL DARLAN. By Peter Tompkins. Simon & Schuster. $5.95.

THE RAPE OF ART. By David Roxan and Ken Wanstall. Coward-McCann. $5.

WHEN THE GUNS ROARED: World Aspects of the American Civil War. By Philip Van Doren Stern. Doubleday. $5.95.

Law

PSYCHIATRY AND CRIMINAL LAW. By Sol Rubin. Oceana. $7.50.

Literary Criticism

THE WORKSHOP OF DAEDALUS: James Joyce and the Raw Materials for *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man.* By Robert Scholes and Richard M. Kain. Northwestern Univ. Press. $8.

Miscellany

FOLLOW ME: Travels and Trysts for the Woman Alone. By Jean Baer. Macmillan. $4.95.

PORTRAIT OF A DESERT: The Story of an Expedition to Jordan. By Guy Mountfort. Houghton Mifflin. $10.

SHIPWRECKS, SKIN DIVERS, AND SUNKEN GOLD. By Dave Horner. Dodd, Mead. $4.50.

Personal History

DEFENDER OF THE FAITH: William Jennings Bryan, the Last Decade, 1915-1925. By Lawrence W. Levine. Oxford Univ. Press. $6.75.

EXTRAORDINARY PEOPLE. By Hesketh Pearson. Harper & Row. $5.95.

IN SEARCH OF BISCO. By Erskine Caldwell. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $4.95.

LONG RIDE TO GRANADA. By James Bodrero. Reynal. $6.75.

THE MEMOIRS OF GENERAL GRIVAS. Edited by Charles Foley. Praeger. $4.95.

THE OVERREACHERS. By Gay Talese. Harper & Row. $3.95.

THEY WEREN'T ALL ANGELS. By Joseph Kessel. McKay. $3.50.

Religion, Philosophy

THE CITY OF THE GODS: A Study in Myth and Mortality. By John S. Dunne. Macmillan. $5.95.

GREAT HERESIES AND CHURCH COUNCILS. By Jean Guitton. Harper & Row. $4.

HE CAME FROM GALILEE. By Daniel A. Poling. Harper & Row. $3.75.

HYMN OF THE UNIVERSE. By Pierre Teilhard de Chardin. Harper & Row. $3.

PHILOSOPHY IN PROCESS, Fascicle 7. By Paul Weiss. Southern Illinois Univ. Press. Paperback. $1.25.

THE POWER OF LOVE. By Fulton J. Sheen. Simon & Schuster. $3.50.

THUNDER ON THE MOUNTAIN. By T. Cecil Myers. Abingdon. $3.

WASHING ELEPHANTS AND OTHER PATHS TO GOD. By Minton C. Johnston. Abingdon. $2.25.

Science

SCIENCE, THE NEVER-ENDING QUEST. By William C. Vergara. Harper & Row. $5.95.

Sociology

SPANISH HARLEM. By Patricia Cayo Sexton. Harper & Row. $4.95.

THEY HARVEST DESPAIR: The Migrant Farm Worker. By Dale Wright. Beacon. $4.95.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

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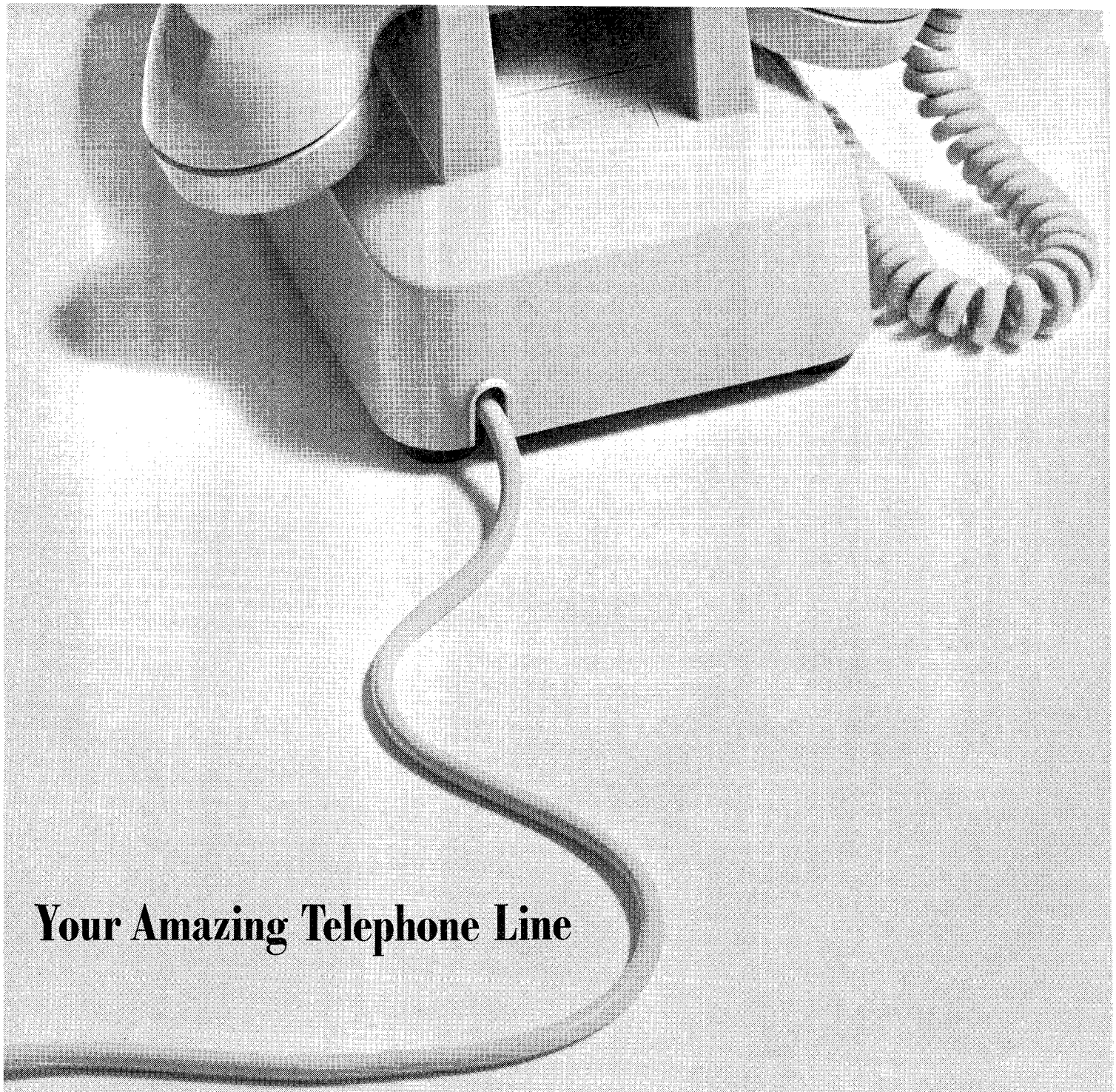

Your Amazing Telephone Line

Because it can carry your voice so well, we've learned it's good for a lot of other uses, too!

Telephone lines carry both the deep tones of men and the lighter tones of women with fidelity. This is why you can always recognize a familiar voice over the phone.

Your telephone's wide tonal range offers other communications possibilities as well.

One of these is a portable unit which a doctor can use to transmit an on-the-spot electrocardiogram of the heart from a patient's home phone. The "E-K-G" signals are converted to tones which are sent over the phone line to a hospital for study by a specialist. The diagnosis can then be telephoned back to the doctor.

Another probability is that someday you may pay bills by phone. You will simply insert special plastic cards into a telephone set that dials automatically, and then detail the dollars and cents by pushing numbered Touch-Tone® buttons. In this way you will ring your bank's computer, identify your account with a code number, and tell the computer whom to pay and how much. Your bank will do the rest.

In fact, the things your phone can do for you, just by basically being a phone, are still not fully explored.

Its ability to transmit the tones essential to such data communications as the "E-K-G" and the bill payment suggests many remarkable new uses for your telephone line.

Our engineers are working on them. As its future unfolds, day by day, your telephone line will surely become more *personally yours* than it is even now . . . one of your most useful aids.

Bell System
American Telephone and Telegraph Co.
and Associated Companies

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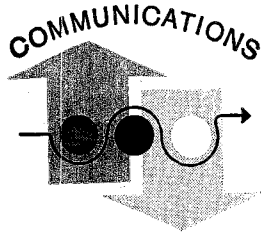
COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN



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The Long, Hard Night of the TV Commercial

THE NORTH AMERICAN NEWSPAPER ALLIANCE has served well the press of this country and its vast readership for more than forty years. No sensible man would try to calculate the fabulous fund of facts NANA has imparted to the American people over the years. John N. Wheeler's enterprising outfit fills in around the big press services, AP and UPI, with exclusive feature material and special by-lines unavailable from any other source. Even in a diminished newspaper market—a market subject in recent years to far too many mergers in a distressing trend toward a monopoly press—hundreds of American papers find space available for the stuff that NANA sends out by mail and wire every night and day. And if one wants further proof of the usefulness of these specialized news feature services, one need go no further than a series now being carried over the by-lines of Harold Stern and Jack Boyle under the general heading "What TV Viewers Think."

NANA has conducted an enormous nationwide poll on television programing and commercials, and the most recent results from 5,200 ballots all over the country ought to open eyes along Madison Avenue, particularly in those agencies specializing in TV advertising. American television viewers' reaction to TV commercials is violent and certain, and no holds are barred in the NANA balloting. The most unpopular single product commercial in America today is, this poll shows, Tareyton Cigarettes' "Switch or Fight" theme. The consensus of a poll three times as large as a Nielsen sampling is that the Tareyton TV ad campaign is "just plain silly." Salem Cigarettes, on the other hand, fares much better, rated among the best cigarette advertising on TV, though cigarette ads in general do rather badly.

Some of the loudest hisses, however, are directed at soap and detergent commercials. Many viewers say they simply "can't stand any of them." Most unpopular commercials in this area appear to be the Ajax "White Knight" and "White Tornado" and the Dash "makes your washing machine clean like it's ten feet tall" messages. Crest Toothpaste is unpopular for the repetitious nature of its commercials, while the Doublemint Gum twin theme is "just too much" for many viewers in the NANA survey.

A few products attract blanket denunciation from a great many balloters: deodorants, beers, cigarettes, drugs, and bra and girdle advertising. Anacin and Excedrin are named as the worst offenders among drug products; according to the syndicate voters, "they gave more headaches than they cured." Purely in terms of advertising, however, Alka-Seltzer and aspirin for children commercials were regarded most favorably. But by no means all TV commercials are villains. Among the good guys are video plugs for airlines, Mr. Magoo on behalf of General Electric, Hawaiian Punch, and the puppet commercials used on the Bell Telephone Hour. Among pet foods, Puss 'n Boots rates last, while the "all you add is love" commercial for Purina Dog Chow is near the top in popularity.

The survey devotes one whole section to TV programing without regard to commercials. Most frequent specific recurring objections to

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present TV programing include canned laughter, the low moral tone of programs, their infantile level, and their sameness. The most frequent positive reactions to television programs include the fact that they are free, relaxing, and available right in the home—you don't have to go out anywhere. The TV "specials" are very popular, too. But, based on thousands of ballots from all over the country, eleven times as many viewers think present TV programs as a whole are "terrible" as think they are "great." The exact ratio was 22.2 to 2.1 per cent. Moreover, almost half of all viewers (48.3 per cent) returning their completed ballots indicated dissatisfaction with present TV programing.

A survey of TV habits and preferences is useful at any time, but especially when it invades the field of television commercials and when its sampling is large. The Nielsen ratings sample is only about 1,600 families and, by and large, these families don't change from month to month. It may be argued that newspaper readers are a cut above non-newspaper, TV-only families and that their tastes are not, therefore, typical (just as a survey of only those own-

ing telephones might be questioned). But since over 80 per cent of all U.S. families read at least one newspaper each day (over 90 per cent in the urban areas), the statistics from NANA appear to be valid enough. Whatever they do, they should frighten the commercial dictators in the networks and on Madison Avenue. We suggest that every TV department head in every advertising agency and network ad office in America read the Stern-Boyle originals: read them, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them. They are shocking enough to explode a long-overdue revolution in the making and showing of the television commercial. If they produce only one less nauseating TV spot promoting proprietary medicine they will have been well worth the time and effort of the North American Newspaper Alliance and its energetic staff. —R. L. T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

The Six-column Format

I AGREE THAT the six-column format of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* [*SR*, Mar. 13] has a cleaner and more attractive over-all appearance. However, its "enormous success" from the point of view of "reader interest" would require some explanation. There are thirteen items of reader interest on the front page in the old format and only ten in the new (counting the editor's note). The sacrifice is of two local news stories (there are three in the old format and only one in the new) and of one foreign news story. This is a reduction of 23 per cent in the number of opportunities to catch the reader's interest on the front page. This is one measure of the loss in quantity that will have to be recouped by an increase in quality.

WYATT C. JONES.

New York, N.Y.

When a Cliché Isn't One

I AM APPALLED at the ignorance of the communications editor and the writers of letters-to-the-editor on the subject of the cliché [*SR*, Jan. 9 and Feb. 13]. None of you seems to have the foggiest idea of what a cliché is, nor, for that matter, does the Associated Press, judging by the fact that its computers found the word "hailed" winner of the cliché contest. What all of you are talking about is hackneyed *words*. A cliché, sir, is necessarily a phrase. You are all tossing around hackneyed words that gripe you: "flawed," "spearheaded," "dialogue," "tots," "kids," "triggered," etc. A cliché, sir, is not a singleton word, however timeworn and ratty. Clichés are phrases, originally idioms, metaphors, proverbs, brief quotations, which overuse and sometimes changing circumstances have rendered meaningless.

Much has been written on the subject of clichés, so there is little excuse for your lack of information. The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* has a fine and bitter bit on the cliché, with examples like "the orb of day," "the devouring element," "the rolling wave." Jonathan Swift, in his *Polite Conversation*, written in 1731 and published in 1735, made a masterly assemblage of clichés, vulgarities, and trivialities then current in ordinary talk, most of which are still being used in ordinary talk in 1965.

The best treatment of clichés, even more vitriolic than that of the *Britannica*, is in Bergen and Cornelia Evans's *Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage* (Random House, 1957). Eric Partridge's *Dictionary of Clichés* (Macmillan, 4th edition, 1950) is acknowledged as authoritative and available in the average library.

"Part and parcel," which you used in the opening sentence of your January 9 editorial, is a perfect example of a cliché. "Part and parcel" was a legal phrase until the end of the eighteenth century. Once concerned with the relation of a portion to the whole, it is now meaningless, says my reference source.

MARGE BARTLEY.

Verona, N.J.

AS A DETERGENT BUYER, I resent bitterly any product that will make my clothes "come clean" or "come whiter." And what's more, I cringe a bit at the one which prevents "dye-a-purr" rash, cliché or no! And as a "lay leader," may I suggest that the "culturally deprived," who used to be "disadvantaged" in our "poverty pockets," may be suffering as well from too many "pilot projects" and "depth studies" and from insufficient support from the "power structure" of the community. "Basically" and "in essence," our "affluent society" had better come up with a "holistic approach" to the "dropout problem." We can each make a "unique contribution" to "eradicate this scourge in our great land." Let's "take a leaf" from Goldwater and go back to John F. Kennedy's and Adlai Stevenson's creative English usage. As the kids would put it, "Try this."

MRS. HAROLD VEXLER.

San Antonio, Tex.

Pariah or Professional?

MAY I COMMENT on "Advertising Education: The Pariah of Academe," by Conrad E. Hill [*SR*, Feb. 13]? From 1900 to about 1922, if one went to work in a print shop or newspaper, or through influence became a copy boy in a big-town agency, it was an even bet he would wind up in advertising. Or if he was fetched by a George H. Powell ad ("Earn $40 a week as an Adman") he enrolled and wound up either an adman or back in the town furniture-coffin emporium as a clerk.

That was the era when we discovered the power of words, the value of design, the frame into which to place a picture, and the come-on words. Freud and a flock of "human" psychologists sparked those with creative minds. A new science, a thrilling artistry in word manipulation was in the making, directed at creating wants, at fulfilling the aspirations and satisfying the needs of a paper-rich people. Then came

The Cover: During his long career Charles Burchfield has successfully combined American realism with an equally American brand of romanticism. Characteristic is a 1917 watercolor and gouache painting called *Noontide in Late May*. House and fence are both depicted as humble, man-made objects. But when Burchfield turned to nature he allowed his imagination greater scope. In a small plot of land he symbolized all growth, making his branches, bushes, and flowers burst with optimistic new life. In the flat, blazing sunlight, colors are contrasted at will. One senses the wind blowing through grass and trees; one almost smells the fragrance of spring. —K. K.

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the wolves, the peddlers calling themselves advertising men and women. They are with us today, and thus the question: Who merits being called a "professional"? Is it any wonder we are marked as hucksters? A barrister called in to defend a client for alleged false packaging is given carte blanche to sell a lily-white image of the fellow. An advertising expert (for want of a better word) conferring with this same client is treated as an agent hired "to do it my way."

As a pioneer little man in the game, racket, business, or profession, I gape at TV, wondering if those pitchmen and lady barkers are college grads with degrees in "advertising" and all that it embraces, such as marketing, psychological, and creative know-how. I've heard more than one class himself as an advertising man—certainly not a huckster. *We* are branded as the hucksters. Isn't it time the dedicated, respected, qualified Madison Avenuers did something about it?

LOUIS D'ARMAND.

Clearwater Beach, Fla.

Extremists and the Press

WITH REGARD TO James F. Fixx's timely article "When Extremists Attack the Press" [*SR*, Feb. 13], in which the emphasis, quite correctly, was on the right wing, I must say that I could sympathize with the fourth estate a lot more if so many of its representatives had not so relentlessly created the very climate which has so much to do with producing the brand of extremists now plaguing it. The morbid preoccupation of Americans with Communism inside our borders and out, which Senator William Fulbright vigorously scored a year ago, is almost entirely the product of the news media.

L. EDWIN RITCHIE.

Floral Park, N.Y.

IF BILL SANDERS, the cartoonist of the Kansas City *Star*, who is a man of liberal and decidedly positive views, depicts in his cartoon the "extreme rightist" as a rat, this is his privilege. And if your magazine reprints it, that is again your privilege. After all, we are still living in an almost free country.

But I would like to ask you for one thing: publish a cartoon about the Communists, or about the Communist Party of the USA....

Anyway, I am a subscriber to your magazine, which gives me lots of fun and laughs when I read the writings of your twisted leftist and liberal-minded individuals.

I am a Birchite.

MEL CHONTO.

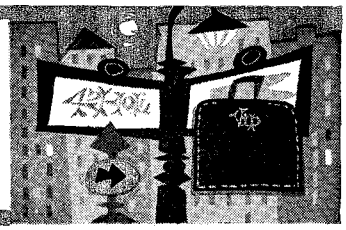
Davenport, Iowa.

WHY NOT SUBMIT Bill Sanders's wonderful cartoon for a Pulitzer Prize? It's a shame magazine articles aren't eligible for Pulitzers. If they were, Mr. Fixx's piece ought to be submitted, too. Journalism isn't dead when magazines like *SR* and newspapers like the Kansas City *Star* have the courage to print articles and cartoons like these. Keep it up!

HENRY J. FREYLIGER.

Westport, Conn.

Madison Avenue



The Best $10 Investment

MY FIRST instruction in advertising came through an advertisement in the old *System*, the magazine of business out of which developed the present *Business Week*.

This was in 1908. I had been secretary to the minister who was the elected publishing agent of the Western Methodist Book Concern in Cincinnati. But because I had, as it were, grown up in that institution, with the smell of printer's ink always in my nostrils, I had been given a job as both designer and sales promoter of the religious books that the house published.

System had been developed into a valuable publishing property by Arch W. Shaw. It was unique in its editorial devotion to the then new doctrines of "scientific management" as applied to administrative functions, including marketing. So there was meat in it even for a youngster who had to promote the sale of religious books.

Going through this how-to magazine one day, I came across a full-page, all-type advertisement headed "How to Use Words to Make People Do Things." Probably no advertisement was ever more avidly read than I read this one.

At that time I carried in one coat pocket a notebook in which I entered every new word I ran across, until I could look up its meaning—a book I started because my minister boss, in his dictation, ran heavily to such words as "eleemosynary" and "ecumenical." In another pocket was a book in which, having looked up meanings, I practiced using the new words.

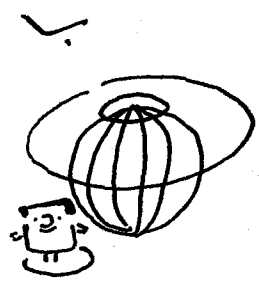
So I was interested in words, and certainly I was interested in how to use them in the circulars and religious publications on which I relied to persuade ministers and other adherents of the faith to buy my books. In short, the headline of this *System* advertisement, "How to Use Words to Make People Do Things," was for me the type of headline that never fails: *it promised me something I already wanted.* It tapped the wellspring of all exciting education: personal motivation.

What this *System* advertisement offered was a "course" by Sherwin Cody, whose "Mistakes in English" advertisements are still going strong. But this course was different. The textbooks in English composition of that day dealt with expository, narrative, and argumentative writing, but had nary a word about *persuasive* writing. "Semantics" was still to be identified, and nobody had yet pointed out how Shakespeare had supplied Marc Antony with an oration that would throw an unfriendly mob into reverse. Nor had I, in my ecclesiastical world, run into the fact that theological schools taught the arts of persuasion in courses called "homiletics."

Actually, this so-called course of Cody's consisted only of ten lessons, printed on ten cards, put up in a small loose-leaf binder. It cost $10, but could be had for $1 down—so that even this $25 a week "advertising manager" could gamble on it.

This $10 turned out to be the best investment I ever made. It did indeed put me on the track of using words to make people do things. The first circular to which I applied its lessons was one for a book called *Personal Evangelism*, and it produced treble the number of orders ordinarily expected and, in fact, oversold the first printing of the book.

And so Cody's lessons went on working on new books and old shelf-warmers,



until finally, convinced that I had a magic secret, and seeking a broader field of publishing, I sold myself by mail to a New York publisher as his mail sales manager.

In advertising, in the end as in the beginning, is the word—no matter how supported by picture, sound effects, or stagecraft.

People buy the printed media to *read*, and are buying more of them than ever before. And my faith in what I learned from Cody has been recently renewed by dramatic results from a series of all-type, reader ads, only three inches over three columns, in crowded newspapers. Ads that told people how to get something they already wanted.

—JAMES WEBB YOUNG.

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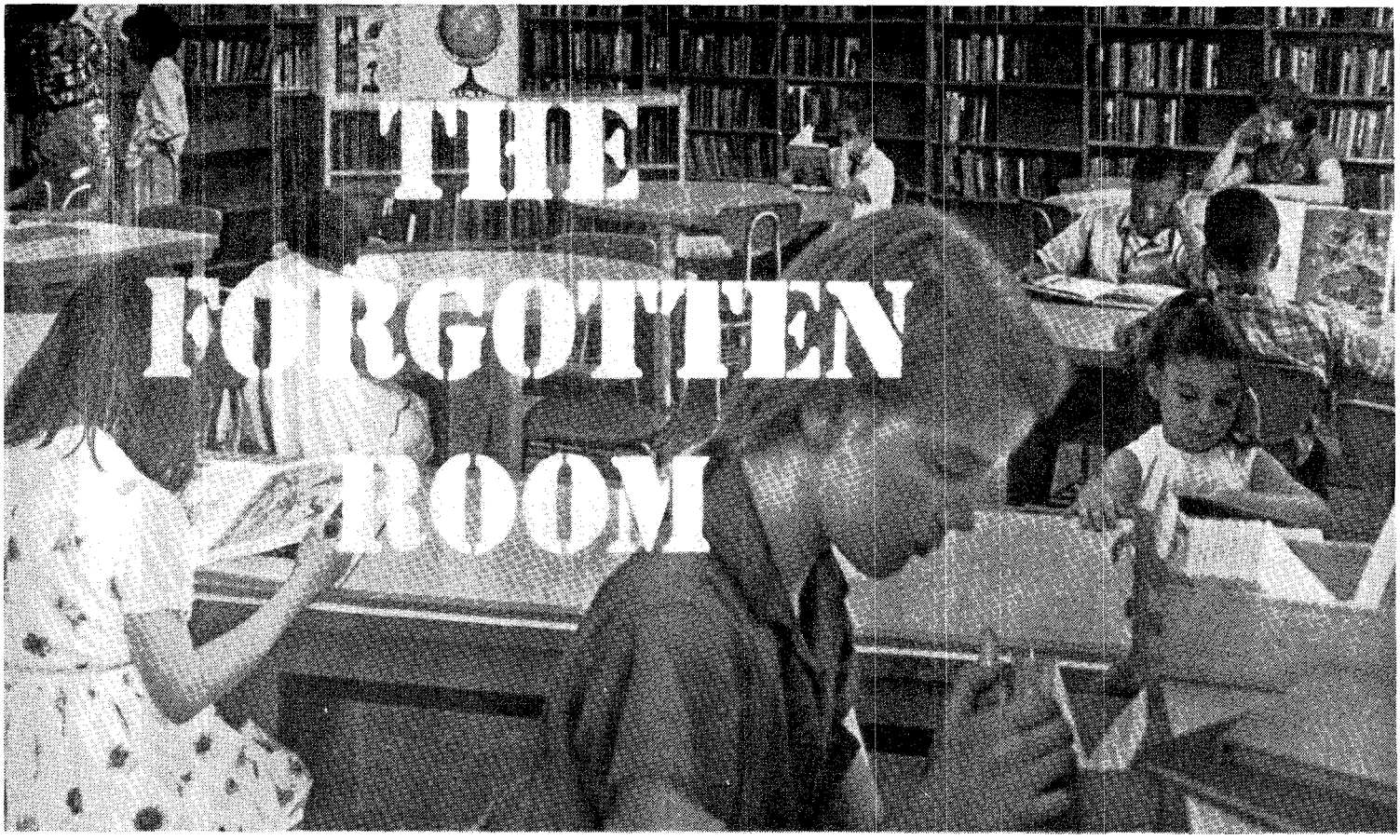

Two-thirds of our elementary schools have no library. What you can do.

Experts say a child *needs* a library when he's learning to read. Here are the reasons—and here is how *you* can help your child's school get the library it needs.

GRADES one through six are the Age of the Question Mark. During these years, a child collects more answers than he will in any other period of his life.

Books are his best ally. *Yet more than sixty percent of our grade schools have no library.*

A few books on a classroom windowsill are better than no books, but they are not a library. Neither is a bundle of books collected at random. And public library service is often inadequate or inaccessible.

Experts say the best answer is a central *school* library with a trained librarian. A person whose very special knowledge of books will support the good work done by teachers in the classroom.

The most important room

A good school library is the most important room a young reader passes through on the road to growing up.

Here he learns to *love* reading at the same time he's learning to read. Here he solves schoolwork problems on his own. And here he experiences the thrill of *discovery.*

Quiz for parents

Does your child's school have a library?

If it does, are there enough books to go around? The American Library Association recommends ten library books per child. But the national average is less than six.

Is there a full-time librarian on the school staff? In many schools, mothers come in and lend a hand. But they need the direction and help of a professional librarian.

If you can't answer *yes* to all of these questions, there is important work to be done.

How you can help

International Paper in cooperation with The American Library Association has prepared a *free kit.* Its purpose is to help parents get the school library their children need. No matter how big or small the school may be.

The job demands enthusiasm *and* hard work. But isn't your child's progress worth the effort?

FOR I-P's FREE KIT—"How to get the school library your child needs"—or for *free reprints* of this advertisement, write to: Education Dept., Box 100, International Paper Company, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, 10017.

"Send me a man who reads!"

This series on *children and reading* is sponsored by the men and women of International Paper.

Millions of the words you read—in magazines, books and newspapers—are printed on paper by I-P.

Other International Paper products include business papers, wrapping papers and the frozen food cartons in your freezer.

and "Send me a man who reads!" are marks of International Paper Company.
©International Paper Company 1964

INTERNATIONAL PAPER

A world of paper products—from shipping containers to printing paper

"Send me a man who reads!" *A series by International Paper*

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PUBLIC DIALOGUE, PRIVATE VOICES

By WILLIAM D. PATTERSON

A SERIOUS CONVERSATION with a passing parade is a difficult endeavor. It is not easy to get attention. It is hard to be heard. To be understood requires ingenuity. To sustain the conversation demands stamina. It can also be expensive.

Such a conversation cost U.S. business $200 million last year.

This unique dialogue was carried on with the American public through public interest advertising, a form of advertising more concerned with transmitting ideas than selling products. It is a form of communication pioneered in the United States and still almost entirely confined to this country. It is based on the concept that a corporation is not only a private enterprise but also a public citizen with the responsibility to be a good citizen within the community, accountable to society and to the economy in which it functions.

The enormous thrust of advertising in our national economy is not a static phenomenon. Norman H. Strouse, chairman of J. Walter Thompson, the world's largest advertising agency, has said, "The object of advertising is to sell goods and ideas. In its ability to sell ideas, and shorten the time lag between the exposure to and acceptance of ideas, and acting upon them, therein lies the opportunity for advertising to continue to make singular contributions to the growth of our economy." American enterprise invested $13.9 billion in advertising last year, chiefly for the sale of goods as part of the remarkable mixture of production, distribution, and promotion that has made our economy the most abundant on earth. But, significantly, the proportion of "idea" advertising is steadily increasing.

Public opinion analyst Elmo Roper recently wrote in *SR*, in a discussion of advertising in the 1970s: "I have a feeling that advertising is going to be a particularly exciting field to be in during the decade to come. I think major changes will take place that will significantly alter its concept, will give it new dimensions, and will change the basis on which it's planned and carried out. . . . The first change I expect to take place is that there will be more advertising devoted to the transmission of ideas, rather than simply to the selling of products. There will, in other words, be more corporate advertising, more advertising concerned with improving public relations. We exist in a society where public relations—human relations—are increasingly important, and there will be increasing awareness that the ideas and feelings and attitudes that form the substance of these relations are as crucial to the well-being of many corporations as the movement of products."

Leading corporations understood this concept and anticipated this trend wisely enough to spend $200 million last year on such communication, and the volume is growing markedly. In a speech in Detroit to an audience of financial executives, David Rockefeller, president of the Chase Manhattan Bank, quoted this aphorism, "Economists are famous for worrying hardest about a problem just after it has ceased to exist." Corporate advertising usually reflects a corporation that is worrying about a problem *before* it exists, seeking to build public understanding and good will before some problem arises in which public opinion will be crucial.

It is this corporate concern with the public interest, based on an educated understanding of the realities and needs of modern society and the multiple complexities of our changing economy, that is peculiarly American. Few if any firms in other countries are concerned with corporate accountability to their society to the extent that American enterprises increasingly are.

It is generally accepted here that pub-

No. 1 Ad of the Year: Reproduced at the left is one example from what *SR*'s Thirteenth Annual Advertising Awards Committee judged to be the outstanding public interest advertising campaign of the year. This advertisement is from International Paper Company's distinguished campaign urging community action to correct the disturbing lack of libraries in two-thirds of the nation's elementary schools, a lack that cripples the ability of young pupils to develop their reading skills at a vital stage in their learning lives.

1965 Awards Committee

Herbert Brucker, *Editor, Hartford Courant*
Norton Clapp, *President, Weyerhaeuser Company*
G. D. Crain, Jr., *Chairman, Advertising Age*
Ivan Dmitri, *Photographer*
John Everett, *President, The New School for Social Research*
Shelton Fisher, *President, McGraw-Hill Publications*
Paul C. Harper, Jr., *President, Needham, Harper & Steers, Inc.*
William P. Headden, *Manager, Public Relations, Standard Oil Co. (N.J.)*
Joseph Kaselow, *Advertising News Columnist, New York Herald Tribune*
George Lazarus, *Advertising News Columnist, Chicago Daily News*
James McCaffrey, *Chairman of the Board, C. J. LaRoche & Company*
Ralph McGill, *Publisher, Atlanta Constitution*
Rosemary Park, *President, Barnard College*
Esther Peterson, *Special Assistant to the President for Consumer Affairs*
Peter G. Peterson, *President, Bell & Howell Company*
Alfred Politz, *Chairman of the Board, Alfred Politz Research, Inc.*
Roger Stevens, *Special Assistant to the President on Arts*
Norman Strouse, *Chairman of the Board, J. Walter Thompson Company*
Theodore Repplier, *President, The Advertising Council, Inc.*
Elmo Roper, *Senior Partner, Elmo Roper and Associates*
James J. Rorimer, *Director, The Metropolitan Museum of Art*
W. Dorwin Teague, *Partner, Walter Dorwin Teague Associates*
Stanley F. Teele, *Administrator, Amherst College*
A. L. Williams, *President, International Business Machines Corporation*
Willis J. Winn, *Dean, Wharton School of Finance and Commerce*
George B. Young, *President, Field Enterprises, Inc.*
James Webb Young, *Senior Advertising Consultant*

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Thirteenth Annual *SR* Awards: There follow in alphabetical order the names of the twenty-six campaigns that won *Saturday Review*'s Thirteenth Annual Awards for distinguished advertising in the public interest, along with the names of the agencies that prepared the winning advertisements:

Company	Agency
Allied Chemical Corporation	*Benton & Bowles, Inc.*
Bell Telephone System	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Better Vision Institute	*Doyle Dane Bernbach, Inc.*
Borg-Warner	*C. J. LaRoche & Co., Inc.*
British Travel Association	*Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.*
Caterpillar Tractor Co.	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Celanese	*West, Weir & Bartel, Inc.*
Chrysler Corporation	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
Commonwealth of Puerto Rico	*Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.*
Container Corporation of America	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
John Hancock Insurance Co.	*McCann-Erickson, Inc.*
International Business Machines (Corporate)	*Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.*
International Business Machines (Public Relations)	*Benton & Bowles, Inc.*
International Paper Company	*Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.*
Owens-Illinois	*Meldrum & Fewsmith, Inc.*
Parke-Davis	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
Pharmaceutical Ind. Adv. Program	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Sears, Roebuck & Co.	*Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.*
Shell (Corporate)	*Kenyon and Eckhardt, Inc.*
Shell (Public Service)	*Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.*
Spanish National Tourist Office	*Kelly, Nason, Inc.*
E. R. Squibb & Sons	*Benton & Bowles, Inc.*
Time-Life Books	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
Tire Division of U.S. Rubber	*Doyle Dane Bernbach, Inc.*
Westinghouse	*Ketchum, MacLeod & Grove, Inc.*
Weyerhaeuser Co.	*Cole & Weber, Inc.*

Special Mention

The Advertising Council:	
Mental Retardation	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
Religion in American Life	*J. Walter Thompson Co.*
The American Cancer Society:	
Crusade Series	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
Public Education Series	*American Cancer Society*

Because of the closeness of voting in the Committee of Judges, nine runners-up for awards are also listed here in alphabetical order:

Company	Agency
Bell Telephone System (Corporate)	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Berlitz	*Gilbert Advertising Agency, Inc.*
Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.	*Campbell-Ewald Co.*
Members of the New York Stock Exchange	*Compton Advertising, Inc.*
Newsweek	*Richard Kerr, Inc.*
North American Aviation	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.*
Sinclair Oil Co.	*Geyer, Morey, Ballard, Inc.*
Standard Oil of California	*Dancer-Fitzgerald-Sample, Inc.*
State Mutual of America	*Bresnick Co., Inc.*

lic understanding is vital not only to a major corporation's profits but also to its survival in a modern society.

It was this sense of the need to keep informing the public that inspired the president of the First National City Bank, George S. Moore, to describe the public as a passing parade in which new marchers constantly come into view. Nothing stands still, least of all the American public or American business, he suggested.

Sixty per cent of today's population was not alive when the great depression began in 1929. Nearly half of today's people were not yet born when Hitler invaded Poland in 1939. More than 40 per cent were not yet born when the first atomic bomb fell. And 11 per cent of the persons living today were not alive when John F. Kennedy was inaugurated. Only ten years from now, 20 per cent of the population will not have been alive when President Johnson was elected. No one in business or advertising or communications should forget this constant population "flow," for it has special significance for business leaders concerned with educating the public in the special values, needs, or rewards of an individual corporation or industry, or of private enterprise in general. This means that the story of business must be told and retold. It means an idea successfully conveyed in 1960 can be lost by 1970, or even by 1965. It means, as Mr. Moore said, that business is communicating not with an audience or a stable public, but with a passing parade, and that business must constantly win and rewin the support and understanding of those groups whose support it needs in order to grow and to prosper.

It is this flux of communications embodied in public interest advertising, designed to release the constructive energies of business in a favorable public climate, that has intrigued not only Elmo Roper and other students of the power of public opinion in this country but also the editors of *SR*.

The concern of *SR*'s editors with the complex communications patterns through which public attitudes and actions are influenced in this country stimulated their interest in the impact of "idea" advertising on American public opinion. This double concern led to the establishment thirteen years ago of *SR*'s awards for advertising in the public interest.

This year's award-winning campaigns provide an impressive display of enlightened corporate stewardship of the public interest. The private voices of business have been raised in a sustained dialogue with the American public on many fronts—adequate libraries for American schools, conservation, medical research, fair-pricing practices, books for the blind, highway safety, and mental health —not only to serve the good society but to identify the common interest that binds the private interest of the corporation with the public interest.

The 1965 awards were voted upon by a committee of twenty-seven judges, including educators, public officials, economists, editors, and leaders of business, advertising, and public communications. They brought their knowledge and experience to bear in judging the communication quality of current corporate advertising in the public interest.

Out of more than 250 public interest campaigns that appear in general magazines week after week in the United States, sixty-two contenders wound up in the final balloting this year. The judges then voted twenty-six outstanding campaigns to receive *SR*'s 1965 awards for distinguished advertising in the public interest. In addition, two campaigns of the Advertising Council, the nonprofit arm of the business and advertising communities, and two campaigns of the American Cancer Society were cited for superior contributions to the public interest.

The powerful role of television and

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radio in the U.S. communications complex was not overlooked by the judges. Six programs were cited for distinguished achievement in serving the public interest with taste, imagination, courage, and honesty. In addition, there were two runners-up.

Because of the close voting of the judges in considering the print campaigns, there were nine runners-up, separated by only a single vote.

THE five campaigns that received the most votes among the twenty-six winners of public interest awards are listed below in the order of their selection by the judges. Only three votes separated them in the close voting that characterized the wide support that most of the finalist campaigns received.

The honor as No. 1 public interest advertisement of the year went to the International Paper Company's campaign on behalf of more and better libraries for public schools. Here is the ranking of the top five:

1. International Paper Company
2. Weyerhaeuser Company
3. Pharmaceutical Industry Advertising Program
4. Sears, Roebuck & Co. and International Business Machines (Corporate) (tie)

The criteria for evaluating the various campaigns, as set forth on the ballot used by the judges, follow:

"The campaigns all lie within the broad definition of public interest advertising because they provide information about a company, an industry, or some aspect of life or thought in the U.S. that it is useful for the public to know or be made freshly aware of.

"Within the broad, general framework of this definition, there are three more specific categories of public interest advertising. They are: 1) corporate advertising, which explains the continuing research, the engineering or management efforts a company makes to improve its product or services; 2) public relations advertising, through which a company or industry discusses the problems, policies, social philosophy, or economic goals of the company or industry, or illuminates some aspect of the American scene or background, or discusses the basic principles of American enterprise in a way to shed light for the reader on the economy or society in which he lives; and 3) public service, which is advertising designed to promote voluntary individual actions to solve national problems, such as better roads, preventing forest fires, better schools, highway safety, encouraging religion in the American life, the buying of U.S. Savings Bonds, and voting in national elections.

"The dividing line between these categories, while significant, is quite thin

When I heard there's a campaign to get people to have their eyes examined regularly, I thought maybe I could drive this idea home by writing about it myself (with Mrs. Shearing's help).

Really it should be a law, not just an idea. Seeing is one thing that shouldn't be left to chance. I know, I never had the chance.

But I have some idea of what I've missed. My career as a pianist has taken me to many countries. Judging from just the sounds and smells, it must be an unbelievably exciting world to see.

I'm not suggesting you go blind because you don't have your eyes examined. The chances are small but why take the chance? But when a person like me would be grateful to see at all, a person like you has a choice. You can assume your eyesight is all right. Or you can learn through examination that you might be seeing a lot better. I know what I'd do if I had the choice.

George Shearing

One Leading Public Service Ad: The poignant personal tribute to the value of sight from blind jazz pianist George Shearing is from the campaign of the Better Vision Institute. This campaign is dedicated to educating the public to the importance of safeguarding their sight through regular examinations and eye care.

Public Service Campaigns: In the balloting for the over-all awards for public service advertising, the judges also voted for the various campaigns in three special categories to add precision to their votes. This box lists in alphabetical order the winners in the public service category. In two boxes on the following pages winners are also listed in the other two special categories, public relations and corporate.

Company	Agency
Better Vision Institute	*Doyle Dane Bernbach, Inc.*
Caterpillar Tractor Co.	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.	*Campbell-Ewald Co.*
International Paper Co.	*Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.*
Newsweek	*Richard Kerr, Inc.*
Shell	*Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.*
Sinclair Oil	*Geyer, Morey, Ballard, Inc.*
State Mutual of America	*Bresnick Co., Inc.*

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Reforesting harvested lands on a Weyerhaeuser tree farm

Your grandchildren will need the trees we plant for the future

Last year Weyerhaeuser forestry crews planted nearly 15 million seedlings on our tree farms. In addition, we seeded about 17 thousand acres. All told, tree farmers across America planted a billion trees on their tax-paying lands.

You have an important stake in all this because of its effect upon your children and grandchildren. They will live in an economy heavily dependent upon forest products. There are five thousand wood products now and researchers are developing more.

Under the steadily rising demand for wood by you and your neighbors, the supply for future generations could be seriously depleted. Not long ago this was a real hazard. Now, however, it isn't likely. More than 27 thousand tree farmers are growing timber as a crop on about 64 million acres of privately owned, tax-paying land.

There are certain problems, however. Because the crop cycle is so long (it takes 60 to 80 years to grow Douglas fir to sawlog size) tree farming is fraught with risks. Fire can wipe out thousands of trees in a matter of days, or even hours. Insects and disease also can take a heavy toll. Control of all these forest enemies is very costly.

Because of these risks and costs, tree farming would be impractical under an unrealistic tax climate. Fortunately, this is not generally the case today. In most areas taxes paid by tree farmers, although very substantial, still permit individuals and firms to continue in the business of growing timber as a long-term crop.

This is desirable. After all, private tree farms provide an endless flow of raw materials. They also are a major source of taxes, jobs, water, wildlife and recreation.

Send for our illustrated free booklet, "From tree farm to you." Write to Weyerhaeuser Company, Box A2, Tacoma, Wash. 98401.

Weyerhaeuser forest products: lumber, plywood, pulp, paper, chemicals, packaging

Weyerhaeuser

Top Public Relations Ad: The stake of the country in the modern conservation technique of tree farming to maintain a dependable supply of forest products is the theme of the Weyerhaeuser Company's prize-winning campaign. The campaign also urges wise tax policies to enable private companies to afford the risks and costs of farming a crop as slow to mature as trees—about eighty years until harvest time.

and often elusive of precise definition. Some campaigns may conceivably fall into two or even three of these categories. At other times the category of the campaign is quite clear.

"Criteria: The following factors should be considered in evaluating the effectiveness of the campaign as a form of idea communication in the public interest: 1) Theme: the extent to which it enlarged the reader's knowledge of our American social, cultural, or economic institutions, traditions, or problems (the judges may or may not agree with the point of view of the theme, but may agree that it is useful to have the point of view stated); 2) Text: especially style, readability, impact, objectivity, clarity, precision, and pointedness; 3) Layout: typography, artwork, and general design; 4) Over-all originality: taste, freshness, and imaginativeness of conception, execution, and creative vision within the strict bounds of honest presentation."

In something as complex and often debatable as modern advertising, *SR*'s committee recognized that the above criteria were more bench marks than rigid rules for judgment. They also acknowledged that individual judgments would in most cases be subjective reactions as well as objective opinions.

In general the winning campaigns embody the modern conviction that business cannot prosper in America today without the approval of responsible, informed public opinion. The winning campaigns, by and large, have been effective because they have openly and legitimately served the private interest of the corporation as well as the larger public interest of the nation. They dramatize the mutual purpose that binds the best interest of private enterprise to the best interest of our national economy and our people.

This bond of mutual purpose was persuasively articulated in Washington a few weeks ago by Vice President Hubert H. Humphrey when addressing an advertising conference there: "We understand how the advertising industry has always functioned as a full working partner in the American free enterprise economy—this system of production, distribution, and consumption which ranks as one of the most remarkable human achievements of all recorded history. This system is the most humane and most consumer-oriented in the world. It has the greatest sense of economic justice of any economic system, and we ought to proclaim it to the world."

In citing some of the outstanding achievements of contemporary U.S. advertising, it should be noted in passing, however, that *SR*, like other responsible observers, is not blind to the warts that disfigure the profession from time to time. The lead editorial in this week's Communications Supplement (see page 65) is a case in point, buttressing a recent statement to the same conference by one of *SR*'s awards judges, Esther Peterson, President Johnson's special adviser on consumer affairs: "Let us engage in a dialogue—let us educate each other. For the pressures operating on us [government and advertising] are different, and we live in different environments. Let us criticize each other for our errors and omissions, but let us beware of

Public Relations Campaigns: An alphabetical list of the winners:

Company	Agency
Bell Telephone System	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
British Travel Association	*Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.*
Celanese	*West, Weir & Bartel, Inc.*
International Business Machines	*Benton & Bowles, Inc.*
Pharmaceutical Ind. Adv. Program	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Shell	*Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.*
Tire Division of U. S. Rubber	*Doyle Dane Bernbach, Inc.*
Weyerhaeuser Co.	*Cole & Weber, Inc.*

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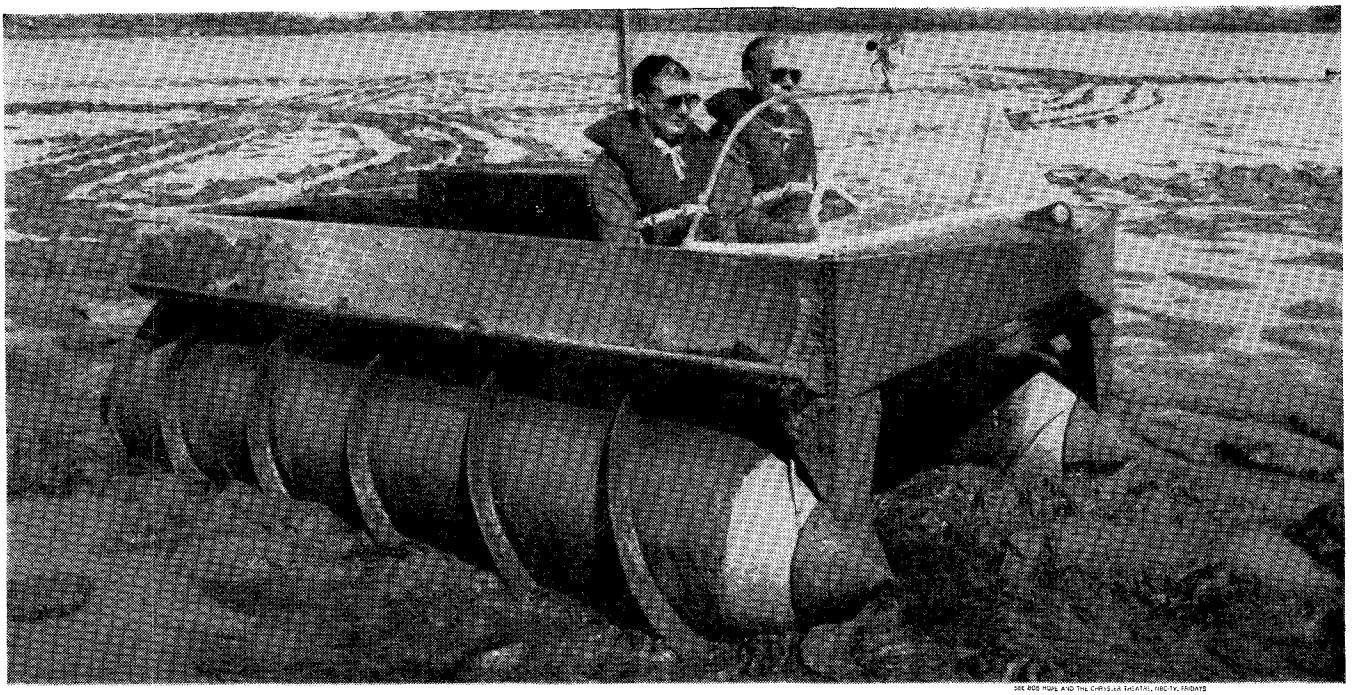

For water, mud, marsh, sludge, slosh, slough, bog, fen, morass, quagmire, snow, slush, sand, silt, muck & mire.

This is called a marsh screw amphibian.

It is a new defense vehicle designed and built for adverse terrain by Chrysler Corporation under contract to the U.S. Navy's Bureau of Ships for the Advanced Research Projects Agency, Department of Defense.

The marsh screw amphibian is thirteen feet long, eight feet wide, made of aluminum. It weighs approximately 2300 pounds and it's most at home where other vehicles are decidedly not.

Note the unusual pontoons, one on each side. Don't they look just like two giant screws? They act accordingly.

When the right pontoon rotates clockwise and the left pontoon counter-clockwise, the screws dig in and propel the vehicle forward. Reverse the action: reverse.

Simple—once Chrysler Corporation engineering took the screw principle and made it mobile.

Mobility in defense is a major consideration in modern day military planning. Chrysler contributions to this philosophy: a mobile floating assault bridge-ferry that can be transformed into a 126-foot bridge in 6 minutes. A cargo truck that can float a 2½ ton load across water or be parachuted in by air. The M-60A1 main battle tank. And the marsh screw amphibian.

And this is one more way Chrysler Corporation moves ahead, as the twelfth largest industrial business in America, with confidence in its own growth and in the future of this country.

Plymouth • Chrysler • Imperial • Dodge • Dodge Trucks • Simca • Defense and Space Products Amplex • Airtemp • Chemical Division • Marine Division • Industrial Products Division

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Leading Corporate Ad: The diversity, technical and engineering resources, and management enterprise of the Chrysler Corporation are the themes of their corporate campaign, which won an accolade from *SR*'s judges. The campaign not only dramatizes the versatility of a modern corporation and the quality of its cars and other products, but suggests tactfully that such an enterprise is a good investment with strong growth possibilities.

criticism based on suspicion of supposed motives—or on emotion."

The No. 1 campaign this year is both a continuation and extension of International Paper's original "Send Me a Man Who Reads" campaign that dramatized the personal and professional rewards of reading. The original version also was cited by *SR*, but the present theme is even more compelling. It is dedicated to correcting the disturbing fact that two-thirds of the elementary schools in the United States have no library. Research has shown that the elementary-school child needs books as much as he ever will in his life to answer the questions that are crowding his flowering consciousness. To correct this harmful shortage is in the national interest because a child who learns to read easily and intelligently at an early age through exposure to a wide choice of books is much more likely to grow into a productive adult. To this end, International Paper has prepared free kits and other tools for the guidance of citizens who have read these advertisements and have been moved to stir their communities into providing adequate school library facilities. Thus a private interest, a paper company with a direct stake in the widest use of books and printed materials, has imaginatively and effectively elected to serve the vital public interest in literate, well-read school children.

SIMILARLY, the Weyerhaeuser Company has a stake in public understanding of conservation and the new techniques of tree farming in which the company, a specialist in forest products—lumber, plywood, pulp, paper, etc., has been an innovator. The country obviously has a long-term interest in a continuing supply of timber from replenished forests. To make it possible for Weyerhaeuser and other companies to harvest profitably such a slow-maturing crop as trees—it takes sixty to eighty years to grow a Douglas fir to the point where it is

Corporate Campaigns: An alphabetical list of the winners. Because of the close voting, the number of winners was larger than usual.

Company	Agency
Allied Chemical Corporation	*Benton & Bowles, Inc.*
Armour & Co.	*Foote, Cone & Belding, Inc.*
Bell Telephone System	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Berlitz	*Gilbert Advertising Agency, Inc.*
Borg-Warner	*C. J. LaRoche & Co., Inc.*
Chrysler Corporation	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
Ford Motor Company	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
International Business Machines	*Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.*
Parke-Davis	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
Sears, Roebuck & Co.	*Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.*
Shell	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
Time-Life Books	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
Volvo	*Carl Ally, Inc.*
Westinghouse	*Ketchum, MacLeod & Grove, Inc.*

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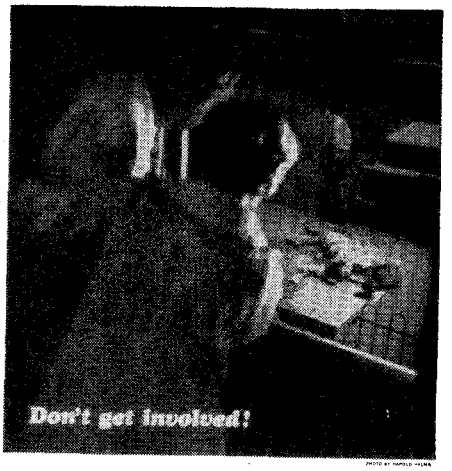


Recently, in a great city, a young woman, attacked by a man with a knife, screamed out for help. Many people heard her cries. Nobody did anything. She was killed.

More and more, we hear of acts of violence that seem so symptomatic of a great sickness of our times. But an even greater symptom of the sickness is the attitude of the onlooker. *I didn't want to get involved*, they say. Or, *It's none of my affair.*

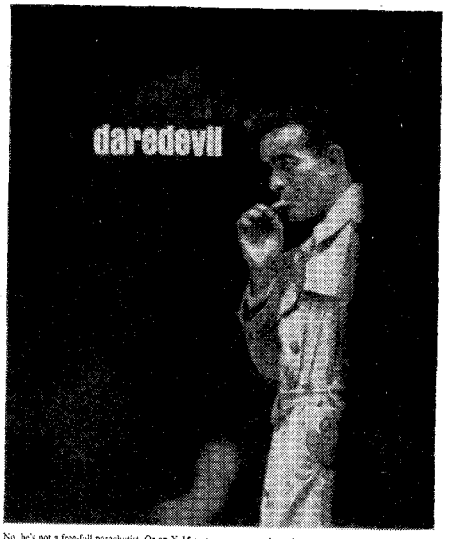
Violence feeds on inaction. Inaction is the product of fear. And fear lives where faith does not.

What's the answer? Many surprising answers are to be found where you worship. *And if you care*, the same place where your faith is built can be made a rallying point for the kind of realistic human involvement that can produce a stirring change—for the better—in your community, in the world, in your heart.

Worship this week . . . join others who, like you, *do care. And put your faith to work.*

Worship this week

RELIGION IN AMERICAN LIFE



No, he's not a free-fall parachutist. Or an X-15 test pilot. Or a stock car racer. With a wife and kids to think about, he can't afford to take chances.

But he goes on taking the *big* risk... clinging to a habit which *every day* causes 100 deaths from lung cancer and contributes to many more from coronary artery and respiratory diseases. Studies show that the death rate from lung cancer alone for cigarette smokers (one-pack-a-day or more) is 10 times higher than for nonsmokers.

Nobody says it's easy to stop. But living *that* dangerously often winds up in not living at all.

american cancer society

Special Mentions: Two distinguished campaigns for the Advertising Council, aimed at (left) preventing mental retardation and (center) strengthening the nation's religious faith as a means of making us better citizens, were among three top winners in this special category. The third (right) was an advertisement from the American Cancer Society stressing the medical evidence connecting smoking and lung cancer. Many such public service messages are created voluntarily by public-spirited advertising agencies, and then carried to the public without charge by national magazines, newspapers, and radio and television stations. Last year media contributed an estimated $240 million in space and time for such campaigns.

***SR*'s TV and Radio Citations:** There follow the details of the six television programs cited by *SR*'s judges for distinguished achievement in the public interest, plus two runners-up.

Aluminium Limited
NBC ***Profiles in Courage*** **NBC-TV**

For dramatizing and illuminating the tradition of courageous dissent in American life, showing Americans taking unpopular positions—social, economic, or political—in defense of human rights and values; for adapting and extending John F. Kennedy's book to present a wider range of men and women willing to risk their lives and careers for principle, a lesson that needs to be learned over again by each generation.

CBS ***CBS News*** ***CBS-TV & Radio***

For a season when this traditionally fine news organization provided regular exposure of Eric Sevareid's keen historical sense, wise judgment, and humor that make reporting an experience in understanding as well as enjoyment; and for penetrating, comprehensive interviews with Walter Lippmann, the sage among political commentators.

Xerox Corporation ***The Louvre*** **NBC-TV**

For a colorful, informative tour of the world's most famous art museum, a feat that provided viewers an unprecedented opportunity to sample one of the world's greatest collections; for a notable cultural experience for a mass audience, presented in outstanding color.

Bell Telephone System ***Leonard Bernstein's Concerts for Children*** **CBS-TV**

For proving that children will respond to the best in art when it is presented with taste and intelligence by a musician and conductor who is also an inspired teacher.

Kodak
RCA Victor ***Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color*** **NBC-TV**

For the continuing ability of a highly talented man to create a variety of wonderful worlds that captivate young and old alike; for a fruitful marriage of a talent and a medium that has provided unforgettable, enchanting experiences for a mass audience.

NBC, CBS, ABC ***Civil Rights Coverage*** **NBC-TV, CBS-TV, ABC-TV**

For using the power of television with conscientious concern, imagination, and reportorial courage to bring home to the American people the violent denial of basic American rights being inflicted on Negroes; especially to NBC for its programs of dramatic, uncompromising coverage of the struggle in Mississippi, Harlem, and Washington.

The runners-up were:
CBS ***Dimension*** **CBS-Radio**

For coverage and interpretation of the varied facets of the political process during a national election year that provided sophisticated understanding of parties, politicians, and politics.

Texaco, Inc. ***Opera Broadcasts*** **Selected Radio Network**

For steadfastly and without compromise bringing broadcasts of the Metropolitan Opera to a wide radio audience, thus enriching American culture through direct popular access to great music as performed by great stars.

suitable for cutting—the state and federal governments must develop prudent tax policies for tree farmers. Again, a private interest and the public interest are properly fused. All the winning campaigns deserve extended comment and analysis, but unfortunately space does not permit. Nevertheless, a few observations are in order.

THE Sears, Roebuck campaign has created a lively new identity and public awareness of a remarkable institution that in recent years had seemed to become encrusted with a dull rind of provincial stodginess. It was smart to be thrifty, but it was no longer quite so smart to shop Sears. This has been dramatically changed by a national campaign that has emphasized the quality, variety, economy, and integrity of Sears services. The result has been a marked increase in employee morale and efficiency, in customer pride, and in Sears sales. Sears has always been proud of its fair pricing, and one of the ads from

(*Continued on page* 85)

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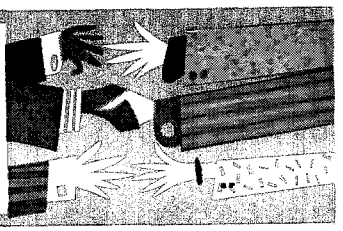
Public Relations



Behind The Cancer Crusade

IT IS POSSIBLE for a medium-sized or small corporation to operate profitably without a public relations department. Many do. But it is simply impossible for a health agency that must go to the public for funds to do without one. Invariably, a successful agency has competent people helping to develop a climate in which those who solicit funds do not meet a wall of ignorance about their work.

All seventeen voluntary national health organizations that are members of the National Health Council, as well as the many more that are not, have education and information departments. The better the organization, the more funds it raises from the public for its work, and the better the public relations policies and personnel usually are.

The American Cancer Society, one of the best in the health field, has an unusually effective public relations department. Its basic philosophy is that the organization's program comes first, for the slickest public relations cannot hide an inadequate operation. And that is the way it should be, for no organization can remain acceptable to the public for long if it lacks a sound basis of performance. That the American Cancer Society is acceptable to the public is suggested by the fact that it raises more money than any other health agency in the country (in 1964, contributions totaled $43,700,000).

In addition to developing an effective public relations program, the voluntary health agency must keep costs at rock-bottom; if it does not, there may be a loss of public respect or a suspicion that money that should go for the cause is being wasted in high costs or salaries.

For this reason, no health agency can be successful without volunteers. The paid staff is, in fact, only a nucleus around which part-time volunteers do their work. The American Cancer Society, with its fifty-nine divisions in fifty states and its 3,000 county units, has 2,000,000 volunteers. Of these, some 350,000 work on a year-round basis and the others during the fund-raising drive in April. It is worth noting that the paid personnel of the American Cancer Society total 1,901, giving a ratio of one paid employee to every 1,100 volunteers.

The Vice President for Public Education and Information is one of eleven staff officers who report directly to the executive vice president of the Cancer Society at national headquarters. Four per cent of the over-all budget of the agency is spent on public information. The department's responsibility is "developing and promoting an effective life-saving public education program and . . . preparing materials to support the program; interpreting the story of the American Cancer Society, the story of the attack on cancer through research, education, and service, developing a clear public image of the society as a vital, dynamic institution built by volunteers."

To do this, the national staff of the society's Public Education and Information Department hires only experienced media people. It is a policy that makes sense, for this operation takes "pros" as much as any other. The vice president's immediate staff has six professionals; Public Education has five; Press and Special Publications has six; Editorial Services has two; Pictures and Advertisements has three; Production has five; Film, Radio, and Television has five.

In addition, eighteen full-time public information directors are on duty in divisions throughout the country. There are also five part-time public information directors and seven others who have duties in addition to public information. Five other divisions use outside public relations firms, whose fees are lower than those charged their profit-making clients.

Guidance is provided for the Public Education and Information Department by the twenty-two-member National Public Information Committee. The committee's membership comes from advertising agencies; radio and television stations; newspaper publishing; medicine; magazines; corporate public relations; industry; and organized labor. These volunteers are as vital to the success of the Public Education and Information Department as volunteers are to the Cancer Society's fund-raising or medical policies. Full-length films, film spots for television, film strips, radio materials in English and Spanish, press kits, brochures, clip sheets, releases for national and local press, special events like bridge tournaments and sports events—all these are the responsibility of the Public Education and Information Department. In addition, news releases are prepared on research conducted under Cancer Society grants. This department also runs the annual Science Writers' Seminar, at which some forty or fifty cancer investigators meet with a like number of science writers from the wire services and national and local press for a week to discuss new developments in cancer research.

The Public Education and Information Department also develops ideas and materials on cancer and the Society for editors and writers of consumer magazines and other publications. Picture story ideas are developed and advertisements arranged for. The advertisements for the Cancer Crusade campaigns are prepared by volunteer advertising agencies. In 1962 they were done by McCann-Erickson; in 1963 by Papert, Koenig and Lois; in 1964 and this year by Kenyon and Eckhardt. Advertisements during 1964 appeared in magazines with a total circulation of 1,500,000, all space being contributed by the publications.

The Cancer Society tries to reach every possible group with its story, using all media. But it does not work blindly. Where the course of action is clear there is no need for special studies. But when there is a serious question of the best approach, polls are used and special research is undertaken. An example is the society's program to alert teen-agers to the dangers of cigarette smoking. Before it began, a full year was spent in research, working with 22,000 high school students in Portland, Oregon. Five themes were tested to find the most effective one.

Fund-raising is a highly competitive business since many causes seek public support. This is why a good public relations division is essential if a voluntary agency is to do its job effectively.

—L.L.L. GOLDEN.

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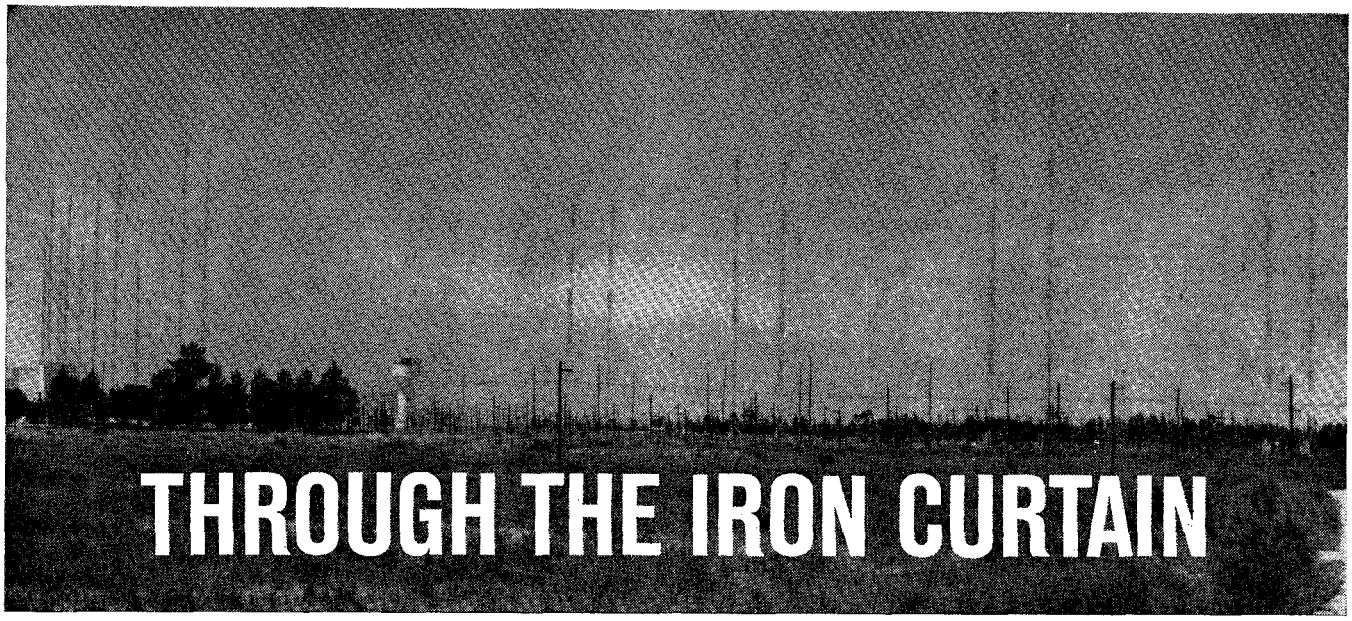

THROUGH THE IRON CURTAIN

—*Radio Free Europe.*

Radio Free Europe's transmitter at Gloria, Portugal—"news, commentary, entertainment, and artful propaganda."

By JAMES F. FIXX

ONE DAY in the summer of 1958, Rumania's Communist leaders quietly ratified a legal measure of which few Rumanian citizens were aware. It was a new penal code and it provided, among other things, that anyone found guilty of embezzling public funds or of advocating political neutrality could be punished by death. The Communist hierarchy had good reason for its secrecy. Not only were certain offenses punishable retroactively, but the new code would obviously be a more versatile political weapon if no one knew about it.

In short order, however, to the dismay of the regime, virtually everyone in Rumania did know about it, and the Communists were finally forced to admit the existence of the clandestine code.

What had gone wrong?

The answer, to no one's great surprise, lay not in Rumania but in Munich, Germany, at the headquarters of a private American broadcasting complex called Radio Free Europe. There, staff members had learned of the Rumanian penal code and had set about obtaining one of the few copies of it. Once they had the official text, they broadcast it repeatedly and, for good measure, buttressed their programing with advice from Rumanian lawyers in exile. The immediate response—and for RFE it was reward enough—was a torrent of vituperation from the Communists.

Such derring-do is all in a day's work for Radio Free Europe, a scattered organization of some 1,600 people and thirty-one transmitting stations that beams a steady diet of news, commentary, entertainment, and artful propaganda into Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Poland, and Rumania. Its stations are on the air a full eighteen hours a day (except in Rumania and Bulgaria, where the RFE broadcast day, because of insufficient technical facilities, is seven and a half hours), and there is no doubt that the effort pays off. Said one Hungarian: "You've got to listen to RFE in Hungary so you'll have something to talk about with the others in the work brigade the following day."

RFE first went on the air in 1950, not long after General Lucius D. Clay, one of its founders, had returned from Europe with a startling idea. "I came home with a firm conviction," he recalled later, "that we needed, in addition to the Voice of America, a different, broader voice, a voice of the free people, a radio which would not speak the words of government, but would speak to each country behind the Iron Curtain in its own language, and from the throats of its own leaders who had fled for their lives because of their beliefs in freedom." The first program was broadcast from a single mobile transmitter on July 4.

In the fifteen years since, despite some persistent imperfections, RFE has become one of the most sophisticated propaganda organizations in the business and has almost completely outgrown any youthful inclinations toward naïve anti-Communist polemic. ("The very worst kind of propaganda," says Alton Kastner, director of public information at RFE's New York office, "is polemical.") It puts much of its energy and funds—currently about $12,000,000 a year—into research projects designed to reveal East European attitudes and beliefs, and it frequently shifts emphasis if its findings show that a program does not mesh precisely with the interests of the country for which it is intended. Gordon Davis, RFE's program director in Munich, points out, for example, that the organization's staff has kept a close eye on the steady political evolution of Eastern Europe. "It is no longer the black-and-white situation of ten years ago," he says. "Within these shifts and changes we have therefore changed our tactics in order to remain effective, in order to wear away at Communism and to replace it not so much with a desire for self-determination—that is already there—but with the thinking and the self-examination which will lead these people to the reshaping of their own societies."

IN order to keep in close touch with East European opinion, RFE staff members monitor some fifty Communist radio stations and wire services, read every issue of 700 Communist publications, and interview several thousand East Europeans every year (last year they gathered information from no fewer than 4,700, of whom 10 per cent were refugees, the rest visitors who were traveling in the West with the permission of their governments). In addition, regular seminars are held with top East European experts to probe for changing political moods and anticipate new developments. "If we know what they're doing and saying in Eastern Europe," says Kastner, "we can rebut them effectively." At the same time, he points out that RFE seeks to do more than

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simply undermine the Communists' own propaganda in its five target countries. "We don't only condemn," he says. "We try to offer constructive criticism. Sure, we're an anti-Communist station, but we try to influence these countries to move in a more creative direction. We praise certain things, criticize others, and in general try to judge events on their merits. We've supported Rumania in its efforts to assert its independence from Moscow, we've welcomed Czech moves toward liberalization, and everywhere we've pressed for the acceptance of a more unorthodox form of Communism."

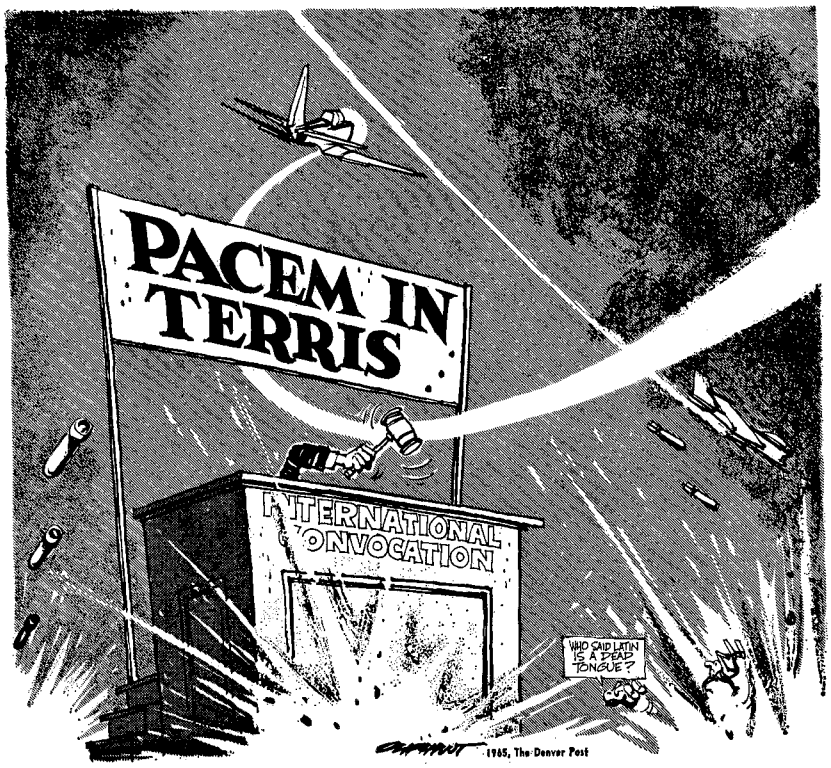
A measure of RFE's success is the steady barrage of denunciation that comes from Communist governments, a fact RFE officials point to with more than casual pride. Some time ago, for example, the Prime Minister of Bulgaria said, "One of the channels through which harmful Western influences flow is the reactionary stations transmitting to Bulgaria, including Radio Free Europe. This is the reason for the penetration of Western influence among our youth." And the Prime Minister of Poland has said, "Programs are constantly broadcast by Radio Free Europe or the BBC about the standard of living in England or the U.S. Some here are excessively impressed by these comparisons. . . ." RFE's effectiveness was further underscored not long ago when an official Communist publication in Hungary made a surprising admission. "Quite a large number of people obtain information from Radio Free Europe," it said. "We must ourselves supply political information or else Western stations will."

Still another impressive indication of RFE's impact is the pains Eastern European countries have taken to jam its stations. Although less jamming is done today than in the past (in part, no doubt, because of the massive expense), RFE is still jammed in Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Bulgaria. And it is a matter of no small interest to RFE that Czechoslovakia, which no longer bothers to jam either the Voice of America or the BBC, still does jam RFE. "We like to imagine it's because we're better," says one RFE official. He points out, however, that even at its best jamming is limited in its effectiveness: "We always get through on at least one frequency."

For RFE, getting through has taken on increasing urgency as more and more listeners have come to rely on its broadcasts. Out of a total population of 82,000,000 in its five countries, it claims that at least 20,000,000 Eastern Europeans listen regularly to RFE. In Hungary alone, 950 young people wrote letters last year to request songs to be played on a program called *Teen-ager Party*. (In none of the five countries are there any laws against listening to West-

(*Continued on page 84*)

"ORDER! . . . ORDER! . . ."



Right Time for 'Pacem in Terris'

THERE could hardly be a more appropriate time than now for a world convocation on the late Pope John XXIII's encyclical "Pacem in Terris"—peace on earth.

In Viet Nam and elsewhere, the world appears to be drifting toward bellum rather than pacem—toward war rather than peace—and the words of Pope John have become particularly relevant.

When the convocation opened Wednesday in the General Assembly Hall of the United Nations in New York, more than 2,400 international leaders were on hand to discuss the meaning and application of the late pope's message.

Vice President Hubert Humphrey reaffirmed the American dedication to the goal of peace even at a time when the United States has been drawn into reprisal attacks against North Viet Nam.

Responsible statesmen know, he said, that "perseverence in the pursuit of peace is not cowardice, but courage, that restraint in the use of force is not weakness, but wisdom."

We have no doubt that knowledge is prevalent among statesmen in the West—perhaps even in Russia. We are far less sure it is prevalent among the leaders of North Viet Nam and Red China.

IT IS well, in any case, for Western leaders to be influenced by the spirit of Pope John's encyclical even as they ponder decisions that could work against the peace on earth he sought.

Both Soviet and American leaders have acknowledged that the influence of Pope John helped to prevent the crisis in the Caribbean in 1962 from developing into world war.

Perhaps the posthumous spirit of the pope can be helpful now in averting catastrophe for a second time.

Reprinted from The Denver Post

Palmer Hoyt,
Editor and Publisher

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WHY THE MONITOR CHANGED

By ERWIN D. CANHAM, *Editor-in-Chief, Christian Science Monitor.*

THE FUTURE of daily newspapers depends, of course, on how they anticipate and meet the changing needs of readers. There are several factors, still emerging, that continue to alter the function of the daily newspaper in the last third of the century. First among them is the efficiency of the electronic media. Both radio and television can, of course, reach people with almost instant speed.

The electronic media can also cover extremely well—within certain bounds—events that are pre-scheduled. Television in particular brings vividness and color to such things as great ceremonies, sports, and public meetings. It can present personal interviews and discussion programs very effectively. Documentary programs can be excellent.

In their encounter with electronics, newspapers have tended to overestimate the prowess of their apparent rival. The news coverage that radio and TV can give must necessarily stop considerably short of what the participating citizen ought to receive. Its first handicap is that it is gone with the wind—the breathless words of summary, the fleeting image, and that is all. It must be geared to the pace of—if not the slowest—at least the average viewer and listener. He cannot retrace his steps, cannot reread, cannot say: "How's that again?"

The electronic media also have great difficulty in distributing emphasis among news items. There are no headlines. There is no distinction between page one and page twenty-seven. An item that gets two inches among the classified ads comes out verbally with much the same emphasis as the banner headline. This is a serious handicap, for one of the major functions of the news disseminator is to give the news relative emphasis.

I seek not to overstate. It is obvious that news programs on radio, some of which have now grown to considerable length, and news on television perform very real and effective services. They have large audiences, sometimes sensationally large, and the media make immense investments to provide coverage. Yet when all is said and done, the service is inadequate. There is still a major mission to be performed by the daily printed word.

Newspapers should be grateful for what radio and television have done for them. Essentially, they have forced newspapers to go beyond the mere reporting of the event. They require editors to assume that their readers have been exposed to news bulletins, and sometimes more, long before they read the paper.

Thus the newspaper must cover the news in a different way than was generally acceptable in the 1920s. It can compress its report of events into a summary. It can concentrate the ablest members of its staff on what can be described as "reporting in depth" of the situations and issues that are most important and interesting to readers.

FOR some years, pundits of the newspaper business have talked about "interpreting" the news. I think the term is dangerous. It is too close to editorializing. Newspapers need to establish a new and real distinction between the function of the reporter or correspondent and that of the columnist or editorialist.

Under the necessity of adding value to copy in the face of the electronic facts of life, too many correspondents and editors have fallen into the easy pit of "interpretation." They have become pseudo-columnists. This is quite wrong. They should remain reporters, but they should press the task of reporting more deeply and widely.

Many are doing so. Excellent investigative reporting, roundup reporting, research reporting is being done these days. That way, it seems to me, lies the major function of the newspaper. This does not mean that better coverage of the event itself—the breaking news story—should not be achieved. No matter what radio and television may have done, or how well they have done it, it will be necessary to fill in with plenty of details and facts and carefully checked data. A carefully written narrative or eye-witness story can certainly do things that cannot be accomplished ad lib by voice or lens.

Even interviews—which television can do so excellently, as evidenced in the remarkable Lippmann colloquies — are doubly interesting when printed and read and savored by the thoughtful reader. The hard work of reporting, writing, pruning, shaping, and editing printed material is all for the reader's benefit. It is an advantage that the printed medium often has exclusively.

In short, the newspaper of the present and future has enormous opportunities, some of which it owes to the so-called competition. I have been describing some of them in the field of news. In handling features—the manifold human interests of readers—there are equally great possibilities. Newspapers are working very hard, and pretty effectively, in the field of features. Sometimes I think they overdo it. They are not magazines. They must not be featurized out of their basic role of covering the news. The sugar coating on the pill must not get too thick. Nevertheless, service in fields of human living—better food, better art, better housing, livelier hobbies and recreations—are all useful to perform. And news is not all politics, crime, and passion. It covers all of life. Nor is it all sensation. Non-crime is sometimes as essential to report as crime.

Of course, newspapers must be more effectively and graphically organized. Pictorial journalism is a vital and still not adequately utilized form of coverage. The flashing image on television often needs to be studied and thought through with the printed picture. Combinations of pictures, charts, maps, diagrams, and even animated or comic-strip techniques can help to communicate ideas. We should not look down our noses at any of them.

For the role of the newspaper, after all, is simply to communicate. It is to inform, to arouse, to enrich, by communication. It must reach its reader, for nothing it prints is of any value until somebody reads it. The aids to readier communication are thus not to be ignored.

Recent changes made in the *Christian Science Monitor* are intended to respond

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to these developing demands. We have gone from the eight-column measure, which has been more or less standard on newspapers for generations, to five wider columns, still on the standard-sized sheet. We have converted from 7½-point type to 9-point. We have reduced our bare news coverage to a minimum and have deployed our staff to do the utmost in investigative and roundup reporting in depth. We have organized the use of more photographs and charts, mostly taken or prepared by ourselves.

But having said all this on behalf of "easier" reading, we recognize that the strength and service of any newspaper must depend on the power of its ideas and the hard virtues of its copy. It does no good to make it easier for readers to peruse mush. We do not forget the people of occupied nations during the last war, for example, hungrily reading the smudged sheets of the clandestine press, or the eager citizens of Warsaw today eagerly poring over the tenth-hand and tattered copy of a Western newspaper. The strength of ideas can carry its own power of typography, but this is no reason for making things deliberately hard to read.

Moreover, it is harmful to permit opinion and editorializing to taint the noble art of reporting. We recognize, of course, that most decisions in newspapers, as in life, are subjective. The mere decisions on where and how to play stories, which to cover and which to leave alone, include value judgments. Every editorial act is somewhat subjective. But there is such a thing, we think, as detachment. The journalist, we believe, may have the most profound and heated convictions of his own, but as a journalist—most of the time—he is required to stand off and look at events as objectively as human nature permits. He must be fair. He must strive to be accurate and honest. He must take care over details.

THE tragic fact is that time after time participants in a situation will feel the typical newspaper's account is a gross distortion. Things should not be as extreme as this. It is possible, more frequently, for reporters to write and papers to print accounts that will not be repudiated by those taking part in or observing them. I recognize that often the reporter's view is more accurate, but all the same we can all do better and more responsible reporting.

It is not merely radio and television that challenge the newspaper of 1965. In the United States it is the tempo of life, the dangers of an affluent and heedless society, the temptations of leisure and mere recreation, the opiates of abundant entertainment at the flick of a switch, the complexities of national and world affairs that produce alienation and frustration or escapism. And much more.

The challenge to newspapers, as to other media, is to help awaken people by informing them. The times are grave. The American position in the world is changing by the force of events, and policy has not caught up with the changes. Still less has public thought caught up with the meaning of the many forces now bearing down on our national role and well-being.

These things must be clarified, communicated. The challenge to newspapers is broad, not narrow. Facts and ideas must be identified. Boldness and vision are demanded. These are revolutionary days everywhere, and a nation once based on revolution needs to catch up with the times.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

State Change-Overs
Lame-Duck Season

Born Resents U.S. Deal

Fewer Ups and Downs
Cycles Smoothed In U.S. Economy

British Curb Drinking Drivers

'Rights' Artillery on New Fronts

The old front page

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

FOCUS on business

What's ahead...

Springing sprightly

What's next for the GOP?

Red plan, red faces

Trends...

House may draft standards
Redistricting still nags

How and why...

The new front page

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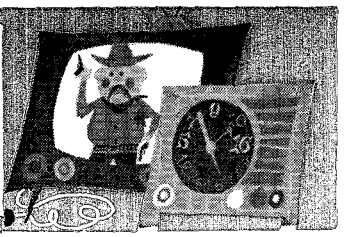
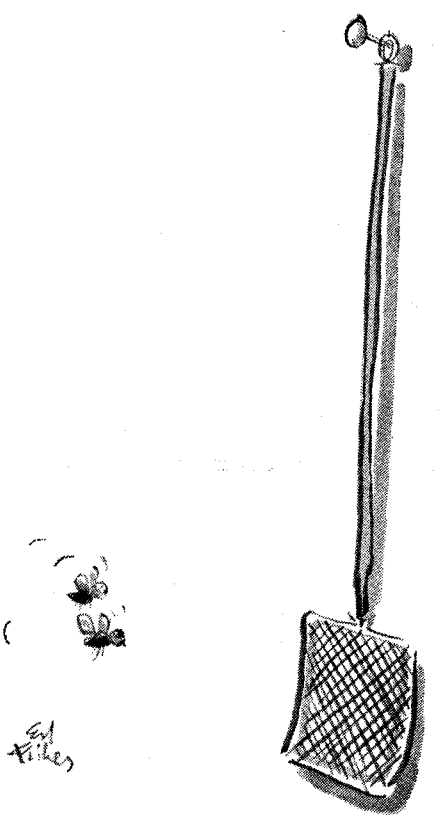


Some Black Thoughts About Color TV

By ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON

SINCE RCA's color television takeover of the United States is virtually an accomplished fact, the open question is: will it take over the world? The answer will be given by Study Group XI of the International Radio Consultative Committee (CCIR), which, as this is written, is about to meet in Vienna. The group, comprising television technical experts from thirty European nations, will try to work out an agreement on common color-television standards for Western Europe, Britain, and the USSR. Britain and many of the nations will be urging the adoption of the standards of the National Television System Committee (NTSC), developed largely by RCA and used in the United States, Canada, and Japan. France, and presumably Russia and the Soviet bloc, will seek to persuade the conference to adopt the SECAM system (Séquentiel à Mémoire) developed by Compagnie Française de Télévision. PAL (Phase Alternation by Line), a West German Telefunken system, is a third choice, but the real contest is between the American and the French color signal specifications. President Charles de Gaulle, as stubborn and persistent a combatant in a conflict of wills as RCA's own commander, General David Sarnoff, will enjoy a surprise advantage as the conference begins. Six days before the study group was to assemble, France and the Soviet Union announced in Paris that they had signed an agreement to push for the French system as the common European standard. (But the very day of the Paris announcement, nine Soviet television specialists were in New York as guests of RCA studying the NTSC system, and presumably leaning heavily in favor of its adoption in Europe.) The French-Russian color television accord must have been in preparation for some time: the timing of the announcement suggests political considerations that have nothing to do with the technical qualifications of the competing color standards.

An RCA lecture team and mobile unit demonstrated the NTSC color standards in past months in Moscow and nine other cities in eight European countries. General Sarnoff's technicians assert that the American system was clearly proved superior to the French in comparative tests. SECAM is costly, complex, and neither ready nor practical, according to RCA (Japanese experts seem to agree). Britain is said to be ready to go it alone with the American system if Study Group XI fails to adopt it. The Vienna conference may reach no agreement. Russia is reported to be eager to have color television in time for the fiftieth anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917, but no one can tell whether the Soviet Union's current trade rapprochement with de Gaulle will outweigh its desire for the best color television system. Another possibility is that some of the smaller European nations may resent the intrusion of international politics into their color television problem and strengthen their support for the RCA system. It's a crossroad situation: if the nations split, there may be no turning back from disparate systems, with the result that it will not be practical for nations on the continent—as close to each other as our states are here—to interchange their color television programs.



"You never see the one that's got your number on it."

General Sarnoff may find comfort in one thing: Even if France does cling to the French system, NBC can still send color television crews to Paris to film Gallic art treasures—as Sarnoff's men did so acceptably when they produced the hour-long documentary on *The Louvre*.

This color television special, and others like it in the last twelve months (presented mostly by NBC), helped to push RCA color over the top in the United States. Suddenly people were talking color everywhere. Magazines and newspapers were printing articles on television's "new dimension." "Momentum" and "breakthrough" were words widely used. "Tinting up" has become a key phrase, "color is busting out" another. Like early crocuses under snow, color TV's potential has been there for some time. General Sarnoff said many years ago that he, and he alone, would bring color television to the American people (as he said he, and he alone, did with black and white TV). The general is right, apparently, for the second time. As with the launching of the monochrome system, he received little help from other sectors of the television industry until his sale-of-sets steamroller was in second gear. Since 1954, when RCA began turning out its first color TV sets for sale, the going has been rough and slow. The trade calls it "the chicken and egg problem." To sell sets you must have programs, and to have programs you must have sets in circulation. Consumers waited for the high price of color television receivers to come down; they waited for the RCA engineers to get the bugs out of intricate circuits.

Then, quite dramatically for volume-calculators, color TV turned its corner. A few figures suggest the leap. In 1963 there was no reliable count of color TV sets in use, but the U.S. Census Bureau reported that 747,000 color sets had been sold that year, and the national total in use was estimated at fewer than 1,000,000. In 1964, the first year the industry kept official figures, 1,367,000 sets were sold, for a total retail volume of $785,000,000. NBC estimated that at the end of 1964 there were 2,860,000 sets in use. RCA predicts that in 1965 2,200,000 color TV sets will be sold, at a dollar retail value of $1.2 billion (average retail price: $525). Compare this figure with total black-and-white sets expected to be sold and you get a clearer idea of color TV's velocity. RCA expects the sale of 7,250,000 black-and-white sets during 1965, for a total retail value of $1.1 billion (average price: $150). Thus, this year for the first time, the American consumer will spend more money for color TV sets than for black-and-white. One out of every four sets

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Riders rest their mounts at Qu'Appelle Valley, Saskatchewan.

Head north. Go where toll-free, uncrowded modern highways lead to spectacular sights, sophisticated cities and unspoiled places. Fish, sail, swim in warm fresh-water lakes. Scheduled rail, air and bus travel is always close by. No passports needed. This is Canada. Friendly. Inviting. Exciting. And so close to home. Modern resorts, family accommodation, lodges, motels are everywhere. So is the fun. Mail this coupon for your free Canadian Vacation Package, today.

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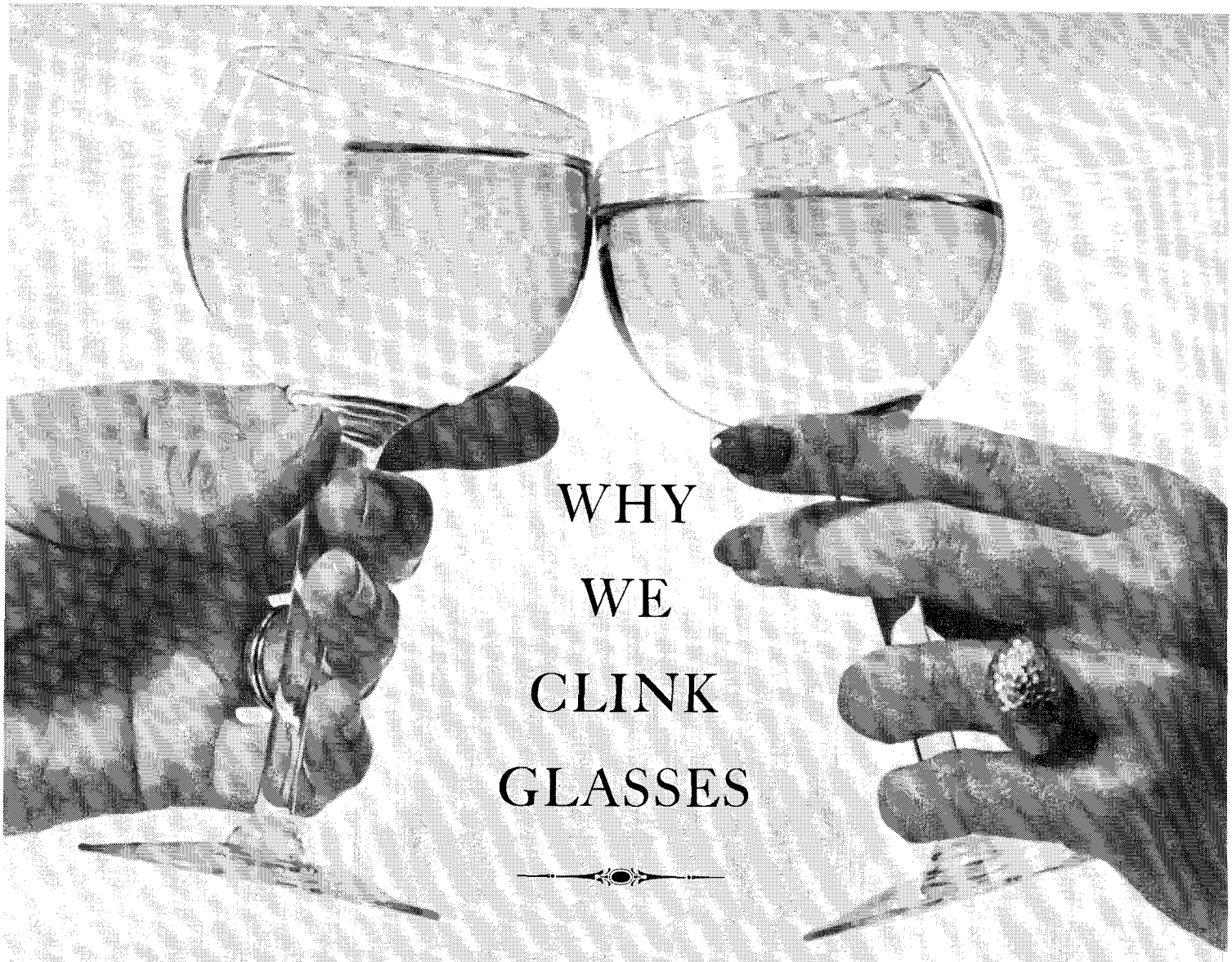

WHY WE CLINK GLASSES

BEFORE we start, lest you think that this is just about clinking our Paul Masson Riesling, perhaps we ought to explain that the reason its label is down below is because we didn't have room for the labels of all thirteen Paul Masson table wines. We had to settle for one; no particular reason.

Now, as to why people clink glasses before they drink wine. We have recently learned that it was the Greeks who started it, which came as somewhat of a surprise since we had never thought of there even *being* glasses that long ago. Perhaps it was goblets?

In any event, they started the custom for an appealing, attractive, and symmetrical reason: so that the drinking of wine would satisfy *all* the senses.

The flavor of wine satisfies the taste, the bouquet of wine pleases the nose, the limpid color of wine entrances the eye, and the feel of wine on the tongue fulfills the touch. Only the ear is left unappeased.

And that is why we clink glasses; to make a glad sound.*

Isn't that a nice piece of information? If you'd like some others (such as further details on the thirteen wines we allude to at the left) we'll be happy to send you edifying information along with the actual labels from each of the thirteen so you'll know what to look for next time you go to the wine store or your favorite restaurant.

The more perceptive will note that the glasses above are too full for either good wine tasting or good clinking; two-thirds is optimum. About his wedding ring, honi soit qui mal y pense.

Please write: PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS, DEPT. C, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA (and please visit—it's an hour south of San Francisco) ©1964

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bought in 1965 will be a color receiver.

A major factor in this sales phenomenon, of course, is the saturation of the market with black-and-white sets. Two and even three monochrome receivers clutter many homes. One reason is that profits on color sales were, for a long time, low for retailers, and prospective color customer would be persuaded to buy two cheaper black-and-white sets. Color maintenance, too, was a headache that dealers wished to avoid. Then other tube manufacturers entered the market —Zenith, Admiral, Philco, and Sylvania. Prices became competitive; smaller sets, without decorative cabinets, could be purchased at $300 or $400. RCA is currently saying that color prices can never be as low as black-and-white. One network executive I talked with said this was not true. RCA, he asserted, is naturally interested in recovering its massive research and development costs before it breaks the price barrier.

ENGINEERING improvements in color TV have also contributed to consumer acceptance. Swivel and roll-around models are being marketed, where formerly sets could not be moved without causing magnetic disturbances that upset the delicate balance among the basic red, green, and blue components, thus deteriorating the colors. Following such a set breakdown, a television repairman would come to a home and wave a magnet in front of the tube, demagnetizing it. Now RCA sets include an Automatic Color Purifier that demagnetizes the picture tube each time the set is turned on. Buyers are placing orders for a new 25-inch rectangular tube that allows for smaller cabinets. The present 21-inch round shadow-mask tube, the industry standard for ten years, bulks its tail between cabinet and wall. Smaller tubes, 23-inch and 19-inch, will soon be coming off assembly lines. Improvements at the transmitting end also promise to make color TV more satisfactory. Set owners have found black-and-white programs fuzzy when received on color equipment. To overcome this, RCA has demonstrated a new TK-42 live color camera, which adds a monochrome channel to the red, green, and blue channels found in conventional cameras. Designers anticipate that it will provide a crisper black-and-white picture while improving color detail "in the same way that the black plate enriches the three-color image in color process printing."

Last November the American Research Bureau conducted a color study that reflected color TV's acceleration. Surveying a national sample of 4,546 color TV homes, the ARB found the obvious—namely, that people who have color TV sets prefer watching color programs to black-and-white shows. NBC, which broadcasts more color than the other networks, enjoyed an 80 per cent audience increase in color TV homes over a matched sample of black-and-white homes. The novelty factor was present, as might be expected. People who had their sets a longer time watched color TV slightly less than the newcomers, but the meaning of the spectrum on the tube was clear for all to read. Color was America's new television kick. The all-important Nielsen figures last November had not reflected the precise percentage of color TV homes in the sample mix; if it had done so, NBC would have added .2 of a point to its 19.4 (which tied with CBS), giving it a small but definite lead. Taking the bit in its teeth, NBC announced that 96 per cent of its next year's television schedule would be in color. ABC, which had been toying with color for three years, promptly followed with the announcement that color would add up to 25 per cent of its schedule next season. CBS announced a figure for next year of 15 per cent color (Danny Kaye, Red Skelton, and the network's Thursday color movies), although the figure may be higher before the new season actually begins.

NBC is trumpeting color loud and clear. ABC and CBS grudgingly admit that color's dominance is inevitable, but point out that it's a long way from the 8,000,000 color TV homes expected by 1968 to the 55,000,000 black-and-white. The fact is that NBC has found a distinct competitive advantage in color, and the other networks will strive to close the gap as fast as they are able. What, of course, makes the job difficult is cost. Color TV programs and transmission are more expensive than monochrome; and RCA-NBC, now interested primarily in set penetration, is absorbing all extra costs instead of passing them on to advertisers. The other networks, on the other hand, are passing their costs along. All rate cards will go higher, it is expected, when color sets saturate the market as black-and-white now does. Advertisers generally seem willing to pay the higher color tariff, expecting to offset it by greater volume of sales.

THE magic key to the sales bonanza is "impact." Everyone is bullish about the power of color in commercials. Certain sponsors (autos, foods, fabrics) are almost ecstatic about color's powers of persuasion. All are worried lest their black-and-white commercials suffer by contrast with color ads that precede and follow. Though color commercials cost 25 per cent more than black-and-white messages, color is undoubtedly the sponsor's wave of the future. Program packagers perforce must also switch to color, thinking, as they must, of the residual rights they hope to be earning five and ten years from now when black-and-white programs may confront an impassable color bar on television. Even local stations are tooling up for color, particularly for sports events—some even for news broadcasts. There is vague talk of color enriching the esthetic consciousness of the nation, affecting our decor and design, but similar things were said when black-and-white television first made its bow. A look at the substance of next season's schedules offers no glint of any non-technological breakthrough. The world may look pleasanter on color television, but from all indications it will hardly be more significant.

"Elephants? In the Alps mountains? Marius, you've been at the wine stores again!"

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Iron Curtain

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ern radio stations, though there are restrictions on disseminating anti-regime information.) And RFE is fond of quoting from its listener mail as evidence of its broadcasts' importance to East Europeans. A Polish listener said, for example: "RFE's influence in Poland is great; even those who do not listen hear about its programs from others. If I am unable to listen on a certain day, I learn about the latest news and commentaries at the office. Wherever people meet, you can hear them discussing what you said." And a Bulgarian listener commented: "Your news from all over the West is for us like a sun which breathes warmth into our dreary lives."

The invariable nucleus of RFE programing is its ten-minute hourly newscast, which is likely to concentrate heavily on internal Eastern European affairs. An effort is made to keep newscasts objective; political commentary is reserved for the period, brief or extended as the occasion requires, following the news. Other programs, many of them totally nonpolitical, bring listeners information about such subjects as medicine and farming, and there is a steady emphasis on developments in the West, on religion, and on music (including that of the Beatles).

Some 85 per cent of programing is prepared at RFE's Munich headquarters, the rest in New York. Currently being put together in New York is a series of long interviews with leading Americans that will be translated, taped, and shipped to Europe for broadcast. (John Steinbeck and former President Truman were among the first to agree to participate.) Some disc jockey programs are also taped in this country, but all news broadcasts are written on the spot in Europe.

RFE attributes much of its apparent success to the presence on its staff of some 400 exiles from Eastern Europe. While it does not, as a matter of policy, urge escapes or defections, it attracts many refugee job-seekers, and some of them prove to be valuable acquisitions. Not only are East Europeans the only people who, because of language, can actually make broadcasts, but they often bring with them important information about attitudes behind the Iron Curtain. For its programing to Czechoslovakia, for example, where efforts are currently being made to appeal to more young intellectuals, RFE recently hired two Czech defectors in their middle twenties. "We're trying to get more young people into the operation, and these two fitted right in with our plans," says Kastner.

But whatever its successes, RFE is not entirely free of problems, and it has on more than one occasion found itself smarting from criticism. One problem, readily admitted by top RFE officials, is that the Communist radio stations within its target countries are themselves becoming more skilled at attracting listeners. "The competition has increased in recent years as the Communist radio has grown more sophisticated," one RFE executive said the other day. "And the interesting thing is that it has often done so by imitating Radio Free Europe." Television has also made some modest beginnings in Eastern Europe, but RFE says there is still no evidence that it has lured away any significant number of listeners.

Another problem, and one that seems to defy any permanent solution, is that of staying aware of the real mood inside Eastern Europe. Although the task has become somewhat easier as a result of the increasing travel of recent years, RFE staff members are endlessly nagged by the fact that what was true of a country yesterday may be totally changed today. "It's a continual imperfection in our type of operation," one official said recently. And a former East European specialist for RFE put it even more strongly: "The new generation couldn't care less what some of these guys are saying. Some of the RFE people haven't been in their countries in over twenty years; they can't even speak the language the way it's spoken now." He told of one Pole who had been in the United States since 1945 and admitted that he had spoken English for so long that his Polish had become rusty. "But he was still broadcasting," said the former RFE staffer. "In many ways it's a very haphazard operation."

But perhaps the most serious criticism of RFE came in 1956 at the time of the Hungarian uprising, when the belief was widely held that the radio station had encouraged the revolution by letting the Freedom Fighters think they could count on Western support. Investigation later showed no specific evidence to support the belief, but by that time the allegation had long since done its damage.

And there have also been persistent murmurings, most recently in the book *The Invisible Government*, by David Wise and Thomas B. Ross, about a possible link between RFE and the Central Intelligence Agency. RFE denies, of course, that any such link exists.

Despite criticism, however, there is no doubt that RFE can point to some solid accomplishments. In Berlin, when Communists tried to persuade East Europeans that the people of East Berlin welcomed the Berlin Wall, RFE was quick to label it a symbol of Communist failure. In Moscow, when Nikita Khrushchev made his celebrated denunciation of Stalin at the Twentieth Party Congress, RFE repeated the speech—which had been intended for only a handful of the party élite—day after day, broadcasting with such power that anyone with so much as a crude crystal set could hear it. And in Bulgaria, when African students demonstrated against the Communist regime in 1963, RFE quickly went on the air with the news—despite strenuous efforts to suppress it.

As one Czech said, "I listen to Radio Free Europe because I want to be truthfully informed, but mainly because I want to feel encouraged. It is only because of RFE that people in my country still maintain some hope and do not despair." And another East European said simply: "Radio Free Europe is for me a voice of the free world, and I want to be free."

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Public Dialogue

Continued from page 74

its current campaign that attracted the favorable attention of *SR*'s judges was devoted to an exposure of deceptive pricing terminology and practices. The consumer was served and confidence in Sears was enhanced, a case history for wise public-interest advertising.

Again, International Business Machines, in its prize-winning corporate campaign, has told a series of stories about social betterment and scientific advance through the use of the company's celebrated computers. A recent ad reported how a new computer-controlled machine, created by IBM, cut the time for translating books into Braille from a task of months for individual experts to a matter of a few days. As a result, the severely limited supply of books heretofore available for the blind has been enormously and economically expanded. The established technical and corporate leadership of IBM in the increasingly competitive field of computers was also reinforced by an image of enlightened use of science in the aid of man, by the humanizing of an impersonal technology, and by a sense of imaginative, resourceful management.

WITH the federal drug investigation closed, a number of leaders in the pharmaceutical industry decided to tell through advertising the positive story of their industry. The result has been a campaign to present the skills, techniques, and resources that the drug companies bring to bear in manufacturing vaccines and all sorts of modern drugs to protect the public's health and reduce the cost of illness. One of these ads cited by *SR* discussed how the mass manufacture of vaccines offers hope that the creative research of doctors Enders, Salk, and Sabin may eventually eliminate polio entirely because the vaccines have now been made available at low cost to millions of people here and abroad. It is now up to all members of the drug industry to make this compassionate image a complete reality through fulfillment of their tremendous responsibility to the public's health and purse. The moral as well as the message is clear.

All the winning campaigns deserve careful consideration by thoughtful readers, for the public should participate in this dialogue, in order to better understand the extraordinary diversity of resources and dedicated individuals that the best of business leadership brings to the service of our common public interest. Both the critics and champions of advertising and business are quick to cry havoc. Perhaps a quickened sense of responsible judgment, based on facts rather than prejudice, would be valuable on both sides of this recurrent debate.

Philosopher Alfred North Whitehead once said that "a great society is a society in which its men of business think greatly of their functions." President Johnson has committed himself to the Great Society in which public officials will have to think greatly of their functions. Neither society can truly be achieved, however, unless the public, along with our leaders of government and business, is prepared to think greatly about our unique economy.

Many of the award-winning campaigns represent a public dialogue through which private enterprise responsibly seeks to communicate a commitment to the good society. An enlightened public, responsive to the message, can reward the private interest of those who serve the public interest, even as the public can also punish disservice. Public-interest advertising at its best can stimulate a useful discourse between these private corporate voices and the American public on behalf of fulfilling the ultimate promise of what Vice President Humphrey called the "most humane system in the world . . . [with] the greatest sense of justice of any economic system."

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Chinese Village

Continued from page 26

each other. That winter I opened a winter school. We helped the women to make shoes and clothes and to improve their agricultural tools. We gave them lessons in feeding poultry and in spinning. We had discussions after the lessons.

The first time we women took part as a group in an open discussion at the party meetings Li Ying-teh, who is an old man, said, "We should not listen to women when it is a question of serious business." But my brother, Li Hai-tsai, replied to this, "Why shouldn't we listen to the women? Every other Chinese is a woman. They have a lot of sense."

We won. Gradually the others were voted down and persuaded and got to agree. I was elected a member of the committee of the East Shines Red Higher Agricultural Cooperative. Besides this, I had three children. We wanted to have three children.

I joined the party in 1955. In the winter of 1959-60 I sent a proposal in to the committee of the party association for setting up a special women's committee. My proposal got a majority of votes and went through. Ma Ping and I were elected Liu Ying's representatives in the group.

The party group for women's work has five tasks: 1) To organize women to take an active part in production; 2) to spread literacy among women and get them to study and take an interest in social questions; 3) to help them do their domestic work effectively and economically, to help them when any economic problem arises in their family; 4) to teach them personal and public hygiene; 5) to give help and advice on marriage. We go to see the women who are pregnant and talk with them about what to do in their pregnancy. We tell the women to let themselves be examined regularly and follow the doctor's advice. We instruct them in birth control.

In certain families with lots of children, the women would like birth control, but not their husbands. In those families the husbands say, "There's not going to be any family planning here!" Then we women go to them and try to talk sense into them. We say, "Look how many children you have. Your wife looks after the household and sees to all the children and she makes shoes and clothes for both you and the children, but you don't think of all she has to do or of her health, but just make her with child again and again. Wait now for three or four years. Then you can have more if you want." No husband has yet managed to stand out for any length of time.

Since 1958 we have also established a children's day nursery and a collective dining hall. These are used in the busiest of the harvest season, when it is important that as many as possible work, and so the women have to be relieved of their domestic work for a time. The women who are pregnant and the old ones with small, crippled feet do the work in the day nursery and the collective dining hall. All the others are out in the fields. It works very well. In that way the women earn money. Neither the day nursery nor the collective dining hall is free. But the labor brigade contributes a certain share of the cost. This, too, was discussed and decided at a meeting of the representatives. Every child who spends a month in the day nursery entails a cost of thirty work points, that is to say three days' work. Of this the child's family pays fifteen work points and the labor brigade fifteen. The collective dining hall serves three meals a day. For these, those who eat there pay seven or eight work points a month and the labor brigade pays three.

That's how we women work in Liu Ling Labor Brigade. We are making progress all the time. Every year the labor brigade chooses a few merit workers. They are given various prizes as a token of appreciation. I have had a pair of socks, a fountain pen, a hoe, some notebooks, and some diplomas. In 1960 the women elected me their delegate to a conference of merit workers that was being held down in Sian. They did that because I had taught them to read and write. I was very touched by it.

LI SHANG-WA, AGE 16: Actually, I would have liked to go on studying, but as my mother is dead I had to start working in the household instead. We have a pig and two goats; I look after those. But we have no hens or chickens. I like cooking and I look after my small brothers and sisters. Although, really, I would have liked to go to Yenan Middle School. Just now I'm laying down turnips and lotus for the winter.

I haven't joined the League of Youth, and I'm too old for the pioneers now that I've left school. I like singing and usually sing to myself all the songs that my teacher, Kou, taught me. I go into Yenan to shop and to go to the cinema once a week. I like adventure films best and war films and films about heroes. I like reading and I read different children's books. Both where films and books are concerned, I prefer those books and films that improve my morale and enhance my quality.

I don't like opera. I don't understand about the operas. Everything in operas is all so peculiar. I like the song-and-dance shows. I often go to the school in order to be able to sing with my schoolmates.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

The New Fall River Line—*Cellini*

THE SAGA of Lizzie Borden, celebrated in song, story, and ballet, reached its predestined place on the operatic stage with the production by the New York City Opera of Jack Beeson's treatment, which properly bears the name of its celebrated protagonist as title. For all the efforts of such predecessors as Edmund Pearson, Alexander Woolcott, and Edward D. Radin, who verbalized it, and Morton Gould and Agnes de Mille, who activated it as a ballet, only the suspension of credibility that goes into opera enables the enterprise of Miss Borden to be placed in a proper perspective.

According to the old, historic Fall River view, there was reasonable doubt of her guilt, and Miss Borden was acquitted. According to the new Fall River line advanced by librettist Kenward Elmslie (working with a scenario by Richard Plaut), there is no doubt that Miss Borden delivered each of the forty whacks required to dispose of her stepmother, and then made it forty and one for her father. They do not presume to say how she could have been acquitted, but they do presume to provide her with a series of motivations. These range from hatred of her stepmother (Abigail) and veneration of her dead mother (Evangeline) to a more than daughterly attachment to her father, Andrew. To serve the needs of their plot, they have inverted Lizzie's relationship to her sister Margaret, making her an older spinster type disturbed by her younger sister's imminent marriage.

In so doing, they have perhaps strained the liberty that goes with poetic license. It is permissible to edge the circumstances toward a contemporary parallel with Electra (allowing for a change of sex in the surviving parent). And the Freudian undercurrent may be termed acceptable if not inevitable. The question is, however, whether the alignment of characters that produces three of each sex in the principal parts serves dramatic truth as much as it does theatrical convenience. Neat and tidy as it is, the formulation by which the Brenda Lewis-type Lizzie (played, surprisingly, by Brenda Lewis) is pitted against the flighty former housemaid Abigail (saucily performed by Ellen Faull), with a romantic young sister (Anne Elgar), a testy father (Herbert Beattie), and a properly attractive sea captain (Richard Fredericks) to balance, tends to beg the dramatic question rather than answer it.

Thus scaled down, the issue of this treatment is not so much "Who is Lizzie, what is she?" as how far Beeson has progressed since his treatment of William Saroyan's *Hello Out There* introduced him to prominence through a Columbia University Workshop production in 1953. His treatment of the libretto is far more secure in workmanship, much better balanced in its interweaving of vocal and instrumental values. As suits an explosive story with a predestined blood bath, he sometimes writes explosively for the orchestra. However, if the text cannot always be understood, it is more the fault of the performers than the lines they are given to sing.

Also impressive in Beeson's compact score (two and a half hours, with intermissions) are the ease and naturalness with which he balances ensembles with solos, and leads an aria into a trio and quartet. There is a rising line of interest from a neutral beginning to the second-act curtain on an extended monologue, in which Lizzie's intentions crystalize, to the second scene of Act III, in which the ax (scimitar) falls. If the ending episode is anticlimactic, it serves to share the secret that Lizzie does come back to her house and live on. It also enables Beeson to weave the sound of children chanting the refrain of "Lizzie Borden took an ax" into the final curtain fall.

Intermittently it is evident that Beeson's true gift—as exemplified by a duet of Lizzie and Margaret, an attractive take-off of a French chanson sung by Abigail, and the exchanges of the younger sister and the sea captain she marries against the objections of her father—is more for the lyric quality of *Hello Out There* than for the macabre demands of Lizzie Borden's ax and whacks. In dealing with the former, he is securely on his own; when he needs the thrust for the latter, he inclines to procedures derived from Berg's *Wozzeck* and Britten's *Turn of the Screw*. If he could combine the workmanship of this score (in which the orchestra is often imaginatively employed) with a subject that would relate more closely to his own strong feeling for melodic line, something distinguished might emerge.

As noted, Miss Lewis has a role of the sort she virtually invented at the City Center in Blitzstein's *Regina* and does it with all the pride of proprietorship. The allusion to that work comes almost inevitably because she was associated then (as Birdie) with the same Miss Faull, who has a singular facility for making an implausible character almost believable. Miss Elgar has the sweetness of sound to support the character attributed to her by the libretto, and Fredericks was well chosen to impersonate her suitor, Captain Jason MacFarlane. Beattie didn't get out all the lines as well as the women did, but he contrived to give the uncertain character of Andrew Borden a recognizable profile. Richard Krause suited well the requirements for Reverend Harrington.

Short of writing a work that would probe deeper into Lizzie Borden's character, director Julius Rudel did everything possible to make this one meaningful. In adding to the able cast the talents of Anton Coppola, who made his City Center debut as conductor, Nikos Psacharopoulos, who staged it persuasively, and Peter Wexler, who provided an atmospheric setting (the costumes were by Patton Campbell), Rudel showed an aptitude for assembling an effective producing group whether he was a performing part of it or not.

THE most astonishing thing about the concert performance of Berlioz's *Benvenuto Cellini* in Philharmonic Hall under the direction of Thomas Scherman was the contention that this was its American premiere. It seems hardly possible that, in a dozen decades, no prior group has presented, with or without staging, a reputable work of so celebrated a master as Berlioz. But there it was, and so it is recorded.

However, one is more inclined to question the curiosity than the judgment of those who have left this stone unturned. The best music in the score turns out to be those parts with which music lovers are already familiar—the swaggering overture that bears the name of the hero, and the concert piece familiar as *Carnival romain*, of which a vocal-ensemble version appears late in Act II. These are brilliant examples of Berlioz's unfettered imagination, and they are good to hear at any time.

As for the vocal solos and ensembles that carry the tale of Cellini on the verge of completing his Perseus against the competition of a love affair, an order of the Pope, a carnival, and sundry subsidiary plots, they tend too often to be true to the measure of Berlioz as a composer who almost always wrote instrumentally, whether for French horn or French tenor. There are a number of exceptions, of course, in *La Damnation*, in *Nuits d'Eté*, and especially in *Roméo*, but *Benvenuto Cellini* is full of inventions that would sound better from a clarinet than from a soprano. Young Mary Munroe demonstrated an uncommon capacity for articulation in getting around the first-act scene for Teresa, as

(*Continued on page* 93)

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New Songs Unto the Lord

By NORMAN O'CONNOR, C.S.P.

THE muddle liturgical music is in today may have other roots, but certainly one cause for it all must date back to that character in history who staked out a claim for religious music as something clear and distinct from secular music. Who he was is not our concern. What he did is what is disturbing, for he produced generations of musicians who somehow or other thought that there was a peculiar mold into which music had to be poured before it was worthy to be played and sung before the altar of God. No one has ever decided just what the mold was, even though some worthy minds felt they had the wisdom sufficient to untangle what was secular from what was sacred by the words, or by certain harmonies that had a worldly cry to them, or by the fact that these melodies had been used in a theater.

What is involved here is not only a bad case of esthetics but even more an immense case of pride that a commission of men, most of whom were not composers or musicians, would have the boldness to decide what was religious on the basis that an obviously religious word occurred somewhere in the lyric or the musical content was not offensive. (This meant usually, at least in our times, no syncopation and brass coloring.)

By such primitively cruel standards a man, thoroughly involved in his music and motivated by a sense of God that would make men in Roman collars retire in embarrassment, was sometimes not permitted to contribute to the liturgy. For if the music in some fashion had a feeling to it that generated a secular notion, it was forbidden to be played in a church.

What was the result of this disheartening separation of the secular from the religious? It was that religion had only one choice—it had to turn back to tradition and the historic cry of the psalmist had to go unanswered: "Sing unto the Lord a new song; sing praises lustily unto Him with a good courage."

The Roman Catholic community proceeded to bury its plumed head in the splendors of Gregorian chant. This was an easy task to perform, since the lean melodies of a thousand years ago have an attractiveness that is enticing. But, then, the wealth of modern music, whether it was popular or classical, was necessarily outside the realm of the acceptable because it didn't meet the standard set by a lonely monk of another world. Occasionally a name from another generation entered the arena of the acceptable because he did use the sacred texts of the Mass. Thereby hangs another tale because sacred created its opposite, which is called profane. This meant that the composer for choral works had to use the Latin texts or, now, the English. Thus, to be religious, he had to use such texts as "Sing onto the Lord a new song; sing praises lustily onto Him with a good courage."

There is nothing wrong with the translation except that we don't speak our lines to God in that fashion. We don't even do it in a newer version that reads "Sing to Him a new song: pluck the strings skilfully, with shouts of gladness."

THE Protestant community wasn't occupying a better set of musical chairs. Tradition was again the key, and hymns by John Wesley and Martin Luther were acceptable because you couldn't go wrong with those two creators. You almost wondered if God could have done any better. But in so accepting the acceptable, the Protestant world ignored the advice of John Wesley himself when he wrote:

> Sing All: as frequently as you can; if it be a cross to you, take it up and you will find it a blessing;
>
> Sing lustily: and with a good courage;
>
> Sing modestly: do not bawl, but strive to unite your voices together, so as to make one clear harmonious sound;
>
> Sing in time: whatever tune is sung, be sure to keep with it;
>
> Sing spiritually: have an eye to God in every word you sing; aim at pleasing Him more than yourself.

The Englishman, founder of Methodism, was a wise man but his followers must not have read his text for whatever Sunday this might have been. His words speak never about the secular or the profane, the religious and sacred.

The performance of music in the Jewish tradition suffered the same treatment, as religion seeks continuously to drive the world out of the sanctuary, all the time forgetting that its purpose was to rescue man, fallen or not, from the woe that besets him inside and out. Song and music are to be as much a part of man as the signs and symbols that had obvious religious meaning.

But there is a change in the wind and someday soon sense and balance will overcome.

Two samples of the wind that is blowing up are here before us. One is the Mass that was written for the Anglican liturgy by a priest of the Church of England, Geoffrey Beaumont. The album is called the Twentieth Century Folk Mass, and the performance on Fiesta Records is by Frank Weir and His Concert Orchestra and the Peter Knight Singers. The record is dated 1957 and the Mass has been used many times in this country. Fiesta has just reissued it.

Father Beaumont's inspiration for the Mass apparently came during his service as a chaplain in World War II. His soldiers wanted hymns and Masses in an idiom that they could not only understand but that they could sing. The chaplain started borrowing popular tunes to which he would put lyrics taken from traditional hymns and in a short time their success indicated that much more could be done. Thus the Folk Mass.

The liner notes indicate that Father Beaumont's attempt at placing the lyrics of the Anglican liturgy into this popular framework is the first since the days of John Merbecke, who "in 1550 set the newly translated English Mass to music full of Tudor melodies and rhythms—popular music." Father Beaumont goes on to say that he defines "folk music" as the normal, everyday popular melodies and rhythms enjoyed and understood by the majority of men and women in Britain today. "It is a part of their cultural background, the music that heightens the dramas they watch in cinemas or on television, the idiom that expresses their sentiments and emotions. To use this idiom is to go back to days when 'religion' and 'life' were merely aspects of the same social existence."

What is the result? Interesting and charming but hardly substantial or fine. What does that mean? Just this. Father Beaumont fell into the trap that assumes that the strength of popular music rests in that rather bland commodity that we hear on too many fine music stations—the music with a lyrical quality to it that is a shadow of early Rogers and Hammerstein, a rhythmic beat to it that connotes Ellington, and a harmonic color that suggests Gershwin—but in reality the composition never carries the weight of any of these men.

The amateur seldom grasps from his model what it is that made it so successful. He thinks only that imitation somehow will turn the same trick. Make an exact copy and the same results will be achieved. But, he doesn't understand

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the model. Father Beaumont falls into this error. Melodies that sound like Rodgers and Hammerstein; a choral group that sounds like that of Robert Wagner; soloists that could be John Raitt and Florence Henderson but aren't. Put them all together and do they spell popular music adequate to the needs of the soldiers and the people of Britain? They don't.

The reason that the popular music of America communicates with the world (and that notion of communication is one that church members and composers together might ponder, because at the moment few of them are achieving it) is that hidden in its innards are strengths that the world recognizes even though at times it may not in the least know the sources that created the strengths. First, there is an acceptance of the world for what it is. (This is one of the charms of the Beatles.) Second, the rhythmic impact of the music reflects the strident, jerky world we live in, which each day becomes more alive with noise and rhythms. Third, the worthwhile lyrics that come at us from the likes of a Woody Guthrie or a Leadbelly have a reality that the popular audience understands. Fourth, the spontaneity of the singer and composer as he works in the idioms of the cowboy, the gypsy, the Irish man, the rhythm and blues singer has a liveness to it that Palestrina may never have had. Certainly he has never had it in recent times. These men are involved in life in our time.

The temptation that exists then, for the composer faced with the needs of liturgy and its desire to relate to the popular scene, is to dive for the least common denominator—which is not where the audience is at all. Thus the addition of a brass ensemble and percussion to the crowded organ loft will hardly achieve too much more than shock and smiles if the music these instruments are to play has no more content to it than the last rock-'n'-roll tune played by the same men the preceding night at a dance in the church basement.

What the composer has to seek out is the depth that flows in a line from Armstrong to a Rod Levitt, from a Leadbelly to a Dylan, from an Ellington to a Mingus, from a Gershwin to a Lalo Shiffrin.

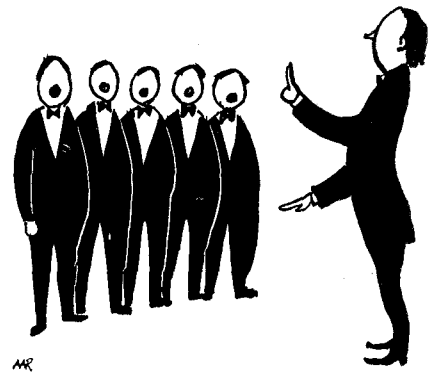
What accentuates the problem, but in a positive way, is that there is a shift of emphasis in the liturgies from the old concept of music that was to be performed only by the choir, with the only task for the congregation that of listening. This resulted in credos that ended with the "Amen" repeated twenty-five times and the "Verbum Caro Factum Est" being manipulated by a succession of tenors each in solo. What happened in the pews was boredom and an occasional thoughtful question of "just what is the purpose of music anyway?" In the choir loft, a religious event became a concert, and there was really little need for a sermon or a liturgy since the choir was present. This was the event—not the liturgy.

Now, all religious groups are concerned about the increased participation of the community in the act. This means that liturgy is no longer a silent performance in which the priest is the sole speaker and the choir the musical performer. What happens now is that the congregation must be active. Prayer is still the lifting of the heart and mind to God but this is done visibly and audibly. Thus, hymns, Glorias, Introits, creeds are to be sung or recited by all, the priest is the leader of the assembly, and the choir takes on the responsibility for those portions which are subject to constant change. The choir becomes the cantors and congregation the choir. Then, too, all this is in English.

What is to happen we can hardly imagine. One liturgist, Father John Miller, who teaches at Notre Dame, spoke to a group of Roman Catholic musicians not too long ago. "But as I said before, I would consider such a step [the creation of a board to pass on musical compositions] unfortunate—very unfortunate. This is your moment of freedom; use it well and unhindered by bureaucracy. I do not advocate anarchy—especially in the liturgy. But I do recognize to what a sad state liturgical 'composership' has fallen precisely because there has been such a limited area for which one could compose. One has, so to speak, lost the knack of using his talents. I suggest that we flex our muscles and develop or improve our 'composership.'"

CAN the folk idioms be used in this new opportunity? There is no reason why they can't. Jazz, as such, obviously couldn't be, because if we stick to the definition that includes the concept of improvisation, it is clear that such unstructured musical activity could never fit even into the free and open sects. But the drive and directness of jazz can find a place in good liturgical music, and the syncopation and spiced rhythms of an Ellington or a Mingus could meet the standards or demands of the most severe critics within a congregation.

However, our hopes for such incorporation are not too sanguine. Few composers, and particularly few choral directors, are familiar enough with the strengths of jazz or folk to employ them in an articulate sense for the liturgy. The few attempts that we have witnessed have not had sufficient urgency to them to communicate much more than the notion that attractive music was being played. This was true in the case of several jazz liturgies performed at the



Judson Memorial Church in Manhattan's Greenwich Village or in some of the other Protestant churches around New York. The atmosphere and effect created by the music ended more in the category of a concert event than a religious event.

Ultimately, the music of the liturgy should create prayer. This is its aim. My prayer may be an intense act of mind and emotion that may reflect itself in a dance or a recitation or in a creed. This is the test. But, if the result is only that of enjoying music that had great content and development to it, then this obviously doesn't fulfil the needs of the liturgy. It may be a highly religious act but it doesn't add a tittle to the liturgy. It doesn't move the liturgy.

This is where we must challenge those horrible distinctions mentioned previously. For all music could well be religious if we acknowledge that any composer is capable of writing such material, even if it be to an unknown God or to a power who is supreme even though it has none of the attributes of the Christian notion. But the same music may not be liturgical because it just does not communicate to the congregation that must participate in it, either through the singing of the lyrics or through a deep penetration of the music itself so that it steps closer to God. Yet that liturgical music can never be far from the taste and likes of the congregation because that is where the source and secret of the communication are. The music that has the strength and understanding of the popular forms will be automatically the music with strong liturgical effectiveness. It will change, too, almost with each generation as its tastes and needs change. Thus electronic music will someday have an accepted role within the liturgy.

Another Episcopalian, Father Ian Douglas Mitchell, vicar of St. Ann's Episcopal Church in Chicago, has written a Mass that employs the current folk craze that Joan Baez typifies. His Mass is called the American Folk Song Mass and it is issued by the North American Recording Company of Chicago. The Canterbury Choir of Northwestern University assists Father Mitchell in the

(*Continued on page* 92)

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: JAZZ LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Bill Doggett: *Wow!* Doggett, organ; Elvin Shepherd, alto saxophone; Andrew Ennis, tenor saxophone; Billy Butler, guitar; Charles Garner or Lamar McDaniels, bass guitar; Al Lucas, bass; Emmett Spencer, Jr., drums; Charles Hatcher, additional percussion. ABC-Paramount 507, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	"Down the middle between jazz and rock 'n' roll" is how Doggett himself describes this album, but there is far more jazz than the other commodity, and more jazz than in most albums today that purport to present it 100 per cent. Like Wild Bill Davis, Doggett is also a very capable arranger. He uses the organ a great deal for orchestral effects, but he comes to the fore as a soloist more often than usual in this set. A similarity to Count Basie's approach to the instrument is particularly evident on "Ol' Mose Blues," an excellent eight-minute performance which has masterly guitar by Billy Butler and a couple of good saxophone choruses by Elvin Shepherd. Seven of the nine numbers are Doggett originals and the last, "Fatso," offers a good example of how groups like this swing at dances.
Ella Fitzgerald: *Ella at Juan-les-Pins.* Ella Fitzgerald, vocal; Roy Eldridge, trumpet; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Bill Yancey, bass; Gus Johnson, drums. Verve V6-4065, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Better than "Ella and Basie!" (Verve V6-4061) or "These Are the Blues" (Verve V6-4062), this is from many points of view the best album Ella Fitzgerald ever made. Certainly, it is the most abandoned. No doubt a model audience and outdoor acoustics helped, not to mention a welcoming chorus of crickets. The ease of delivery, the strength, and the accuracy of pitch, especially in the upper register, are remarkable even for her. There is excitement in the unaccustomed, charged quality of some of her phrases, and sometimes a cloaked, brass-like effect which recalls one of her few serious rivals, Helen Humes. Inspired by the singer's artistry, Roy Eldridge produces sounds that strikingly match and enhance hers. Perhaps this is the best way to hear him—not for speed and motion, but for sensitive, breath-taking tonal changes and blue notes.
Giants of the Saxophone: *Jazz of the 1960s.* Featuring John Coltrane, Eddie Harris, Frank Wess, Frank Foster, Gene Ammons, Yusef Lateef, Wayne Shorter, Al Cohn, Zoot Sims, tenor saxophones; Frank Strozier, Eric Dolphy, Benny Carter, Cannonball Adderley, alto saxophones. Vee Jay 2501, mono and stereo, $4.98.	Gathered by Leonard Feather primarily from the Vee Jay catalogue and issued as a companion to his "Encyclopedia of Jazz," this collection features some of the more active saxophonists of the 1960s. The names on the left are indicative of the content, but there is one previously unissued track that deserves special mention. It is the famous Lester Young composition, "Tickle Toe," as arranged by Benny Carter for a group of eleven saxophones and rhythm. He uses two sopranos, four altos (including his own), three tenors, and two baritones, and he achieves such richly satisfying textures and colors that the absence of brass is hardly noticed.
Grant Green: *Idle Moments.* Green, guitar; Joe Henderson, tenor saxophone; Bobby Hutcherson, vibraphone; Duke Pearson, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Al Harewood, drums. Blue Note 4154, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	The presence of Duke Pearson, an imaginative and pleasantly lyrical pianist, is probably responsible for the fact that these performances have more discipline and unity than those on Green's previous album. Joe Henderson is a rapidly developing player who makes a good showing here. His masculine approach, firm-bodied tone, and drive are appropriate to "Nomad," while the softer tone and restraint he assumes on "Idle Moments" are well suited to its reflective character. Green is his usual relaxed and flexible self, not least in the sixty-four-bar solo he takes on the title number.
Johnny Griffin and Matthew Gee: *Soul Groove.* Griffin, tenor saxophone; Gee, trombone; Hank Jones, piano and organ; Johnny Patton, organ (on three titles); Aaron Bell, bass and tuba; Art Taylor, drums; Carlos "Patato" Valdes, bongo and conga. Atlantic 1431, $4.98; stereo, $5.98. Sonny Stitt and Benny Green: *My Main Man.* Stitt, alto and tenor saxophones; Green, trombone; Bobby Buster, organ; Joe Diorio, guitar; Argo 744, mono and stereo, $4.98.	Both Gee and Green are trombonists with roots that go back beyond J. J. Johnson to the era of such big bands as Erskine Hawkins's and Earl Hines's. This background makes itself felt on both of these albums. In contrast with Johnny Griffin and his extravagant flights, Gee is not at all averse to playing the melody of "Poor Butterfly." He is responsible, too, for five workmanlike originals, and some of his solos, like that on "Renee," bespeak his early admiration for Trummy Young. The Atlantic set also presents two fine musicians in unusual roles: Hank Jones as an organist and Aaron Bell as a tuba player. Sonny Stitt and Benny Green make a good team, their tones blend well, and they find some unpretentious and swinging grooves on blues like "My Main Man" and "Broilin'," the latter being an especially downright statement with knowing use of stop-time.
Lionel Hampton: *You Better Know It!* Hampton, vibraphone; Clark Terry, trumpet; Ben Webster, tenor saxophone; Hank Jones, piano; Milt Hinton, bass; Osie Johnson, drums. Impulse 78, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Under his own name, Lionel Hampton was responsible for some of the most popular small-band records ever made, and he played a major part in many of Benny Goodman's. His return to such contexts was overdue and it is good to hear him with musicians like those chosen for this album. His enthusiasm and strong rhythmic feeling make him an important catalyst in these performances, which are everywhere infused with his vitality, whether he is playing vibes or piano, singing or urging on his companions. Several old favorites are recreated, such as "Ring Dem Bells," "Sweethearts on Parade," "Vibraphone Blues," and "Pick a Rib." They are wholly successful in their own right, without nostalgic references.
Quincy Jones: *I Had a Ball.* Jones, leader, with big band; Art Blakey and Jazz Messengers; Dizzy Gillespie Quintet; Oscar Peterson Trio; Milt Jackson Quartet; Chet Baker Quartet. Limelight 86002, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Limelight is a new label designed for the presentation of the Philips-Mercury roster of jazz artists, most of whom are heard in this set either with their own groups or as guests stars with the excellent Quincy Jones band. The eight songs from the show, "I Had a Ball," are not particularly distinguished, and in some cases they have had an inhibiting effect. But not on Dizzy Gillespie. With his own quintet or the big band, his is the dominant personality and the most impressive musicianship. He also sings amusingly on "The Fickle Finger of Fate," though he has a long way to go to catch Louis Armstrong. The packaging is very elaborate and, in view of the pains taken in this direction, it seems a pity the label could not provide complete personnel data for the Jones band and precise information as to its arrangers.
Oliver Nelson: *More Blues and the Abstract Truth.* Nelson, arranger and conductor; Thad Jones, Daniel Moore, trumpets; Phil Woods, alto saxophone; Phil Bodner, tenor saxophone and English horn; Ben Webster, tenor saxophone (on two titles); Pepper Adams, baritone saxophone; Roger Kellaway, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Grady Tate, drums. Impulse 75, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Nelson's writing adds a great deal to the dimensions of the groups employed here and often creates the impression of a big band. His use of Bodner's English horn on "Blues for Mr. Broadway" is effective, though this performance, like "Midnight Blue," is chiefly notable for Ben Webster's superb solo work. The well-varied program includes three Nelson originals, two numbers by Dave Brubeck, one each by Johnny Hodges and Neal Hefti, and the Basie-Rushing blues, "Goin' to Chicago." The last is a showcase for Phil Woods, whose incisive alto saxophone playing contrasts strikingly with the brisk but robust baritone solos of Pepper Adams.
Lucky Thompson: *Lucky Strikes.* Thompson, soprano and tenor saxophones; Hank Jones, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Connie Kay, drums. Prestige 7365, mono and stereo, $4.98.	More than in his preceding album (Moodsville 39), Thompson here exhibits his great qualities of commitment, concentration, and imagination. There is an ethereal feeling in his tone on both tenor and soprano saxophones, and on the latter he obtains the purest sound since Johnny Hodges laid the instrument down. He eliminates what he does not want and clearly feels no need to develop a harsh sound in order to be "modern and meaningful." The tonal quality, in fact, creates an aura within which all four musicians operate. Jones and Davis both accent sound in keeping with his conception, all three having obviously brought meticulous standards to the session. Perhaps due to greater technical proficiency, Thompson phrases more sinuously and swings more on tenor, but the trance-like moods he evokes on soprano are unique and appealing. —STANLEY DANCE.

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Swing Low, Sweet Siegfried

By RALPH SCHOENSTEIN

MY GRANDFATHER used to say that he might have liked the music of Wagner if it weren't so loud and long. "There's too damn much banging," he'd tell me. "And I'm not going to any opera where I have to take a lunch." What a pity he didn't live to hear a new album called *Kenton Wagner* in which Stan Kenton's jazz orchestra does "innovations on great Wagnerian themes." This is a Wagner my grandfather would have loved: it's over before you can even want a Ritz cracker.

Perhaps Stan Kenton will never conduct at Bayreuth, but he *will* be played by all those Wagner lovers whose kidneys rebel at *Parsifal* and who've left parts of their hearing at *Götterdämmerung*. (His excerpts from *Götterdämmerung* is perfect gentle background for a man trying to seduce a fat German.) Even more important, Kenton has done a great service to all those Wagnerians who've grown tired of the same old Wagner; and there's nothing drearier than constantly hearing music played the way a composer wanted it. Kenton feels that "music must at all times be in search of challenging new horizons."

My fifth-grade teacher, Mrs. Mendelsohn (no relation), had this idea even before Kenton: she put lyrics to the *Unfinished Symphony*, *Träumerei*, and the *Moonlight Sonata*. Because of her collaborations with past masters, I became the first man ever to sing Schumann at the Polo Grounds. Between games of a Dodger doubleheader in 1942, I did several moving reprises of

> This is a song of rev-er-ie.
> It is Trau-mer-ei-i by-y Schu-u-u-mann.

As you can see, Mrs. Mendelsohn was no Lorenz Hart; but her collaboration with Beethoven did produce a *Moonlight Sonata* that was just right for Peggy Lee.

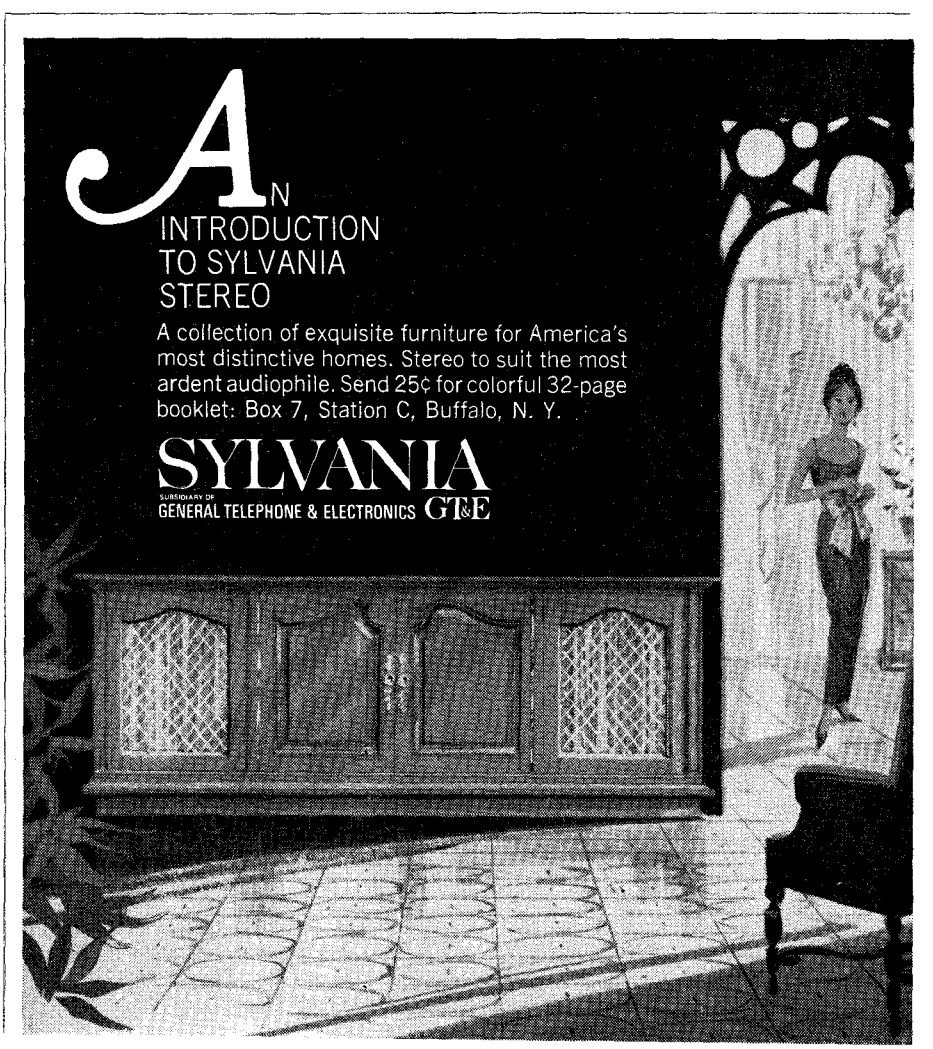
Mrs. Mendelsohn's arrangements of the classics were the creative peak of American music until Stan Kenton did his inspired orchestration of *Tristan und Isolde*, one that puts forty-five musicians out of work. Heartened by his success with a drawing-room *Tristan*, he quickly turned to *Tannhäuser* and gave the "Pilgrim's Chorus" the one thing Wagner had forgotten: bongo drums. Expanding Wagner's narrow nationalism, Kenton has turned out a chorus that also fits pilgrims who come from Trinidad.

In speaking of his achievement, Kenton says, "This is the way it might sound if Wagner had scored it for my orchestra." And who knows? Can *any* of us say what would have happened had Wagner not met his untimely death in 1883? Had he lived—he'd be 152 in May—he probably would have done a few tunes for Hitler; and then, if he didn't settle in Argentina, he might well have joined Kenton, especially if he'd gotten a good look at *Mrs.* Kenton.

"If this album is well received," says Kenton, "it could open an entire new avenue of opportunity for composers and conductors." How true; he has not only opened a new avenue but a whole thruway. Now that we have a jazz band playing "The Ride of the Valkyries" and the Funeral March, the way is clear for some sublimely offbeat arrangements. We can finally have *Fats Domino Debussy*; and from there it's but a short step to the inevitable union of *Guy Lombardo Haydn*. Musicologists have long known that Haydn would have used a great number of saxophones had they only been invented. In fact, in his will, Papa said, "Someday, I'd like to be played on New Year's Eve."

Kenton says that people keep asking him, "Why can't Wagner stay as he was years ago?" The answer is obvious: all great music was written to be fooled around with. As Brahms so often told conductors before concerts, "The notes I've put in the score—they're just suggestions. Don't feel bound by them if you can think of better ones."

Kenton feels bound neither by notes nor instruments. "We've left out the strings and woodwinds," he says, "and added brass. When you hear the Funeral March as it's performed on the album, you find yourself saying that here is a theme that was written with this kind of treatment in mind." I agree; Kenton's Funeral March is fine (ideal for cocktail time), but I'm afraid his Wedding March isn't what Wagner had in mind at all. Of course, I'm no spiritualist, but I think Wagner wanted something much closer to my daughter's arrangement, which throws out all strings, brass, and woodwinds, and concentrates on solo kazoo.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Mexico In Sight and Sound

By RICHARD FREED

IN THE FIRST of several lamentations over deleted LPs in these pages nearly six years ago (*SR*, Apr. 25, 1959), one of the cutouts remembered with special affection was the Columbia ten-incher called *A Program of Mexican Music* (ML 2080), transferred from the stunning album of 78s released in the wake of the Museum of Modern Art's 1940 exhibition *Twenty Centuries of Mexican Art*, with Carlos Chávez conducting an orchestra and chorus in music they performed during the exhibition's opening weeks.

Some of the unique and exciting material drew on the most primitive sources for its inspiration. Luis Sandi based his "Yaqui Music" (*El Venado*) on an actual deer dance of the Yaqui Indians of Sonora. Chávez's own "Xochipili-Macuilxóchitl" was, as the composer put it, "an imagined Aztec music," using the ancient percussion instruments the *huehuetl* and the *teponaxtle*, and the choral "Danza a Centeotl" from his Indian ballet *Los Cuatro Soles* was similarly evocative of Mexico's prehistoric cultures.

European influence was evident, but by no means dominant, in Chávez's arrangement for chorus and orchestra of the haunting "La Paloma Azul" (a nineteenth-century *canción*) and in Gerónimo Baqueiro Fóster's "La Bamba," an arrangement of genial *huapango* tunes from the state of Sonora.

Of all the material on ML 2080, only Blas Galindo's ingratiating "Sones Mariachi" has been recorded elsewhere, and never so attractively as in Chávez's original performance. It was to be expected, then, that the disc would become a prime collector's item when it was withdrawn in the mid-Fifties. World-wide treasure hunts were inaugurated, and Columbia was implored to make the recordings available again.

Columbia has responded, at last, and responded handsomely. The entire sequence has been rerecorded, again under the direction of the indispensable Chávez, but this time in Mexico itself, and the new disc has been released in Goddard Lieberson's *Legacy Collection*, together with a seventy-page book, under the title *Mexico: Its Cultural Life in Music and Art* (LL-1015, $15.00; stereo, LS-1016, $16.00).

The price is a stiff one for a single record, but far less than some hunters had been offering for ML 2080. In any event, many may consider the book itself easily worth the price. It is twelve inches square, hard-cover, clothbound, in a matching slipcase, and the entire text is printed in both English and Spanish. One of the introductory notes was written in September 1962 by Adolfo López Mateos, then Mexico's President, indicating that the project must have been more than two years in preparation, and the breadth of its contents reflects enormous care, devotion, and real enthusiasm on the part of all participants.

The book is divided into three sections, the first of which is an article by Carleton Beals tracing the contributions of Mexico's various cultures to the country's unique heritage. Many of the fascinating illustrations are by the Aztecs themselves, selected from collections in museums in Mexico, Europe, and the United States. The striking end papers were reproduced from the American Museum of Natural History collection.

In the second section, following Antonio Castro Leal's "Brief Perspective," Stanton L. Catlin deals with the twentieth-century renaissance of mural painting in Mexico, with a generous helping of reproductions from the works of Rivera, Siqueiros, Orozco, and Tamayo.

The final section is devoted to the music on the record, with detailed notes by the respective composers, a general introduction by Chávez, and a note on Chávez's Indian ballets by Herbert Weinstock, whose invaluable annotation was a significant factor in the enjoyment of the earlier recording. Here, too, are illustrated descriptions of the old instruments used in the music.

The new recording itself is bound to delight any listener. Stereo transmits the *huehuetl* and *teponaxtle* with formidable presence and makes a brilliant showcase for the no less intriguing sounds of the various rattles, gourds, rasps, shells, primitive flutes, ocarinas, etc., heard throughout the program. However, though it seems ungrateful in the extreme to say so, the performances on the new disc do not measure up to those on its now legendary predecessor.

In such works as the two Chávez compositions and "El Venado" the more natural flow of the earlier versions is missed, and with it much of the charm of those gently accented renditions, so full of spontaneity. This time the effects are more calculated, the attention more focused on the demonstration of the old instruments themselves.

There is no denying that this is attractive and unusually interesting in its own right, and this carping need not detract from the substantial pleasure to be found here. But those of us whose fate it was to be exposed to ML 2080 will continue to cherish the memory of it, or, if we are fortunate, the disc itself, while still welcoming the new release for making the music available to a new generation of listeners—and for the invaluable material in the book.

New Songs

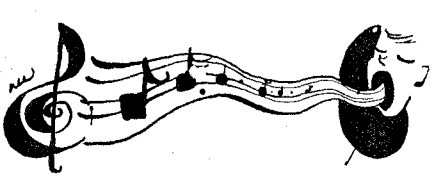
Continued from page 89

performance of his Mass. Father Mitchell plays guitar and is in great demand in the Windy City as a folk singer. The Mass clearly shows that he isn't a creator of folk materials but only an imitator and not a good one. Folk songs are in most instances troubled songs, and even those that are most lyrical or bumptious have a roughness and earthiness that Father Mitchell has failed to gather into the ditties that his Canterbury Choir sings. Again, as in the Beaumont case, composers are not at work. There are amateurs who, because of immediate needs that they can see so clearly, attempt a task that few composers in our time have achieved—namely a music for liturgy that has American musical roots and the character of strength and directness that all American music has, whether it be urban blues, jazz, or Appalachian in its derivation.

THERE are other problems. One is that most congregations, Catholic, Jewish, or Protestant, can't sing in a fashion that could be called commendable. For a nation that hears music to an extent that couldn't have been imagined at the beginning of the century, our musical ability in choral singing is laughable if not pathetic. We know few songs; we seldom if ever throw ourselves into the music; we learn new melodies slowly; we waste too much time on songs of another age; we don't sing in our leisure moments; our ears have been spoiled by the fidelity and quality of stereo and highly professional groups so that our performances sound childish next to the choirs of the recording industry.

But, changes are coming, and they are encouraging because all religious groups have thrown open the windows as Pope John suggested some years ago. In the process, perhaps we will learn that music, both in its notation and its lyric, is no longer sacred or profane, religious or secular. It is all of these and it seeks a further status—one in which it is more or less suitable for the liturgy in that it helps a man to pray that he might be a better man to the world that God put him in. In such a task, the musician, whether he be jazzman, folkman, opera man, symphony man, composerman, atheist, agnostic, or religious, will be delighted to help.

At the moment the liturgical world can use all the help that can be mustered.



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Music to My Ears

Continued from page 87

Nicolai Gedda did in all the music for Cellini, but it would be an exaggeration to say that they appeared to be enjoying themselves.

There is every reason to suppose that it would all fare much better with scenery and costumes than it did without them, for the pictorial values are clearly an important part of Berlioz's conception. In this presentation one was more conscious of the imaginative reach of Berlioz than in his grasp of the values that hold the attention in an operatic context. With Raymond Michalski unable to perform as Balducci, the small roles lacked even his kind of sonorous sound (Ara Berberian aside) to make them count. Helen Vanni's professionalism added interest to her Ascanio (another female-as-male role), but it takes a voice of more substance than hers. Altogether, the judgment would have to be that an unacted, half-heard *Cellini* is no way to assess its total merits.

The influence of personality on the reaction to a musical performance is often discussed but rarely acknowledged. A recent sequence of evenings in which two of the day's newer conductors directed concerts in Philharmonic Hall—Georges Prêtre with the Philadelphia Orchestra, Lorin Maazel with the New York Philharmonic—raised the question whether, in all candor, it is not as much a factor as anything else.

Prêtre strikes me as outgoing, engaging, sympathetic. For these reasons as well as for sounder musical ones, I was drawn into, absorbed with, and responsive to, his direction of Lalo's *Le Roi d'Ys* overture (in which Elsa Hilgar played the solo cello passages beautifully) and the fourth symphony of Roussel. He commanded the musical matter in a way to affect a strong working relationship between himself and the players. (I did not hear the Fifth Symphony of Tchaikovsky.

Maazel, on the other hand, aroused a resistance, in terms of manner, demeanor, and mode of procedure, that was not controverted by the music he makes. In the Third Symphony of Brahms I was more aware of stickmanship than of interpretation, of a probing into the anatomy of the work rather than a dissertation on its substance. Details were emphasized out of context, and the big line was sacrificed for irrelevant subtleties. In the Dallapiccola Variations, where texture is most of what is at issue, the procedure was substantially more productive. Maazel's choice of Scriabin's *Poem of Ecstasy* was admirable in enterprise, but was played too much for its superficial sound values.

—Irving Kolodin.

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(Continued on page 94)

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(Continued from page 93)

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SOUTHERN VERMONT. Secluded hillside. 5 bedrooms. Modern utilities. Private swimming. August/Labor Day, $550. Helen Durant, Jamaica, Vermont.

CAPE MAY, N.J. Victorian cottage. 3 bedrooms. $750 season. Box L-893.

PRE-REVOLUTIONARY BERKSHIRE SHOWPLACE. 5 bedrooms, 3 baths, comfortable. 90 acres. $1,400. Box L-671.

CATSKILL HOUSE, magnificently equipped. 120 acres, panoramic view, complete seclusion. Box M-100.

SOUTHERN MAINE. *Little white farmhouse, beautiful* location. Details. Box M-213.

DOUGLASTON—near World's Fair. 3 bedroom house available June 15th. Box M-81.

CHARMING, WELL EQUIPPED HOUSE overlooking Squam Lake in foothills of White Mountains available July. 14 rooms, 4 bathrooms. $1,000. H. H. Richards, Groton, Massachusetts.

SWANS ISLAND, MAINE. Two furnished homes on acres of land overlooking harbor. Reasonable. Week or season. Baileys, Hunter Road, Freeport, Maine.

NORTH TRURO, MASSACHUSETTS—Old Cape Cod house, modern kitchen and bath, 5 bedrooms. Easy walk to Bay beach. June and/or July. 914-EL 6-0432.

CHARMING, 1680 *red saltbox on 5 wooded Connecticut* acres near harbor, beach. 1½ hours to NYC. July, $1,500. Box M-36.

FAIR-BOUND? *Charming large L.I. country home North* Shore area. Beaches, tennis, golf nearby. 30 minutes to Fair. August $500. Box M-49.

(Continued on page 96)

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

(Continued from page 95)

LAKE COTTAGE, 2 bedrooms. Season $1,200. Call 617-349-2193. Gurevitz, Wellfleet, Massachusetts.

ANTIGONISH, NOVA SCOTIA—Attractive summer home—3 bedrooms, 2 baths, fireplace, furnished. Private ocean beach, near university summer school. Box M-58.

ON FRENCHMAN'S BAY, Maine. Spacious, gracious, low rent for season. Box M-95.

HOUSE TO SHARE

CHERRY GROVE, N.Y. Third man to share 2 bedroom house. May 15th to October 1st. $600 plus utilities. Box M-79.

HOUSES WANTED

WASHINGTON, D.C. Two bachelor Military Officers (Army Captain, Navy Lieutenant) desire to rent June 1965 through June 1967 furnished home within reasonable distance Pentagon. Will guarantee condition; perform caretaker functions. Box L-890.

To Share

FIRE ISLAND—Single dentist wants share in house. Ocean Bay Park or Seaview. Box M-52.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico.

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 554 Fifth Avenue, New York 36.

25 MILES FROM PARIS, July or August, my modernized lovely old house, gardens, garage, 2 acres; against equivalent on/near beach Maine (preferred), northern Connecticut. Full details. Box M-78.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent—Unfurnished

PARK AVENUE—45' patio. Eccentric 2 bedroom co-op. Bohemian ambiance. Professional-residential. $16,000, maintenance $236. Or sublet. RH 4-1176 NYC.

For Summer Rental

QUIET SOUTH JERSEY SEASHORE village. Large, extra cool apartment near ocean, lake, bird sanctuary. Special seasonal rates. 212-ST 4-6904.

VERSAILLES, completely furnished apartment. 4 bedrooms, July-October 1st. $250 month. Write Celier, 85 Avenue de Saint Cloud, Versailles, France.

APARTMENT WANTED

PROFESSOR VISITING Rockefeller Institute, family seek Manhattan furnished 3 bedroom sublet, July 1965 through June 1966. Box M-96.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

MAINE—Wooded acreage—$10.00 per acre—Old farms, shore property, retirement homes. Franklin Realty Co., Mr. Barrows, 46 Main Street, Farmington, Maine. Telephone 207-778-2852.

COLORADO ROCKIES cabin acreages for fishermen, hunters, photographers, hikers, prospectors, and those who need to relax. Deeded fishing privileges on 4½ miles private trout stream. Title Insurance. Ross Seeton, Tin Cup, via Almont, Colorado 81210.

WE HAVE BUILT and sold 4 condominiums. Our 5th, 28 units are now selling. We have a ten acre tract of land in beautiful Hollywood, sunny Florida. Will build twenty to thirty unit condominium for a select clientele of SR readers. Our or your plans. Crystal Court Manor, P.O. Box 973, Hollywood, Florida.

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D-ARROW CANOE TRIPS. 36 boys, 11-17. Four age groups. On Grand Lake, Maine. Seven weeks. Lake, white water trips: Maine, Canada. Quaker leadership. George S. Darrow, 780 Millbrook Lane, Haverford, Pennsylvania.

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VACATIONS

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VACATIONS

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VACATIONS

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1618

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

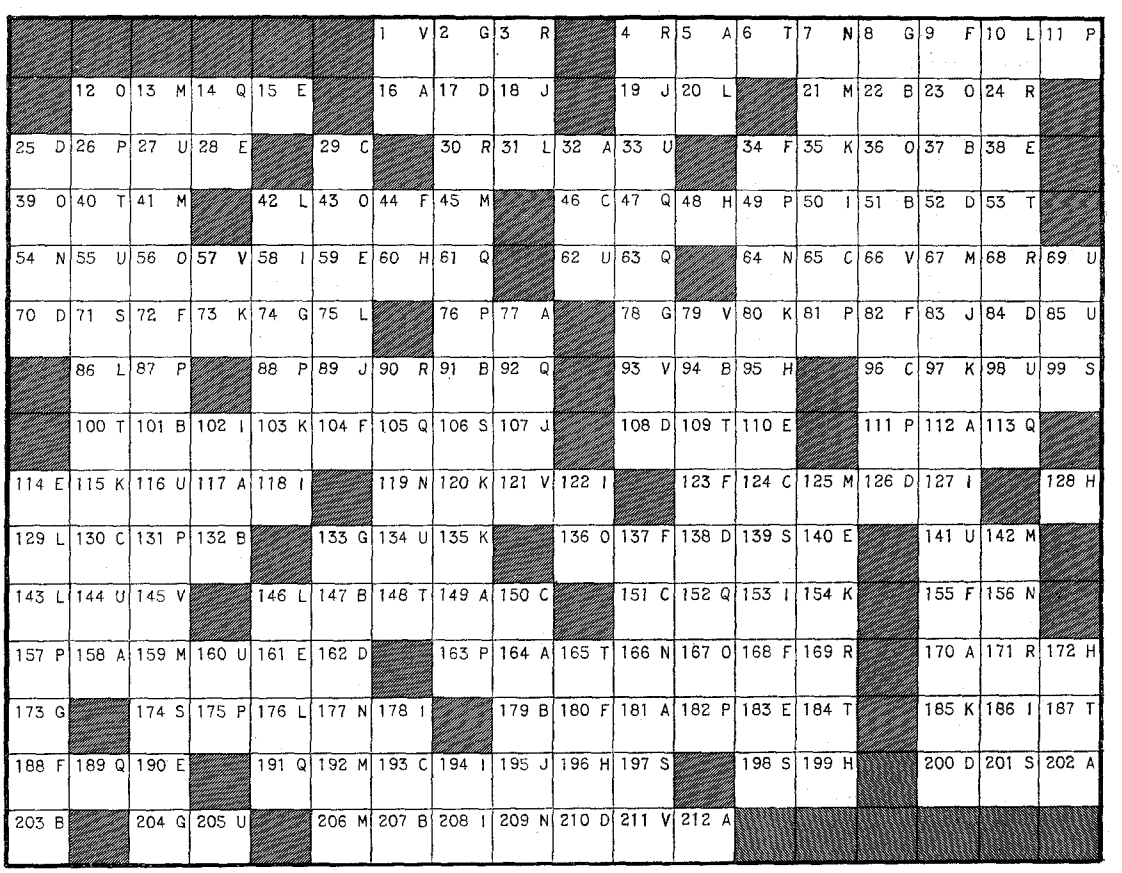
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Birthplace of Herodotus; site of the Mausoleum which was a "Wonder of the World."	112 149 202 117 16 181 32 158 164 212 77 / 5 170
B. Slayer of the Chimera, aided by Pegasus.	51 94 91 203 207 101 22 179 132 147 37
C. Trustworthiness.	29 65 193 124 46 130 151 96 150
D. Any of several large butterflies with odd-shaped hind wings.	162 200 108 52 126 210 25 70 17 138 84
E. Five-thirty on shipboard (2 wds.)	15 28 59 183 38 114 161 110 140 190
F. Designed to elucidate, exemplify.	9 188 180 104 34 137 168 155 123 82 72 / 44
G. Familiar, useful mineral whose name is given to the color smoke brown.	204 173 78 2 133 74 8
H. Phrase used of recently established bottom stock prices (2 wds.)	95 60 172 196 48 128 199
I. Public approaches to a thruway, military establishment, etc. (2 wds.)	208 118 153 58 178 194 186 102 50 122 127
J. Seized (slang).	18 89 83 19 195 107
K. Human skull used as an emblem (comp.)	185 73 120 35 154 80 97 135 115 103

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. One of Gainsborough's most famous paintings, even though of a male subject (3 wds.)	146 129 31 86 176 143 20 42 10 75
M. See WORD T (3 wds.)	192 159 41 125 206 45 13 67 142 21
N. Accents; stresses.	64 166 209 119 54 7 177 156
O. One thing King James would set aside for his old ones (2 wds.)	23 167 12 56 39 36 43 136
P. Ethel Waters' great stage vehicle, 1940 (4 wds.)	131 76 49 26 11 175 182 111 163 88 81 / 157 87
Q. Detestably; damnably.	14 105 191 152 47 63 113 61 189 92
R. Canopies over entrances, as of hotels, theatres, etc.	30 171 90 4 68 3 24 169
S. Treasured by one Riley (2 wds.)	201 198 197 99 139 71 174 106
T. Followed by WORD M, performed calamitously, esp. for a teacher of contract bridge.	165 187 184 100 109 40 53 6 148
U. Articulate positiveness.	62 69 116 33 134 27 141 160 85 55 98 / 205 144
V. Impending time which causes us to tear off a page of a big calendar (2 wds.)	121 145 57 93 79 211 1 66

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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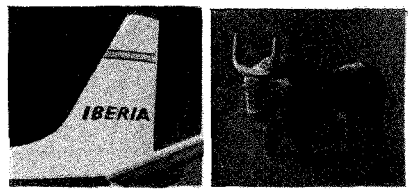

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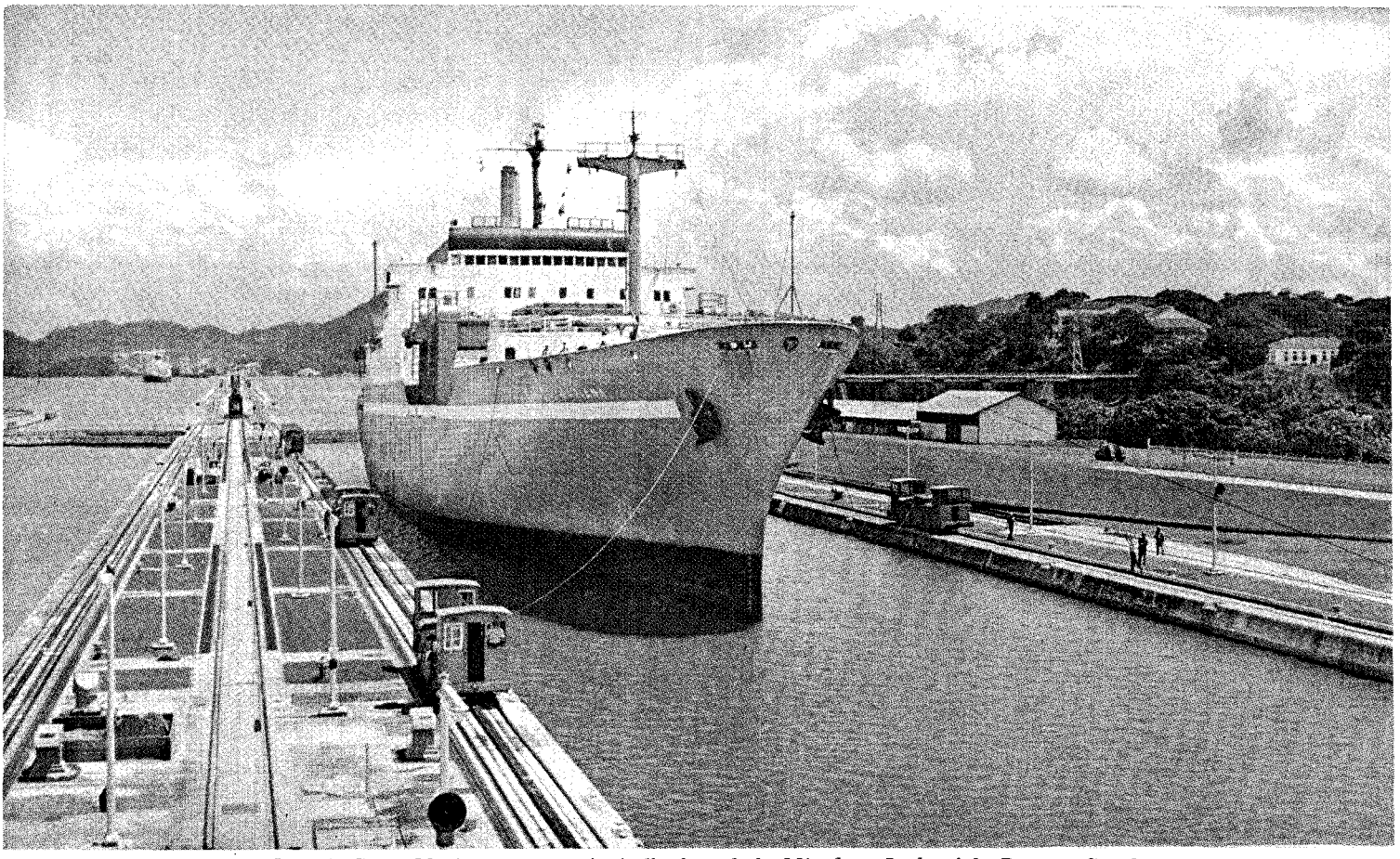

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